HEMINGWAY AND HIS CRITICS . . . BY BEN RAY REDMAN

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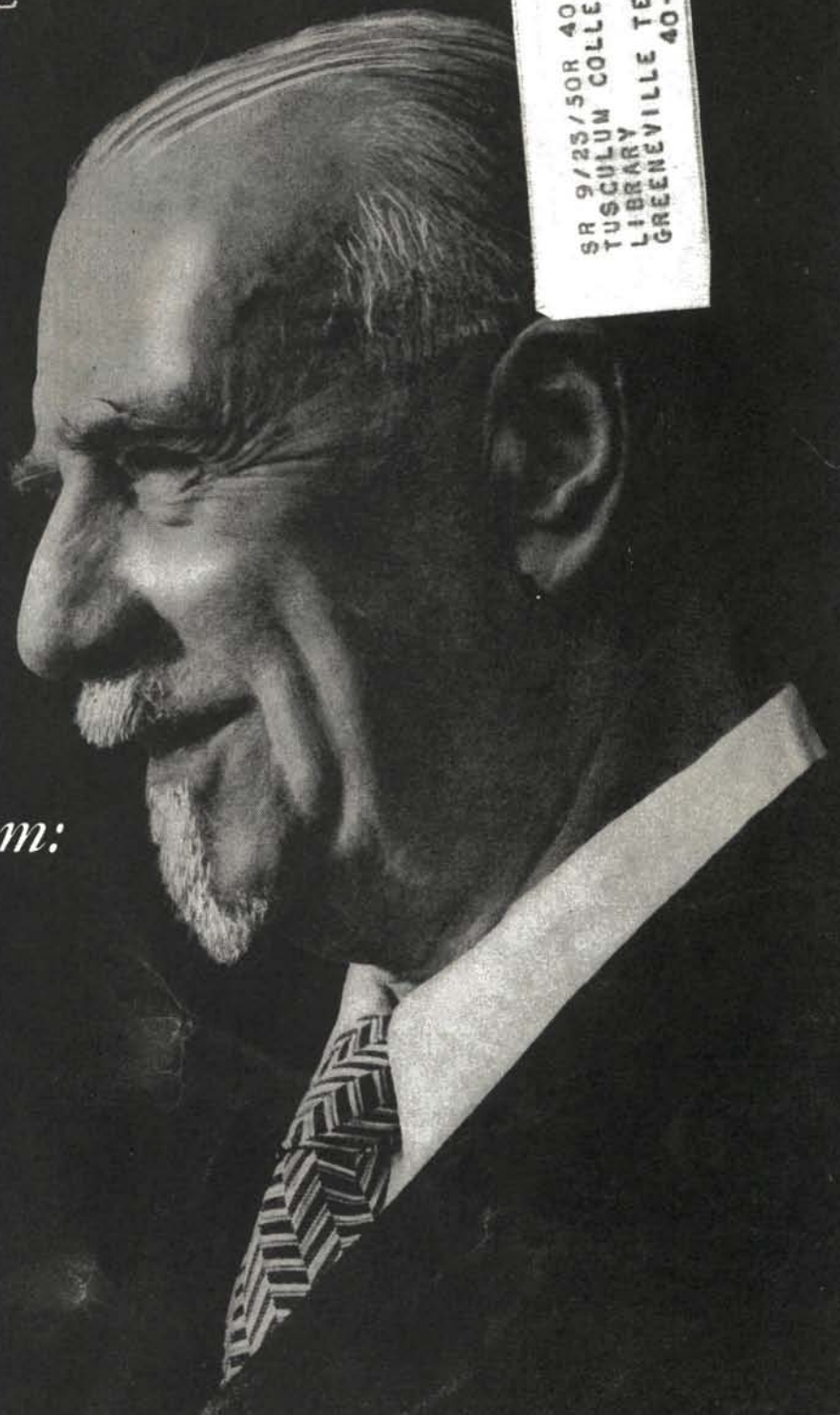

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VOL. XXXIII No 43

OCTOBER 28, 1950

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"GORE VIDAL once more shows that he is a gifted writer," declares *The New York Herald Tribune* in the first review of DARK GREEN, BRIGHT RED. And the *Saturday Review of Literature* comments: "It contains a spirited story and much brilliant writing, and there are few enough novels that allow of being measured against artistic standards, as Mr. Vidal's work most certainly can be."

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MICKEY SPILLANE'S popularity is a phenomenon of the book business. His books seldom receive attention in the press, but because every reader automatically becomes a press-agent for them, they roll up amazing sales figures. There are Spillane Clubs in the Middle West, and his fan mail compares favorably with that of a popular film star. Spillane admirers even write to us begging for more Mike Hammer stories, so it is a pleasure to announce the publication of VENGEANCE IS MINE — and the good news is that it's even better than *I, The Jury*.

IN a Note at the beginning of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CARTOONS, John Bailey assumes that you are in a bookstore wondering if this book is indeed a book of cartoons. "You have my personal assurance that it is," declares Mr. Bailey. "Not only that. Here, it seems to me, are the funniest cartoons *The Saturday Evening Post* has published during the past five years, chosen from the total of more than seven thousand that appeared, and selected with as much care as your mother-in-law uses in picking a chocolate out of a candy box."

MR. BAILEY ought to know; as Cartoon Editor of the SEP he is the one who did the picking, and his sprightly Introduction is filled with helpful advice to the aspiring cartoonist. But to get back to the bookstore: "Perhaps you have already looked at some of the cartoons. If so, you may be so doubled up with laughter that you can hardly get your good money out of your pocket. Courteous attendants will help you. Merely signal a clerk and tell him you would like to buy this book. The clerk will do the rest."

E.P.D.

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October 28, 1950

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TRADE Winds

THE PRESS-AGENT FRIEND of Anthony Bump, mid-town publisher, hailed him noisily from across the Cub Room in the Stork Club and, waving a manuscript in the air, announced,

"I've persuaded Lulu Doppas to let you publish her novel. Ken McCormick of Doubleday has been after her for it for two years, but I told her she'd be better off on a smaller list."

"Sounds great," said Bump vaguely, "but who in hell is Lulu Doppas?"

The press agent affected astonishment. "You never heard of Doppas? She's been one of the regulars on Broadway for years. Everybody knows her! She's had affairs with big shots at the Pentagon, the Schubert office, and Capone headquarters. What's more, she's done favors in her time for every columnist in New York and Hollywood, and will they go to town for her when the book is published!"

"Have you read it?" queried Bump. "And what's it called?"

"Who reads books?" jeered the press agent. "What's the difference whether it's good or bad? When those columnists begin raving about it, you're in, boy, you're in."

So Bump & Company, despite certain misgivings, published an atrocious novel by Lulu Doppas called "The Naked Schoolteacher." The advertising manager confessed, "My two best copy writers couldn't turn out a one-paragraph description for this one. In fact, they both went home sick," but Tony Bump assured him, "We don't need copy for Doppas: the columnists will supply it for us."

They did, too. The pals of Doppas rallied round the hag.

Harry Harrison, covering the New York scene from his vantage point on the beach at St. Petersburg, warned: "Word that the police may ban 'The Naked Schoolteacher' has crowds stampeding every book store in the country."

Tootsie Termite, who had been Lulu's roommate at reform school, cooed, "Those two handsome brutes who both think they're the hero of 'The Naked Schoolteacher' almost came to blows at El Morocco last night. Everybody's just ma-a-ad about the book."

In Hollywood, Effie Vesse contributed her bit with, "Eight studios are bidding frantically for film rights to the sensational novel 'The Naked Schoolteacher,' which has sold two million copies in three weeks and is now in its thirty-eighth edition."

Jo-Jo Jenkins also was in there pitching: "Laura Dapper, author of the sensational 'The Half-Dressed Librarian,' just published by Harcourt, Sloan & Straus, was run down by a truck in front of Shor's the other night. 'Gosh,' groaned Dapper, 'I didn't know it was loaded.' Incidentally, Miss Dapper's idea of dividing her

book into chapters was originated by my cousin Moe."

But all this was only a beginning. Sports columnists and political commentators found ways of mentioning "The Naked Schoolteacher" in their day-by-day accounts. The Fulton Fish Market cleared the flounders and haddock off an enormous counter and devoted it to a display of Miss Doppas's brain-child. The bedazzled authoress was interviewed on six radio programs and quizzed by four television panels within forty-eight hours of her book's appearance. Four comedians, two news broadcasters, the president of a big-league ball club, and a head-waiter at Lindy's endorsed it. Every drug, book, and stationery store on Broadway put stacks of it in their windows. The book was the recipient, in various pillars, of nineteen stars, twenty-two bells, fourteen orchids, seven keys to the city, and two boxes of Goodman's Matzoths.

Tony Bump, who had printed exactly 3,000 copies of "The Naked Schoolteacher," and sent them all out on a fully-protected basis, observed the flurry of publicity with satisfaction and, only mildly perturbed by the fact that all the recognized book critics ignored the novel completely, sat back to await returns. He got them—in about thirty days. The net sale of Miss Doppas's book, it turned out, was 944 copies, of which 300 were given with every two-dollar blue-plate served by Miss Doppas's great and good friend, the proprietor of Romie's Rathskeller.

"I charged the whole thing up to experience," Anthony Bump told me. "I know now that columnists can help a book that's already moving, but as for turning a plug into a best seller, they're worth no more than a $500 advertising appropriation. The lesson has stood me in good stead. I've only fallen into two similar traps in the past month!" . . .

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS . . . Producer Harry Kurnitz (who signs his mystery novels "Marco Page") reports that one M-G-M executive is so unstrung by international uncertainties every time he dines at the commissary they forcibly remove his necktie and shoelaces. . . . Kurnitz ran into a bit of trouble on his own account on Wilshire Boulevard recently. He tried sneaking past a red traffic light and was immediately apprehended by not one, but two motorcycle cops. As they closed in for the third degree, the dear, dear girl accompanying Kurnitz made everything ducky for him by crying, "I'm sick of this eternal running away! Let's shoot it out with them now!" . . . Dore Schary reveals the actual step-by-step development of a screen play in his new book, "Case History of a Movie." . . . Lillian Ross, who wrote that devastating profile of Hemingway for *The New Yorker*, has moved her typewriter and hatchet to Beverly Hills to dissect the picture colony, first, for Harold Ross, later, for Rinehart. . . . Other books about the film industry on the dossier are Hortense Powdermaker's "Hollywood, the Dream Factory" (Little, Brown) and

an analysis of technique by Muriel de Lisa. . . . Leo Guild solemnly swears that a new Warner Brothers starlet, determined to make a big splash on her first visit to Hollywood, signed the Bel-Air Hotel register,

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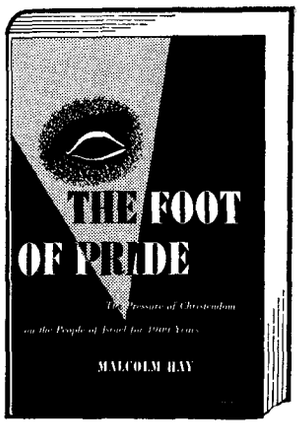
For the First Time....1900-Year Record of the Crime for Which Every Christian Must Answer



THE FOOT OF PRIDE

The Pressure of Christendom on the People of Israel for 1900 Years

By Malcolm Hay. Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $3.75

"This is a needed volume."
—Library Journal

You won't want to believe the documented facts in this book. It will hurt you to note the cold-faced implacable inhumanity recorded here with unhurried, calm, objective scholarship. The whole "Christian" world—nations upon whom we traditionally look as honorable and fine—even your own country—will be revealed in a light you may not be able to face. . . .

For this is the pitiless revelation of the history of Jew-Hating during the last two thousand years—from the idea stage to mass murder—presented in blood-chilling detail.

Can man control this foul virus? First he must understand it. The purpose of this book is to shed that kind of light.

Says the author, in Chapter 1: "Even in countries where pogroms are unknown, it was the coldness, the indifference of the average man which made the Jewish drama in Europe possible. . . . The way was prepared by a hatred which has a long history. The inoculation of the poison began long ago in the nurseries of Christendom."

Says Thomas Sugrue, author of *Stranger in the Earth* and *Watch for the Morning*: "I have just read this book for the third time; and I like it more than ever. It is a splendid book, a great and courageous work. . . . Malcolm Hay has gone, in his research, to the original sources, to the roots of the evil mistake which has poisoned Christian society for eighteen hundred years; he presents his evidence with the skill, the wit, the cunning, and the blazing love of truth which had marked his previous four books. . . . It is not, after all, the degree to which anti-Semitism is expressed which is important; where it exists at all it is engaged in murder—the murder not of Jews, but of Christians. An anti-Semite is a dead Christian; his prejudice has strangled his faith."

Says Pierre Van Paassen: "This book's mild and somewhat mysterious title hides the shocking story of 'the pressure of Christendom on the people of Israel for 1900 years.' It is the abysmal record of Christian anti-Semitism, documented with scholarly precision and frightening objectivity.

"This is not a pleasant book to read. The truth is seldom pleasant. Mr. Hay holds up a mirror to Christianity, that is to say to us modern, twentieth-century Americans, and it shows us an ungodly, ugly picture.

"It is well that *The Foot of Pride* has been written by a non-Jew. Its reading ought to dispose us Christians to humility and repentance."

Coming Nov. 1—Schweitzer
at his most appealing

THE ANIMAL WORLD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Translated and edited by Charles R. Joy. Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $3

Here is Schweitzer at his most appealing—certainly at his most popular and easiest reading level. If you have a taste for strange adventure, for exciting action, and for information about the African forest, here is your feast.

Everything from hippopotamuses and giant boa constrictors to scorpions and traveler ants are included in these dramatic and sometimes amusing stories of what life is like in the middle of the African jungle. Many of the essays are translated into English for the first time.

A second section of the book is devoted to "Animals and Ethics." Here Schweitzer traces the development of ethics in India and China and criticizes the lack of sufficient ethic for the West. Ethic he feels should relate to all of nature, not just to man himself. Finally Schweitzer discusses his own ethical position, defines what he means by a "Boundless ethic" and explains the origin of his phrase "reverence for life."

Here is the key to Schweitzer's whole philosophy, without which much that he has written elsewhere will remain unintelligible.

New book provides warm insights into FDR and nation he loved

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Edited by Maxwell Myersohn. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $2

This newest volume in the popular "Wit and Wisdom" series of the Beacon Press contains the most expressive words of the man who has left his mark permanently on history. These excerpts from the public papers and addresses of Franklin Delano Roosevelt provide warm insights into the complex nature of the man himself, as well as the country he knew and loved so well.

Like all great men, Roosevelt left behind him words that for their intelligence, their color and their place in history are permanent additions to the record of our time.

"We must find practical controls over blind economic forces as well as over blindly selfish men."

"Eternal truths will be neither true nor eternal unless they have fresh meaning for every new social situation."

"A national defense program intended to protect our democracy [should] not . . . make the rich richer and the poor poorer."

"Our Bunker Hill of tomorrow may be a thousand miles from Boston."

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Peace Protests*, 1517. **250 pages **$3**

☐ THE STORY OF AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM. By Andrew Landale Drummond . . . Says *The Library Journal:* "A scholarly and well-documented attempt to explain American Protestantism in the light of its past . . . This book is good American Protestant church history . . . Excellent bibliography." **418 pages** **$6**

☐ THE SAMOAN DANCE OF LIFE: An Anthropological Narrative. By John Copp. Preface by Margaret Mead . . . In this book the pulsing life of the so-called "primitive" Samoans is given careful study by a specialist who lived among them for eight years. Says Margaret Mead: "Mr. Copp has worked over his material with affection and respect. He has written down a record which can be read in Samoa as well as in the U.S." Invaluable insights into human nature. **200 pages....$2.50**

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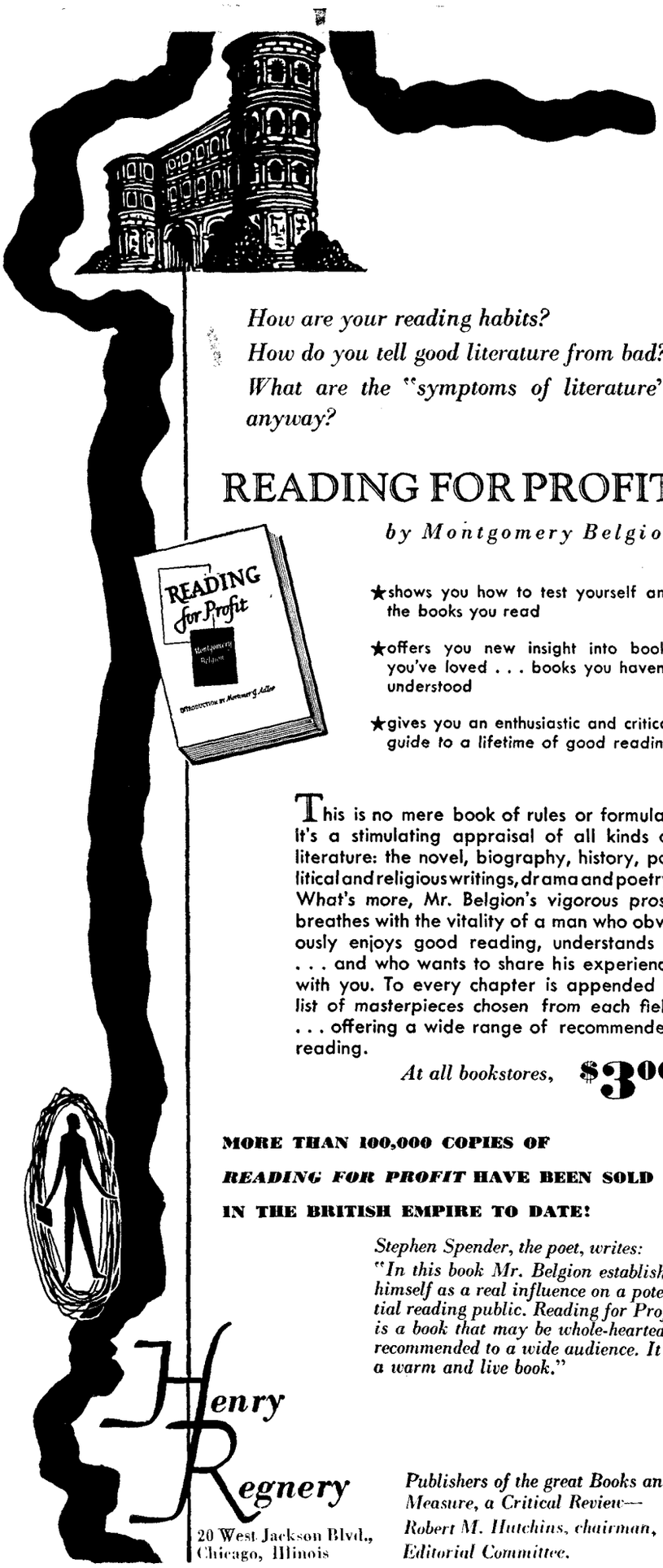

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Publishers of the great Books and Measure, a Critical Review—
Robert M. Hutchins, chairman, Editorial Committee.

"Mary Blossom and Made." . . . The four pictures I enjoyed most in recent weeks are "All About Eve," starring Anne Baxter, Bette Davis, George Sanders, and Celeste Holm; "State Secret" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (and twice as exciting as "The Third Man"); "September Affair," starring Joan Fontaine and Joe Cotten, and a somewhat battered reissue of "It Happened One Night," starring Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable —and still tops after sixteen years. Gable has aged noticeably since Frank Capra made "It Happened One Night"—but Miss Colbert, bless her soul, etc., is more beautiful than ever. . . .

FROM WALTER "HANK" RICHARDS of Burbank, California, comes the political anecdote of the year (and just in time for Election Day): During the 1948 campaign Mr. Truman's train stopped on an Indian reservation and the President emerged to deliver a speech. "I am appalled," he said, "at the treatment of you noble redmen and women by administrations previous to mine, particularly the Republicans." He made a gesture as though he was chopping a Republican in the neck and continued, "As our train pulled in I saw squaws washing clothes by the riverside, pummeling them on rocks, even as your ancestors did. I intend to see a Bendix installed in every teepee!"

The Indians broke into loud cries of "Oompah-oompah!"

The President beamed broadly and continued. "And I understand you are still obliged to dry beef for jerky. Well, I intend to see that every wigwam is equipped with a Deep-freeze."

Again the Indians shouted, "Oompah-oompah!"

The President exhibited his broadest grin and soared to a climax. "If re-elected I intend to see that your noble chief drives a Cadillac as big as mine, and a new Pontiac shall stand before every teepee."

As he bowed, the Indians roared out their mightiest "Oompah!" and their handsome chief came forward and placed a war bonnet on the President's head. Then he led the Great White Father to the corrals for another presentation, delivering the speech in the impeccable English of a Carlisle graduate. "The Indians of this reservation take great pleasure in presenting as a token of our esteem, a silver mounted saddle and our very best Indian pony." As the President prepared to mount the handsome animal the Chief suddenly cried out, "Be careful, Mr. Truman. Don't step in the oompah!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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DARWIN TEILHET

THE Happy Island

Park Mattison was a nice guy but too careless with his loyalties. During the war, he learned the techniques of psychological warfare from Colonel Tothic. It was an effortless change for him to use these same sinister techniques in the employ of the E. P. Tothic Empire of plantations. After he devised a smoothly-running, undercover "morale operation" to control the workers of Happy Island, and after he found the girl, Laina, he thought he was all set. A few pleasurable, highly-paid years in the island paradise would leave him fixed for life.

His plans were soon upset. In the first place, he found that Laina had become his future. And then, when violence became necessary to the operation, Park realized that he was treating his fellow citizens as once he had dealt with the enemy.

Here is a novel of character told with suspense that mounts until it is almost unbearable and the reader is driven at an increasing pace to the last page. *$3.50*

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

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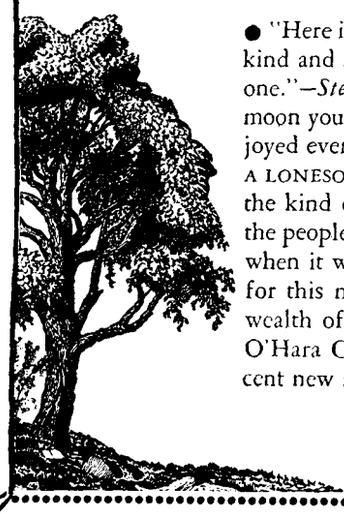
It is about the delights—and concerns—of matrimony and parenthood, the excesses of too enthusiastic gardening, the boredom of canning, the trials of an amateur carpenter's wife. Here, too, is the final truth about weekend guests and a definitive evidence that they never leave when they should.

Mrs. Van Doren views all the satisfactions and follies of amateur country living with amused affection—even the temptation to put the place on a paying rather than repaying basis. *$3.00*

CARL CARMER

Listen for a Lonesome Drum



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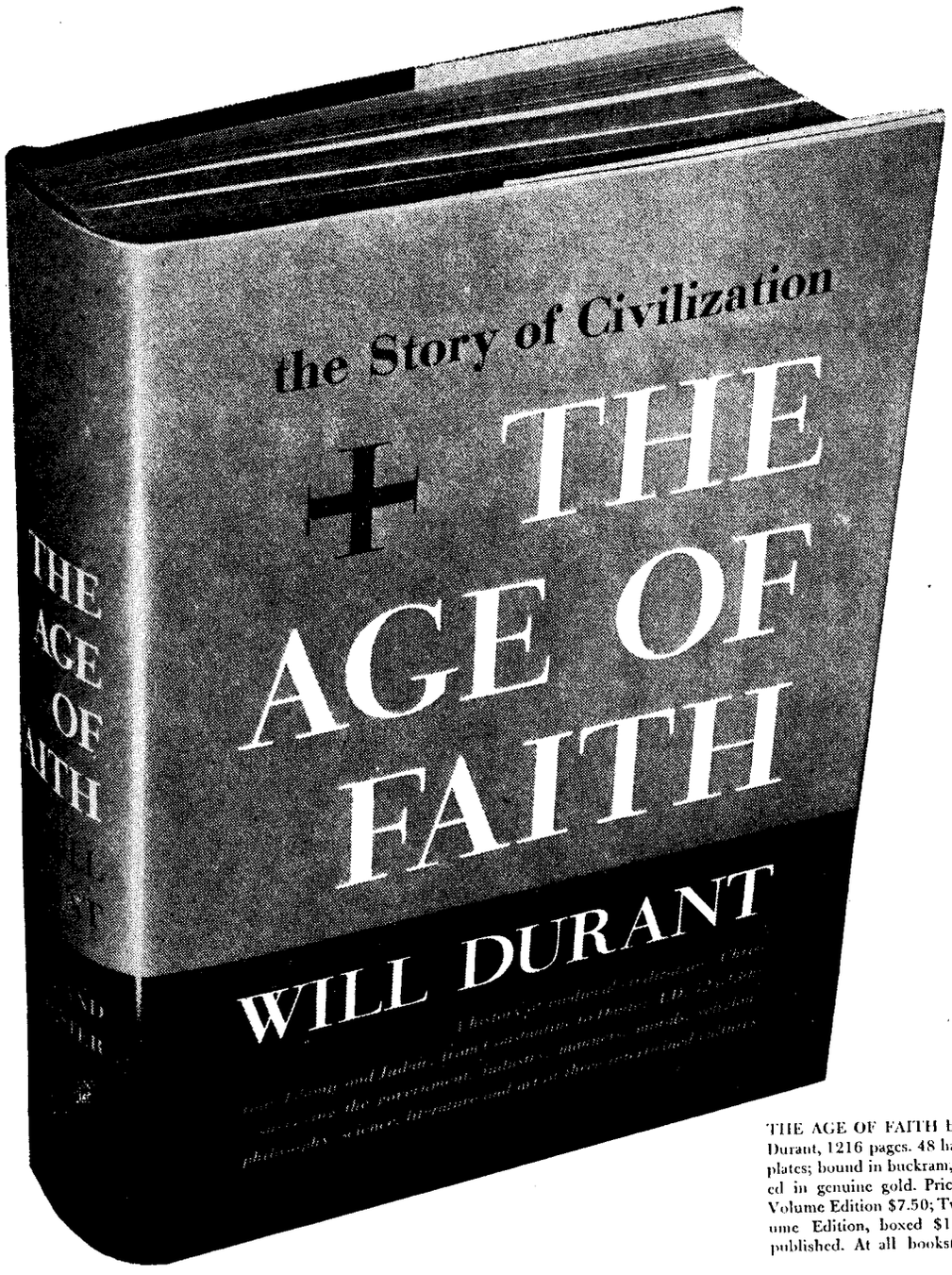

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Life on the Tinsel Standard

GILBERT SELDES

—Hugelmeyer.
Gilbert Seldes

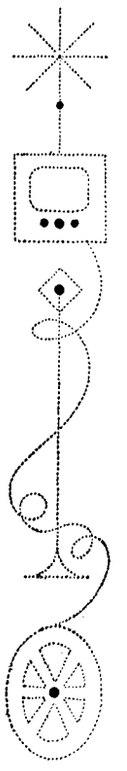
OUR STANDARD of living is still considered the highest on earth, but the standard of life is going down. We begin to accept completely the teen-age standard. Nothing in our daily lives must interfere with our having a good time; everything must be attractive to the adolescent. We gain by this a vast improvement in the appearance of our kitchens and living rooms, but the life of charm and leisure (as it appears in advertisements for washing machines) escapes us. Dr. Margaret Mead has suggested that even the young and successful housewife feels this; "she chose wifehood and motherhood, but she did not necessarily choose to 'keep house.'" Perhaps it is because the picture in her mind, as she got it from the media of the popular arts, is not "keeping house" but "playing house." The reluctance to take on the responsibilities of parenthood is in part a refusal to sacrifice the irresponsibility of adolescence and in part a fear that children will interfere with adult pleasures. Marriage itself is not a boundary line between youth and maturity, but having children is; and nothing in the representation of life by the popular arts suggests the intense, complex, and rewarding life of parents; instead we have child worship, which has nothing to do with parenthood, and idolatry for the old mother, which has nothing to do with childhood.

It is the function of the popular arts to divert, but not to deceive about life. When they become the only arts of great numbers of people, they can be held to account for what they do. These arts have always worried the moralist and the esthete. The true Puritan condemns the pleasures of the people because they are not uplifting, they do not contribute to the glory of God; the esthete condemns the popular arts because they are vulgar parodies of the great. In the United States the intellectual has reflected both of these attitudes, and, perhaps without knowing it, he has reflected also the complex social situation created by the immigrant and the pioneer. During the early days the culture and a great part of the wealth of the country was managed by Anglo-Saxons on the Eastern seaboard.

The writers and the painters longed for European recognition, and many of them went to Europe; the gap between the intellectual and the people widened. The thin and sentimental novels, the stiff, pretty paintings, had nothing to say to men who may have been, as Lewis Mumford has said, brutalized by their "rape of a continent"; the men left the arts to the women, and another American tradition took root—that the intellectual life of a community was *their* affair. It was an unfortunate division of interest, reducing the area of sympathy between men and women, encouraging men to keep their active life away from their women and women to keep the life of the mind and the spirit away from their husbands; encouraging also the artist to address himself chiefly to women, to be precious and flattering and dandified.

"Our country is deficient in materials of society most pertinent to the purposes of the novelist," wrote Cooper, and a minor artist like Freneau asked, "How can a poet hope for success in a city where there are no three persons possessed of elegant ideas?" Before he discovered the dense intellectual life that actually surrounded our writers, Van Wyck Brooks accepted this tradition and said that "a vast unconscious conspiracy actuated all America against the creative arts"; at the same time he told us that the world of Longfellow was "a German picture book," that Hawthorne "modeled in mist," that Poe was "sterile and inhuman," and that the heroes and heroines of fiction in their time "lived in a world of moan and moonlight . . . irreparable farewells, dungeons, assassinations, premature burials, hidden treasure . . . gothic castles."

The tradition that America had no place for the artists who alone could express its inmost soul continued well into our own time. "Suppose I am the national genius," Ludwig Lewisohn suggested in the 1920's, "Dreiser and Mencken and Francis Hackett and I." And Ernest Hemingway wrote that "a country, finally, erodes and the dust blows away, the people die and none of them were of any importance except those who practised the arts." I cannot accept this elevation of a host of second- and third-rate men for the sake of the merest handful of great artists in any country at any given era; nor do I know any system of values in which the road builder and the research scientist, the saint and the average sinful man who leads a decent life, become of no importance—along with them Lincoln and Marx, Edison and Freud. The idea that only the writer - painter - composer expresses the genius of a nation comes naturally to writers and painters and poets, and a tiny fragment of their work does resist the ravages of time and fashion. But the soul of man manifests itself also in the Declaration of Independence and in a tariff bill, in the song of a



—From "The Great Audience."

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stevedore and in the laughter at a clown in the circus.

Both Lewisohn and Hemingway lived for considerable time in Europe during the time of the second great expatriation of American artists. It was natural for those who had a high regard for their sacred mission to go where they thought they would be appreciated, and it was also a little irritating for them to discover that part, at least, of the avant-garde abroad was enchanted by the very rudeness and bad taste and bumptiousness from which the Americans had fled. The self-exiles and the debunkers denounced America, shrilly or humorously, their books were bought by the American people, but their total effect on our national culture was not great. They contributed to some refinement of manners, but they did not rescue the country from materialism and they probably helped to bring into existence the anti-intellectual superpatriot who dominated the last years of the 1940's.

IT IS not an edifying story, and the intellectual can take as little pride in it as the philistine. From the time of James Fenimore Cooper to the day of Sinclair Lewis perhaps two dozen men and women have been artists so great that they were misunderstood; the rest were good, but not good enough to separate themselves from their fellow men; they made little effort to understand what was happening in America, were incapable of helping or guiding or comforting. The theory that the artist was rejected by Americans because he disclosed the emptiness of their lives is only half true; the other half is that the artist had little to give Americans, little that was relevant to their time and situation in the world. "The American intelligentsia," says Eric Bentley, "consists of people isolated from their communities." The isolation is partly self-exile.

Perspective on this long separation between the artist and the people is helpful in understanding the present relation between them. The "misunderstood" artist of the past has given way to the artist who no longer cares whether he is understood or not, since he is not trying to communicate anything in the traditional sense of the word. "All modern art," says Ortega y Gasset, "is unpopular, and it is not so accidentally and by chance, but essentially and by fate." Popular taste has always demanded the recognizable object in a painting, the melody that can be hummed, the order of words that is easy to follow; and the great masters of our time have not been willing to satisfy these demands—nor, indeed, to be romantic or sentimental or particularly moral. Like Stendhal, they are making appointments with posterity.

T. S. Eliot's conviction that all culture must be aristocratic and religious reflects his admiration for a churchly and highly classified society; romantic rebels against tradition exalt the primitive, the naive artists; the demagogue sneers at the intellectual minority and calls its art anti-American; and the non-Communist Marxian holds that the popular arts are commercialized and corrupted versions of the arts of the people.

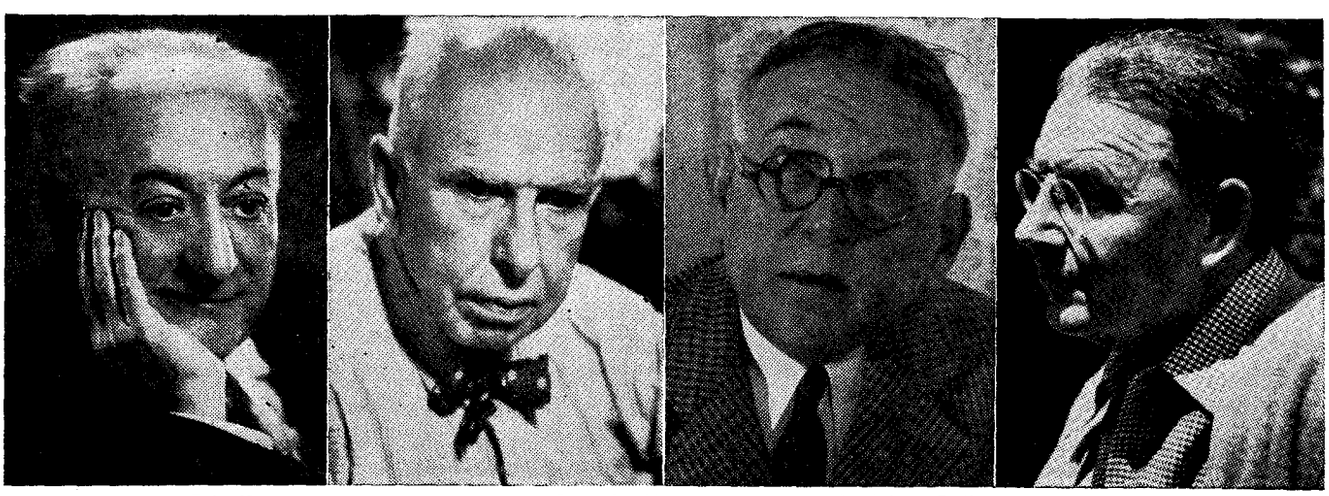
The theory that assigns the most important position to the popular arts is held in Moscow; the Soviet Union is the only place in the world where a movie, a comic strip, a comedy, a magazine illustration must be considered primarily for its effect on the people, and the only place where symphonic composers are rebuked by the government for deviation from true principles. If we are shocked by a composer's unmanly haste to repent, we must remember that even a reprimand from the Politburo is such recognition of the power of the artist as he could never find elsewhere. The principle that the artist must serve the state, following an official esthetic, is foreign to us, and I am not sure that the reports we have of the merit of Soviet art are altogether unprejudiced.

BUT if the details of Soviet practice seem ludicrous to us, the basic approach to the arts has to be reckoned with. The artist is believed to have a profound influence; he is as important as the educator, the police spy, or the statesman in the united effort to establish the Socialist state and create a new man. With this approach all entertainment must fall under the direction of the state. In the United States the influence of government, whether Federal or local, is limited to those artists who voluntarily accept work from the state, and the entertainment arts are, officially, untouched by the hand of authority. The function of the artist is not defined, his activities are not restricted except by the specific laws covering obscenity, slander, and other misdemeanors which he may commit as a citizen. Our general attitude toward the artist is one of tolerant skepticism if he is difficult; it ranges from deep affection to idolatry if he is simple; but he has no position as a revolutionary power; except in wartime he is not an instrument of policy.

It would be remarkable if these two diametrically opposite principles should, in practice, produce identical results. They often do.

The analysis of the entertainment arts offered by non-Communist radicals shows how. These critics are enemies of the all-powerful state and of uninhibited capitalism; they are consequently in the traditional line of American radical thought. They differ from Mencken and his followers because they earnestly want the artist to speak to the people; they want him to be aware of his creative power; they

(*Continued on page* 55)



—*Eric Hartmann.* —*Lotte Jacobi.* —*A. Aubrey Bodine.*

Ludwig Lewisohn: "Suppose I am the national genius—Dreiser and Mencken and Francis Hackett and I."

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Fiction. *Now that the Twenties again seem a magic time, it is inevitable that we should be rediscovering F. Scott Fitzgerald. Early next year Houghton Mifflin will publish Arthur Mizener's biography of the great novelist, "The Far Side of Paradise," Scribner will issue a new collection of his short stories edited by Malcolm Cowley, and World will offer "F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Man and His Work," edited by Alfred Kazin, similar in scope to the recent volume of Hemingway criticism reviewed on page 18. The revival is led off by Budd Schulberg's novel "The Disenchanted" (see below), which is said to be derived from the author's own experiences in collaborating on a Hollywood film with Fitzgerald and from additional data supplied by Professor Mizener.*

Golden Boy of Letters Badly Tarnished

THE DISENCHANTED. By Budd Schulberg. New York: Random House. 388 *pp.* $3.50.

By Hollis Alpert

BUDD SCHULBERG has already had uncommon success with his first two novels, and "The Disenchanted," his third, is not going to lose him any readers. For this is the story of a famous writer's crack-up, the death of a talent, the final days in the life of a man called Manley Halliday, whom rumor had it, before ever I picked up the book, bore a remarkable resemblance to F. Scott Fitzgerald. At the time we meet Manley Halliday he is forty-three and about to begin a ten weeks' writing chore for a producer named Victor Milgrim. Halliday is a shell of the man he once was, now a near-alcoholic, diabetic, debt-ridden, even his reputation somewhat decayed. The latter was made in the Twenties, and at the time the novel takes him up, the late Thirties, "social consciousness" is the stuff that is supposed to be in books. His junior partner on the scenario job is young Shep Stearns, an idolator of Halliday in spite of his own social consciousness, and the two of them join Victor Milgrim in an expedition to "Webster College" in New Hampshire, where some atmosphere is to be gathered and some backgrounds shot for a musical called "Love on Ice." Most of the book is made up of what happens during the trip East—interspersed with long backflashes of Halliday's past.

Mr. Schulberg knows Hollywood, and the local scenes have a sharp authenticity that improves on "What Makes Sammy Run?" In fact, when he stays close to his own experience (mirrored to some extent in the viewpoint of Shep Stearns) the effect is considerably more graphic than when he borrows, imagines, and invents.

Budd Schulberg — "a tall order."

"Is this novel about Fitzgerald?" The question will be asked by many readers, in spite of Mr. Schulberg's borrowed admonition from Henry James (". . . let us have as little as possible about it's 'being' Mr. This or Mrs. That"), and it is a reasonable one, for depending on the answer is, to a large extent, the manner in which he will react to the book. I guess there's little doubt that many of the incidents involving Halliday are based, loosely at least, on certain events in Fitzgerald's life, enough to remind one fairly constantly of that tragic writer. To say more than this would be entirely unfair to the memory of Fitzgerald. But the fact in itself is enough to give the story a poignance beyond that supplied by the inherent qualities of the writing.

Halliday is supposed to be the haunting figure of a genius, whose flowering came in the Twenties, who has not been able to free himself from his romantic view of the years when he was the flamingly talented golden boy of letters. An intriguing figure, without doubt, and Mr. Schulberg shows not the slightest hesitancy about diving into his thought processes, even though this highly sensitized consciousness has been thoroughly complicated by spiritual depression, by sickness, by misused talent. It's a tall order, and one can hardly blame the author for failing to bring it off.

For scores of pages we are given cross-sections of Halliday's mind; through his ceaseless flow of memories we are carried back into the Twenties. With Jere, the jazz-age girl who trod her own downward path to alcoholism and nymphomania, he rides the boom of his time and his success. The ring of these sequences is somehow hollow, seeming more like movie montages made to get across gaps in the story than what I think was the intent, an illumination and criticism of a time. Here, I believe, it is Mr. Schulberg's method that plays him false, for he has chosen to portray these Twenties through the sentimentalizings of Halliday's mind. In fact, the lengthy passages take on a curiously dreamlike (or is it nightmarish?) quality, as one tries to remember them. There seems no kind of reality that one can hold on to, as contrasted to the sharp, almost reportorial, quality of the scenes in which Shep Stearns is the experiencer and observer. The result is that Halliday becomes two-dimensional — seen through rather than around—in the flashback interludes.

The book, then, has a strangely disjointed effect upon one. You believe on one level and disbelieve on another. Part of this may be due to Mr. Schulberg's failure to convince you of Halliday's past greatness. You almost never see him as the craftsman, the perceptive observer of his society and his time, the serious workman he would have had to be in order to make so deep and lasting an impression on a public. The celebrity aspect is covered, but not the artist, certainly not enough to create full belief. The fall of Halliday seems more pathetic than tragic. For we lack, in the book, the necessary insight with which to comprehend it.

I have the feeling that it is the magnitude of the project, perhaps too large for a man of Mr. Schulberg's talents and experience, which has, in the long run, defeated him. Glenway Wescott, in an essay on Fitzgerald written some ten years ago, had given the warning: "He was our darling, our genius, our fool. Let the young people consider his untypical case with admiration, but great caution . . ."

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If There Had Been No "Don Quixote"

THREE EXEMPLARY NOVELS. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated by Samuel Putnam. New York: The Viking Press. 232 *pp.* $5.

By Herschel Brickell

IT IS greatly to the credit of American scholarship that recent months have seen not only the appearance of Mr. Putnam's splendid translation of "Don Quixote" but also S. Griswold Morley's fine version of "The Interludes." A complete new English edition of the "Exemplary Novels" would have rounded out an epochal contribution, making generally available the three most important works of the Spanish master.

But, lacking this last, all the Cervantists who have long wished that the famous short stories could be made easier of access have cause to be grateful to Mr. Putnam for adding to his earlier achievement the present selection from the far-too-little-known pioneering that Cervantes did in the field of the short narrative.

Written over a long period, fifteen years or more, but not published until 1613, three years before the death of the author—whose fame, if not his fortune, was then securely established —, these stories have exercised a wide influence on the literature of many countries. Selections from them have appeared many times in English since James Magge presented a half dozen of them in 1640, but they have not been available except in Spanish for many years.

Of the preceding translations by far the best, and also one of the few complete editions, was that of N. Maccoll, published in Glasgow as a part of the works of Cervantes at the turn of the century, with Fitzmaurice-Kelly as editor. Only a handful of copies reached this country, however, and these are by now very hard to find even in the best libraries.

American Cervantists from Ticknor to Schevill have all held the "Exemplary Novels" in the highest esteem, these two authorities agreeing that if there had been no "Don Quixote" Cervantes's fame might very well have rested upon the shorter pieces, peculiarly suited to his gift for the episode. They have been justly praised by many critics for their inventiveness of plot, their humoristic irony, their realistic detail, and the excellence of their characterization.

Of the twelve stories Cervantes left us (or a baker's dozen, if the one attached to "The Deceitful Marriage" under the title "The Dogs of Mahudes" is counted separately) the best-known and most widely translated is "Rinconete and Cortadilla," which inevitably appears in the Putnam volume. It is a wonderful tale of two young rascals who meet on the road and wind up as a part of the low life of Sevilla, then a kind of world capital of roguery, which Cervantes knew both from within and without prison walls.

The other two are "Man of Glass," more specifically in the original "The Licentiate of Glass," and "The Colloquy of the Dogs." The former has always been a favorite with admirers of Cervantes, not only because it reveals the author's opinions on a wide variety of topics but because it is a study of madness closely related to "Don Quixote" in its ironical spirit. Its hero does well enough so long as he fancies himself made of glass, but can find nothing better than to go off to the wars in Flanders when his reason is restored.

In "The Colloquy of the Dogs" Cervantes paints an incomparable picture of the times from the canine point of view, sparing none of the follies and rascalities of the human race. There is a link between this story and "Rinconete and Cortadilla," since part of it has the same underworld background of Sevilla, and that prince of scoundrels, Monipodio, so prominent in the earlier story, appears again briefly.

It is impossible to reread this richly humorous satire, certainly one of the most amusing pieces Cervantes ever wrote, without wishing again that both dogs had been given a chance to tell their life stories. Berganza,

—*Illustrations from "Three Exemplary Novels."*

whose autobiography we listen to, does so well by us that it seems a pity Cervantes did not give Cipion, or Scipio, his chance, too.

In hands less naturally gentle the material of all three of these stories would have been made into savage and bitter satire, but Cervantes of the good heart admitted that satire was not exactly his dish. There is much shrewd and exact observation in the narratives, and wisdom aplenty, but more understanding than anger in the contrasting of, to borrow Mr. Putnam's words, "the world as it is and the world as it should be."

The liveliness of Mr. Putnam's translations gives these stories a surprising freshness, and the high quality of his work brings a new sadness at the thought of his untimely death so soon after the publication of his "Don Quixote."

The Quintanilla illustrations are excellent, and the notes, mostly from Rodriguez Marin, are ample and well selected. The edition is limited to 3,000 copies.

Line-Up

By Marguerite Janvrin Adams

FEET on the rail, they stand in line
draining the berry and the grain,
hats tilted, elbows crooked (as
mine),
to hide the signature of pain.

No alien can enter here
except as he has learned to own
a part of what they also fear,
who dare not be alone.

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Old McDonogh Had an Estate

PATHWAY TO THE STARS. By Harnett T. Kane. New York: Doubleday & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

HARNETT KANE has a talent for writing biographical novels in which he manages to recreate authentic characters who are solidly embedded in the romantically painted past of the South, and especially New Orleans. His latest novel, "Pathway to the Stars," is a more difficult enterprise. His leading character is a man so intent over a long life on piling up a huge fortune in real estate that he has no time for love affairs or marriage or, indeed, diversions of any kind.

After he has finished the book there can be no doubt in the reader's mind that a young man named John McDonogh actually sailed from Baltimore and arrived in New Orleans in the year 1800, and that a vast amount of research — for which Mr. Kane acknowledges indebtedness to scores of individuals and libraries—has gone into the investigation of his adventures until his death fifty years later. He came ashore with a shipload of goods to dispose of, avid for success as a merchant, with his head full of business maxims and a deep-rooted fear of beautiful women. To his mind New Orleans was a wild and pagan sinkhole, most of it French, although ruled by Spain, with a mixture of half-breeds, Germans, Italians, and aggressive newcomers from the American states. Mansions, low stucco buildings, and dance halls lined the muddy streets, and in the distance were luxuriant plantations and vast estates. In all America there was probably no better place for a young man with strict principles who intended to get on in the world.

John soon realized that the desirable women he met seemed to be laughing at him. Where, he wondered, could he find a nice young woman to marry? On the ship he had met a charming widow who admitted him into the enchanted circle of aristocratic Creoles, where he promptly fell in love with the sullenly flirtatious but beautiful daughter of the richest family in Louisiana. When he formally proposed he was promptly dismissed with haughty contempt, for she had been engaged since childhood to a Spanish nobleman.

With a young partner he had taken into his business John ventured one night into an elegant and discreet establishment where he had the one and only amorous experience in his

Harnett T. Kane — "a more difficult enterprise."

whole life. His companion married the dusky beauty he had met there and set her up in a house in a shabby street, thus furnishing John with a perfect example of the penalty for carnal misbehavior, though he himself eventually had to take the two children of this misalliance under his wing. A few years later John fell in love with the admirable daughter of a broken-down Northern lawyer he had befriended. Though he had bought a plantation and built a great house, he quarreled with her one day; and the girl promptly went into a convent. This furnished Mr. Kane's hero with a woman to worship from a distance the rest of his life and enabled him to devote his energies to creating the largest fortune in America before the Civil War.

After Napoleon's France fell and the United States took the city over, there were occasions when Mr. McDonogh came close to losing everything, including his shirt. Finally he retreated to his plantation and over many years attempted to solve the increasingly difficult problem of slavery. His scheme was to educate his own slaves, persuade them to buy their freedom through years of toil, then ship them to Liberia, that pestilent paradise where they could revert to the aboriginal condition they had been taken from by force.

This supposedly benevolent conception, which was attempted by a few other large slave-holders of the time, may seem to the reader to be an outrageous fraud instead of a noble idea. In this manner it was possible to get rid of his responsibilities to his older slaves at their own expense and buy up a fresh crop with the profits. It is to be noted that he trained them to be laborers, artisans, and bricklayers, and kept them at work in the city day and night; the harder they worked the sooner they could be sped to Liberia. The fact that he built a weather-proof church for them on his plantation, in which he expounded to them his theory of purchasing freedom, need not endear him to the reader, any more than does the spectacle of an old man fondling the faded yellow slipper that had belonged to the nun he might have married.

At least McDonogh's death compensated for his reputation as a miser. He left his enormous Louisiana estate to the schools of New Orleans. His miles of Florida land, which he had bought for a few cents an acre, established the McDonogh Farm School, located outside of Baltimore. Today in New Orleans on the first Friday in May thousands of children from all the city schools march to the City Hall, carrying flowers to a bronze statue of the hero of this book, "with the figure of a boy and girl reaching toward it in gratitude."

The novel is constantly interesting, whatever one's opinion of its hero. It is a fabulous success story of how a young American more than a century ago took nearly all of the land around a great city and port away from its original owners. And surely Mr. McDonogh's obstinate virtue in the most amorous and glamorous place in America is worthy of the tribute of our wonder.

October

By Richard Lattimore

SHOULDERS in the thin angle of elm the boy watches
his month burn out in maple and sumach, wish drowning
in steep sunfall bannered under the cold skyline.

Reluctant the red lingers, sky-flush west. Red is
the kiss he took to bed last night; the tide beating
wrist to close heart; an answer; a silk dress captured.

This was farewell and love no longer. White hesper
and tamarack scratch now punctuate the steel progress
of night's tomorrow climbing up the cold autumn.

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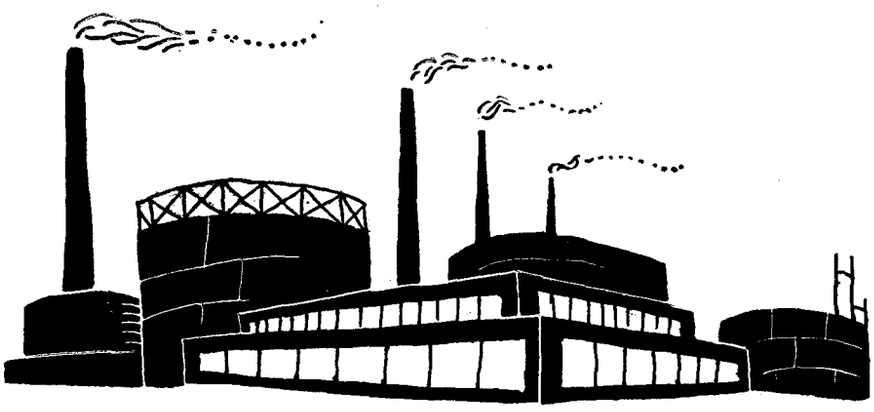

The Dynasty-of-Death Folks

THE BARONS. By Charles Wertenbaker. New York: Random House. 579 pp. $3.50.

By James Gray

AND NOW we are back once more with those dynasty-of-death people, about whom it was the fashion a decade ago to write big, pompous books, swollen with rage and rhetoric. An interesting comment is made on the fatalistic temper of our time by the very fact that it is now possible to write a novel—also big but not in the least pompous—which contains not one pious, denunciatory reference to the munitions manufacturer's evil traffic with international disaster.

To be sure, Charles Wertenbaker believes that he has written a book about evil, but it is evil of an entirely personal kind—life-size, not inflated to the monstrous proportions of melodrama, doggedly determined to be significant. Perhaps it is because he fears that his readers will feel themselves skimped in being asked to cope with a merely human issue that he has contrived to get into the same book two entirely different accounts of the way evil works to destroy. There is, Mr. Wertenbaker believes, the kind that may corrupt a rugged, hearty, intelligent man from within and leave him with nothing in the end to justify his stormy pride. And there is the kind that may be flung from outside, this time at a not very intelligent woman, and corrupt her simply because she sees that her charming surface has been befouled.

The first of these stories is thoroughly interesting without being persuasive. Stuart Baron has lent his powerfully propulsive energies to the creation of a multi-million-dollar business out of the comparatively inconspicuous powder-making plant established by his unimaginative forebears. From time to time he allows himself a pleasant reverie, thinking how proper a thing it would be to make the employees, even the most minor among them, share-owning partners. He never gets around to doing anything about such a plan and meanwhile looks discreetly the other way when his soulless cousins further transform the business into a huge monopoly with an aptitude for swallowing up competitors. His humanitarian pretensions survive a succession of actions in which he shows himself to be the very most ruthless of bargainers. (When, in the early days of the First World War, England and France are in crucial need of munitions Stuart Baron finds sound reason to hold them up for a fancy price.) In the end, of course, his cousins conspire to put him out of the chairmanship of the board so that he may do nothing so foolish as to spoil happy workmen by making them unhappy stockholders.

Stuart Baron's gleeful pursuit of his supposed goal is entertaining to watch. But the reader who does not quite share the author's fraternal infatuation with his hero finds it difficult to believe that there was ever need to fear Stuart. This is no Hamlet of industry whose mission is long delayed by the humiliating intervention of human crisis. He is just a high-spirited mischief-maker who thoroughly enjoys needling his stuffy relatives in crises of the nerves.

Though the author tries hard to suggest that a tighter bond exists, the second story is related to the first only by the fact that Stuart Baron is an actor in both. Unhappily married, he allows himself to be drawn into a summer flirtation with another distant cousin. Philippa has led a casual sort of existence in Europe and experiences no sense of guilt because she recognizes no sin. But to the Barons the irregularity of her relationship with Stuart seems mischievous indeed. When she defies family authority she is first browbeaten and then completely isolated by way of punishment. And at last she becomes conscious of guilt exactly as one may become conscious of being splashed with muddy water in the street. Now, though she still has experienced no birth of principle, she is determined to suffer, and suffer she does as the author escorts her firmly through two disastrous marriages, a season of frigidity, a season of madness, and finally on to the dreary outer edges of nymphomania. Mr. Wertenbaker's idea that guilt not truly comprehended can "only go on compounding itself and never find release" is persuasive enough. But the story of a woman's wilful determination to abase herself has been related in too crude outline to achieve tragic dignity.

The story is told with the brisk efficiency (though not always with the care for detail) that one would expect of a former *Time* editor. But the materials are potentially more important than Mr. Wertenbaker has managed to make them seem.

To Shack & Soil

THE HOME PLACE. By Fred Gipson. New York: Harper & Bros. 248 pp. $2.75.

By Edmund Fuller

MR. GIPSON'S new novel blends a strictly conventional story formula with a warmth for people and a zeal for the land which save it from being the quite artificial and shallow thing that the mere story shell would have been. He comes out of it successfully with an appealing novel but he takes unnecessary chances of slopping over and shaves it pretty close to the line.

Sam Crockett is in his late thirties. His wife has died. He has left his safe city job, and with his three sons and Grandpa Firth, past eighty, has gone back to his home place in the Texas hills to try to get along. The place is run down and ramshackle, the land badly overgrazed, but Sam has faith in grass. He plans to bring the grass back. Meanwhile it's a struggle to earn a living and get the place paid for.

Grandpa, who'd been a ranger in his day, is shrewd and knowing enough to be a help at one moment and ornery and senile enough to upset crucial plans at the next. The older boys—Steve, who is ten, and Chuck, a little younger—have an adjustment to make that isn't easy. It takes city-bred boys a while to get the hang of even a genuine boys' paradise. Yo-Yo, who is three, adjusts dangerously

(*Continued on page* 36)

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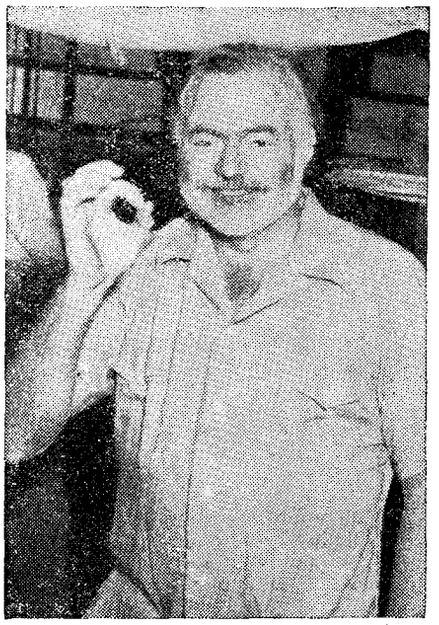
Hemingway. *There may be differences of opinion as to what is the best novel published during 1950, or even the most widely read, but there is no doubt as to which is the most talked about. Since the publication on September 7 of Ernest Hemingway's first book in a decade, "Across the River and Into the Trees" has provided a conversational topic even for circles in which books and their makers are rarely mentioned. One reason for these discussions is the diverse reception accorded the novel by the reviewers of the leading magazines and newspapers. Ben Ray Redman assesses this gamut of critical opinion in the article below. A book published just in time to capitalize on the discussion is "Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work," a collection of essays edited by John K. M. McCaffery. Harrison Smith reviews it on page 17.*



—*Acme.*

". . . a case of incipient parody"?

I. The Champ and the Referees

BEN RAY REDMAN

ALL THE reviewers of Ernest Hemingway's latest novel are in happy agreement—up to a point. They agree that the book is entitled "Across the River and Into the Trees" and that it is the story of the last two days in the life of an American colonel, aged fifty-one, reduced from the wartime rank of brigadier, who spends these days in Venice, where, with a rapidly failing heart, he keeps himself alive on pills and very dry martinis, makes love to the most beautiful girl in the world—an eighteen-nineteen-year-old Italian countess, named Renata —, talks a great deal, drinks a great deal, goes duck shooting in the Venetian marshes, and dies. But, once this point has been reached and passed, agreement is left behind. A survey of the succeeding discords may prove instructive without being tedious, and even funny without being vulgar. If proof were ever needed that the reviewing of books is something less —or perhaps better—than an exact science, here it is.

Let us begin, then, where charity is said to begin. Maxwell Geismar, writing in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, declares: "This is an unfortunate novel and unpleasant to review for anyone who respects Hemingway's talent and achievement. It is not only Hemingway's worst novel; it is a synthesis of everything that is bad in his previous work and it throws a doubtful light on the future. It is so dreadful, in fact, that it begins to have its own morbid fascination and it is almost impossible, as they say, to put it down." And, chiming harmoniously with this deadly verdict, Harrison Smith, writing for the Saturday Review of Literature Syndicate, asks if this new novel is an example of "Hemingway imitating his worst imitators," and denounces it as "egocentric and narcissist almost beyond belief," with a texture that is "transparently thin," and "only two characters," one of whom "is drawn from an adolescent dream."

What could be more conclusive? But here comes John O'Hara, in *The New York Times Book Review*, who starts off by saying, "The most important author living today, the outstanding author since the death of Shakespeare, has brought out a new novel," and who ends, after some qualifications, with the blanket endorsement: "Real class." Mr. O'Hara's review, by the way, is an odd, fascinating item that reads as if it were the product of an intimate three-way conversation between the reviewer, his typewriter, and a bottle of something or other. It is a fine piece for reading aloud at an evening party, although it may never prove as popular as Benchley's "Treasurer's Report." Mr. O'Hara packs a fast right and left for "the pedants, the college professors, the littérateurs," and he does a hit-and-run job on Eustace Tilley, of *The New Yorker*, that will hardly be covered by any fifty-dollar-deductible insurance. But we must leave his review for others less lively.

Not quite at Mr. O'Hara's side, but much closer to him than to Mr. Geismar and Mr. Smith, stands Malcolm Cowley (*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*). "Colonel Cantwell," he tells us, "is in some ways the most fully realized of Hemingway's heroes," while Renata "is a dream, but a refreshing dream, and in her world apart from daily life she is the loveliest of Hemingway's heroines." Mr. Cowley continues, after lamenting the lack of a scene that should have been written in full explanation of the Colonel's bitterness: "There are fine things in the book that I haven't mentioned. The first scene, of duck shooting in the Venetian marshes, is one of those sporting prints with a somber undertone that Hemingway has always done better than any other writer. The approach to Venice is marvelous and so are the characters seen briefly in Harry's Bar. There are fine memories of the fighting in both world wars and in fact there is something quotable in every chapter." And Mr. Cowley concludes: "For all its skill and honesty, 'Across the River and Into the Trees' is a tired book compared with those others. To see what the new Hemingway can do we will have to wait for his big novel."

Charles Poore, of *The New York Times* (daily), is even more generous with praise than is Mr. Cowley. He greets the new novel as Hemingway's "best love story since 'A Farewell to Arms'"; he remarks, of Renata, that "if the world you know cannot supply the likes of her, then nature had better start imitating art"; he assures us that, "after a decade of read-

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ing road-company Hemingway, it is a great pleasure to be reading Hemingway himself again"; he asserts that Hemingway's prodigal talent "was never more apparent than here," and he confidently sums up by describing Colonel Cantwell's history as "a little less than perfect, but still proof positive" that its author "is the old master," and by predicting: "All those who came to praise him after 'The Sun Also Rises' and 'A Farewell to Arms' and 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' will praise him again."

What confidence, and how mistaken! For, even as Mr. Poore wrote, his own colleague on the daily *Times*, Orville Prescott, was recording his private judgment of the same book, to the effect that most admirers of Hemingway's great talents "will probably find 'Across the River and Into the Trees' a depressing and a painfully embarrassing book . . . his former technical skill has failed him, leaving a book which seems like a crude parody of his mannerisms and of his previous work. In spite of several excellent, almost poetically rendered scenes, this bitter, curiously stilted, and unreal novel is a ludicrous failure." But Mr. Prescott has seen "the champ" come back before, and he hopes that he will be able to do it again.

Theodore Kalem (*Christian Science Monitor*) moves into position between Mr. Poore and Mr. Prescott. He admits that this new novel "disappoints" when judged by the standards of its author's best previous work, and . . . "Yet, within the context of the current enfeebled state of American letters, it is a pretty remarkable performance. Barring a miracle, no American novel will top it this year, because no other American can write this well . . . he is the winner and still champion. But the opposition is not exactly formidable." Mr. Kalem believes that only Hemingway's "superb verbal discipline arrests a case of incipient parody," for the author is dealing with familiar themes in a familiar style—"time and love, war and death, virile sports and favorite cities." But his discipline does save him, and he is still the unique master of "taut, fresh, breath-taking dialogue." He poses and grapples with the eternal questions of moral philosophy. How to live well? How to die well? (Mr. Cowley says that "Death—or rather the preparation for a good death—is the subject of the novel." And Harrison Smith hopes, but hardly believes, that "this novel is an act of cleansing, and that the future may see a different man and a different writer.") Yes, Mr. Kalem finds that Hemingway is seriously concerned with life's most serious themes, but finds also that he is "on the brink of no longer having anything to say."

". . . nature had better start imitating art."

In the eyes of Kate Simon (*The New Republic*) Colonel Cantwell is "the inevitable" Hemingway Hero, "whether we call him Jake Barnes, Frederick Henry, Robert Jordan." But he is a hero far from contemptible. He "has a system of morality which is almost exclusively esthetic, the struggle to keep his integrity in a shapeless world which slops its bilge over a man and rips him with its sharp, meaningless brutalities. To keep clean and untouched, he must move with intense and delicate awareness in the mold he has designed for himself. . . ." Hemingway, according to Miss Simon, "invests his writing with the same esthetic care and discipline that Cantwell brings to acting out his life and death. . . . Here and there the high art lapses. . . ." But "the Hemingway spell still holds."

NOT for Alfred Kazin, who comes to judgment in *The New Yorker*. Decidedly not. Mr. Kazin finds it "hard to say what one feels most in reading this book—pity, embarrassment that so fine and honest a writer can make such a travesty of himself, or amazement that a man can render so marvelously the beauty of the natural world and yet be so vulgar." He describes "the tough and battered hero" as "literally a composite of all the Hemingway heroes," but, unlike Miss Simon, he has only contempt for the Colonel. He attributes Cantwell's bitterness, his many hatreds—the objects of which are too numerous and by now too well known to be listed here—and his "rage at having to die," at the age of fifty-one, to Hemingway himself; and he asserts that this book, unlike its author's best works, is held together by "blind anger rather than lyric emotion." Indeed, Mr. Kazin's review is largely an attack on the Colonel's character, opinions, values, likes, dislikes, and habits; and, to make sure that no reader is unaware of the target behind the target, the reviewer says bluntly (or should it be sharply?): "It is not a satiric portrait; the Colonel is too full of Hemingway's pettiest, most irrelevant opinions."

Morton Dawen Zabel (*The Nation*) is, no less than Mr. Kazin, disgusted by author as well as hero. But, he points out frankly, "The reader inevitably arrives at this book with a complex conditioning." It is hard, he holds, for a critic to ignore "the dismal exhibitionism of the *Esquire* articles in the Thirties or the self-exploiting public character of the interviews and photographs. . . ." Or Miss Lillian Ross's famous *New Yorker* article, which Mr. Zabel quotes. However much or little the reviewer's final judgment may owe to this "conditioning," it is, quite simply, that "this new novel is the poorest thing its author has ever done—poor with a feebleness of invention, a dulness of language, and a self-parodying of style and theme even beyond 'The Fifth Column' and to 'To Have and Have Not.'"

So verdict is piled on verdict, beyond all tallying here. Richard H. Rovere (*Harper's*) finds the novel "disappointing" and "incredibly talky," although it has "moments of

(*Continued on page 38*)

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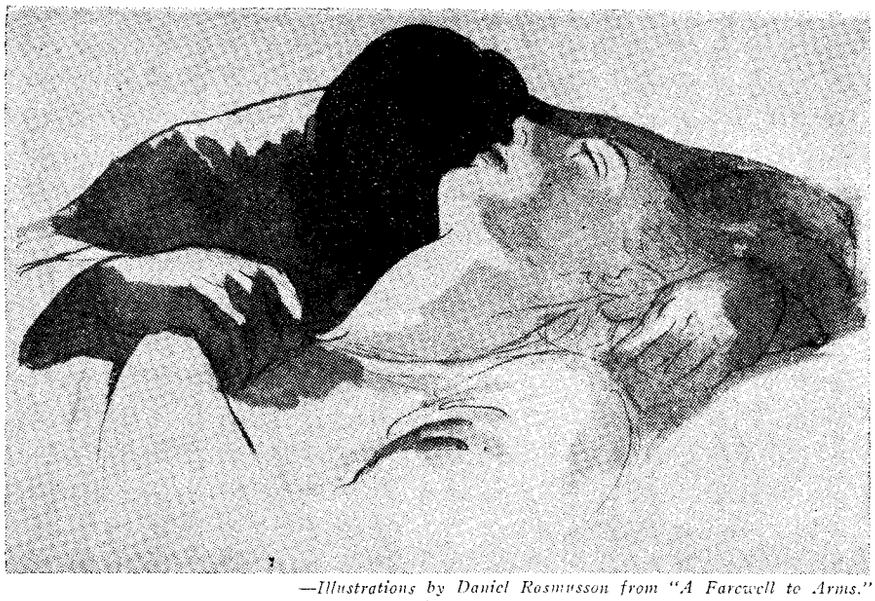

—Illustrations by Daniel Rosmusson from "A Farewell to Arms."

". . . a rage at having to die."

II. A Titan to Task

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: The Man and His Work. Edited by John K. M. McCaffery. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 351 pp. $3.50.

By HARRISON SMITH

AT LEAST one reader of "Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work" ought to be vastly entertained by this anthology of what his critics have had to say about him over the last eighteen years, and that is Mr. Hemingway himself. The opinions of these twenty-one writers about Hemingway have been as varied as the comments brought forth by his recent novel, "Across the River and Into the Trees."

It is certainly fair to say that Hemingway is one of the most famous of living writers. He has always been a controversial figure both as a man and as a writer; it is impossible for any critic to review his work without constantly sensing the presence of the man himself, in a manner that is not true of John Dos Passos, for example, or of another great living American novelist, William Faulkner. When one of Hemingway's characters in "The Green Hills of Africa" says, "All American literature comes out of one book by Mark Twain called 'Huckleberry Finn.' There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since," you know that Hemingway is expressing his own opinion. When in his latest novel Colonel Cantwell discusses in bed the technique of war with his youthful Contessa, it is again Hemingway talking about his favorite subject; the burly figure, the battered lineaments of the Colonel are those of Hemingway.

John K. M. McCaffery, who has edited and provided an admirably brief introduction to his critical symposium, expresses this unity of the man and his work when he says that Hemingway has been the strongest influence on modern literature. Edmund Wilson in "The Wound and the Bow" speaks of the "barometric accuracy" with which he seized the moral feeling of the moment. It is always Hemingway speaking through his characters, hugely enjoying making love, drinking, shooting ducks and animals. This is one of the reasons why there have been so many savage critical attacks on his work, notably following the appearance of "The Green Hills of Africa," "To Have and Have Not," and "Death in the Afternoon." In his essay "Ernest Hemingway, a Tragedy of Craftsmanship" a Russian critic writes, "You fancy him a strong, full-blooded athlete, an excellent tennis player, a first-rate boxer, an inveterate skier, hunter, and fisherman, a fearless torero, a distinguished front-line soldier, an arrogant bully, and in addition to all that—on second thought as it were—a world-famous writer. Under this impression of the legendary hero, you open his books."

In the Thirties it is true that Hemingway often made his way into the gossip columns of newspapers. He knocked people about and once attacked Max Eastman in the office of Maxwell Perkins, their editor. It was as if he wished to impress his maleness, his physical prowess on everyone, the fact that he was a man who had given himself to violence and had abjured the ways of peace.

There was every reason for hostility toward the conceptions that dominated him in a time when "the lost generation," and even schoolboys, were pacifist. No one wanted to think of war, of cruelty, of untimely death, whereas Hemingway was the prophet of war and violence, steadily developing his "canon of death," to borrow Lincoln Kirstein's title. Max Eastman's chapter, taken from his "Art and the Life of Action," and humorously titled "Bull in the Afternoon," attacks violently Hemingway's fascination with killing and death. "He is himself, moreover, courageous enough," writes Mr. Eastman, "and with a courage rarer than that of toreros—to state plainly that he loves killing, and to state why. It is because killing makes him feel triumphant over death," and then he quotes directly from Hemingway, "Killing cleanly and in a way that gives you esthetic pride and pleasure has always been one of the greatest enjoyments of a part of the human race. . . . When a man is still in rebellion against death he has pleasure in taking to himself one of the godlike attributes: that of giving it. This is one of the most profound feelings in those men who enjoy killing."

There are other and perhaps more serious aspects of Hemingway's life and work in this useful and fascinating collection. George Hemphill, in his remarks on Hemingway's "In Our Time," compares him with Henry James. "Hemingway," he says, "is a writer to whom everything happens, while Henry James is a writer to whom nothing ever happens." He believes that without his complex sense of duty Hemingway would not write at all. Many of the critics speak of his disciplined artistry, the effort he has made to have his characters speak in the true accents of the Middle West. Indeed, Hemingway's style can be recognized in a large part of the fiction written today. Edmund Wilson says that in his short stories "he tuned a marvelous prose," and quotes F. M. Ford: "Hemingway's words strike you as if they were pebbles fetched fresh from a brook; they live and shine, each in its place." The reader will have to judge for himself whether in his latest book this marvelous style has not suffered from attrition or, as a critic recently stated, whether

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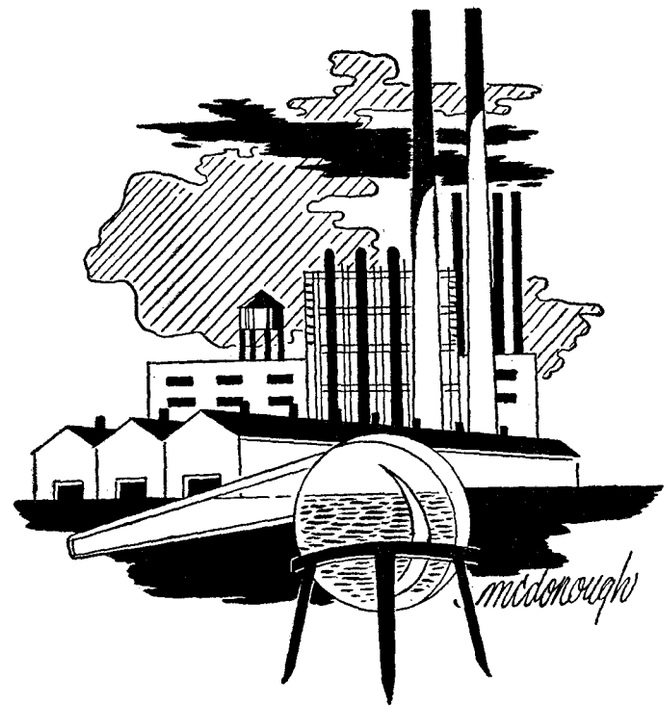
The Fallacy of the Liberals

WALDO FRANK



ALTHOUGH deep minds from Thoreau to Tolstoy feared the effect of the machine, the general nineteenth-century mood was sanguine. The more influential thinkers assumed that the intelligence exerting such wondrous power over space and time would successfully transpose to the problems of human freedom. Herbert Spencer's "Progress: Its Laws and Cause" (1857) struck the keynote. A generation later Edward Bellamy's popular "Looking Backward: 2000-1887" voiced the common faith that fifty years of (progressive) Europe were better than a cycle of Cathay. Bellamy's phrase for the happy future was "nationalist Communism," and his modest hope gave it 120 years to come true. Sixty years after his book, George Orwell thought he had glimpsed the reality in Russia. Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-four" marks the violent swing from slow confidence to panic. The man in the paved, steel-structured, electric-wired street had already heard it echo with mechanized armies and the "liberated" masses of Marx shouting machine-communicated slogans; he had seen it fall to rubble under bombs. The pulpits still prescribed theological medicines, but even the preachers for the most part did not accuse the intelligence which had produced the machine: men needed something more, they said, but also they needed more intelligence—more of the same; men were wicked despite their intelligence. If there was organic contradiction between their Sunday God and the intelligence which shaped the weekday world, they did not guess it.

H. G. Wells sized up the crisis as "a race between catastrophe and education" but he did not doubt the basic good of the intelligence which had brought on the crisis. The hopeful liberals agreed, fighting totalitarianism, regimentation, total war, without suspecting that their own brand of intelligence might be involved in what they hated. And when they began to disagree, it was only about the happy ending: could "intelligence" win the race? Aldous Huxley in "Brave New World" was bitter; the Russian Eugene Zamiatin in "We"*—a novel in which the citizens of "the United State" have numbers, not names—laughed in order not to weep; two decades later the mood of Orwell, writing his swan song, was despair. Some rebels from the liberal intelligence took refuge in old orthodoxies of the West or the East. The school of Gerald Heard pinned a desperate hope on tiny groups of Adepts, formed by Brahmin techniques, who must win and save the world. Toynbee exhorted a new Ecclesia, a glorified Church of England, whose paternalistic values the people must "mimic." Some turned against mind entirely (the existentialists, for instance). None dug into the problem of the bearing of the intelligence, as it was commonly defined, on the doom of the historic world.

Roderick Seidenberg's new book, "Posthistoric Man, an Inquiry,"† is a fascinating attempt to analyze intelligence. He places it in the phylogeny of man as a biological species dwelling on earth at least a half million years. He studies its *inherent* process and therefrom predicts man's future. What sensitive souls have dreaded and spun into dire prophecy, he spreads before us, with the naked eloquence of logic, as "fact" and conclusion from "fact." For countless generations, he says, man was a creature of instinct. After the immeasurable night of prehistory he began to emerge a few millenia ago, and the form of his divergence from the rest of the animal kingdom was intelligence. The essence of intelligence, he explains, is conscious organization, as opposed to the instinct of organisms, which, in Darwin's words, "is followed independently of reason." And its irreversible trend is more organization.

ALTHOUGH the instincts did not lapse, slowly, sporadically, intelligence formed nuclei of conscious organization within the fields where instinct reigned. An unstable, spotty tension grew between the two principles of adjustment. For long, the tension was prone to fall back into the stability of instinct. But intelligence spread, ever more widely. Its great advantage was that it not only classified, recorded, criticized, and flexibly reformed—it could pass on its accumulated stores of fact and power to succeeding generations. Thus history began: the epoch of conscious differentiation; of gods, prophets, poets; of tragedy and art, which express the conflict between instinctive and intelligent man; of political structures (organizations) in lieu of the organic communities of

*"We" could not be published in Soviet Russia. A translation by Gregory Zilboorg was brought out by E. P. Dutton, New York, in 1924.

†*POSTHISTORIC MAN, An Inquiry. By Roderick Seidenberg. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 253 pp. $3.25.*

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some insects, animals, and of prehistoric men.

This age of history—of the impact of intelligence on instinct—is a brief moment of three or four hundred generations, as compared with the instinctive eons of prehistory. But the capacity of the intelligence to accumulate and to eliminate what interferes with it made its advance rapid, once it had taken hold. Finally, it was ready to confront nature, to classify and control natural forces. This was the birth of science and the machine. Now its pace grew geometric.

Mr. Seidenberg's essay is too brief and compact a résumé (although ever lucid and readable) to be summarized here. The main argument is what concerns us. The author draws a graph. In Prehistory instinct is a full line which after thousands of generations begins slowly to descend, as a shadow line, the intelligence, rises from below it. At the dawn of history the two lines start to converge; finally they meet. This crucial point is dated at approximately 1600 A.D.: the time of the great fathers of modern science. Having intersected, the intelligence line will continue to rise above instinct, and the Posthistoric Age will begin.

The author agrees with most anthropologists that the capacity of the human brain has not grown since the Stone Age—in which man lingered perhaps forty thousand, perhaps two hundred thousand years. His intelligence line promises no spate of genius. It refers exclusively to organized society's accumulation of intelligent responses and adjustments to nature, which the individual environmentally inherits—indeed the dull more than the brilliant. Intelligence organizes; organization consolidates, spreads, compels conformity, eliminates opposition. This, says Mr. Seidenberg, is of its essence. The archetype of intelligence is the machine, which is a ruthless organization of materials for a specific intelligent purpose. What goes into the machine must fit; what does not fit is discarded.

Now the machine—paradigm of "pure intelligence"—begins to act within society like a crystal placed in a saturate solution. The crystal induces crystallization. The crystallizing process does not cease until the whole solution is crystal. Mr. Seidenberg predicts the increasing organization (crystallization) of mankind. The process, inherent in intelligence, will consolidate individual (advanced) societies; these will spread through "backward," still instinctive areas, until the globe is covered. By the law of machine organization the crystallized societies will progressively delete whatever interferes with the process: will eliminate freedom, individualism, personal idiosyncrasy, imaginative thought, minority nations, parties, and opinions; in fact will ever more perfectly continue what we are witnessing in its crude beginnings: the regimentation of totalitarian states and the stereotyping of our own still "free" culture in which the machine and its interests rule by pervasion and indirection.

"I can remember when he used to get the girl."

MR. SEIDENBERG'S argument gains because he ignores the melodrama of the process. He mentions neither war nor atom bombs, neither the agony of little peoples nor the slave-labor camps of Russia. He merely points to the "biological necessity" of the elimination of the liberals, by reason of the process of the intelligence which the liberals believe in.

As organization spreads its rigid, crystal patterns and the meshes grow more close, the interstices will vanish —those free spaces where the heart leaps, the mind imagines, the soul suffers and joys. The process will not only efface the man who does not conform; it will erase the memory—and the pain—of not conforming. Future man will look with hard, uncomprehending eyes on the "nonsense" of Tragedy and of arts whose coefficient is struggle. They were unknown in the unconscious organisms of Prehistory; they will be unknown in the future. History, product of contemplation and the unstable tension between instinct and intelligence, will fade. Man will enter Posthistory, and it might last as long, in its slow, static rhythm, as Prehistory. But this "consummation" may be centuries beyond our time. While the transition period of history lasts; while instinct is still strong within and against the irreversible organizing process, there will be bloodshed, tyranny—and the anguish of doomed persons.

I find Mr. Seidenberg's book important, not because it variates the theme of the Huxleys and Orwells, not because it explains the noble despairs of Kierkegaard and Kafka, not because it shows up the romanticism of Sartre and his fellow metaphysical-melodramatists, but because it reveals the sterility and falsity of the liberal mind. Mr. Seidenberg concludes with man comfortably leveled to an "intelligent norm," his society anchored like the ant's "in inorganic matter," living out his life—"the longest possible detour to death"—until the Second Law of Thermodynamics brings the final peace of stabilized energy. Mr. Seidenberg ends with human death because death is implicit in his definitions; his conclusion is already in his premise. And this is

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important, because this deadly "intelligence" of Mr. Seidenberg's is implicitly that of the liberals; is *the dominant assumption* of our culture. Most liberals still cling to the hope of saving our civilization without radical redefinition of its basis. Mr. Seidenberg is intellectually more honest; accepting the premise of man's nature inherent in our culture, he accepts the doom that follows from it.

Prepared by Descartes, Locke, Kant, and Spencer, John Dewey has most influentially defined this "intelligence" of the liberals. It is empirical; it is within nature as a specialized product of nature; yet by means of it man is supposed to lift himself (as by his bootstraps) from the vicissitudes of nature, which is no respecter of persons. Whether or not they know their debt to Doctor Dewey, this is the "intelligence" of almost all the men who preside over our schools, our courts, our legislatures, and who write our books of edification. This definition of intelligence is radically false. But if it is true, not the hopeful liberals and Socialists and Communists . . . the grim Mr. Seidenberg comes to the right conclusion.

L. L. Whyte in his book "The Next Development in Man"* (1948) reveals how persistent is this liberal hope even in those who accept the doom of our present civilization. Borrowing aspects of the organic vision of Spinoza and Aquinas, and employing Dewey's logic of scientific method, Mr. Whyte attacks the dualism of European thought; the abyss between reality which is one dynamic evolving Process and the static terms with which since Plato the West has endeavored to embrace that Process. So far so good. But what is Mr. Whyte's solution? He also defines intelligence as an empirical function of empirical man. Thus, he is barred from any value beyond the empirical flux which he calls "process." His "intelligence" can discern that process in the past. Now he asks it to save man by foretelling the world patterns of the future! To assume that the few intellectuals who might correctly do this could resist and reshape human destiny against the global drifts and surges, individual and collective, within which man is overwhelmed, is even more naive than the panaceas of Gerald Heard and Toynbee. Given the empirical definition of intelligence, it is Mr. Seidenberg who has gauged our future.

A logic is not truer than its premise: which explains why most arguments convince only the already convinced. The sole answer to Mr.

(*Continued on page 41*)

*THE NEXT DEVELOPMENT IN MAN. By L. L. Whyte. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 322 pp. $3.50.

Americana. *Although history is one of the less enduring literary genres (as compared, for example, with poetry, drama, or philosophy), the writing of a few historians continues to control men's thinking generation after generation. Two late-nineteenth-century American historians of tenacious influence are John Fiske, whose "Critical Period in American History" created the notions most of us hold about the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and Henry Adams, whose "History of the Jefferson Administration" provides in its opening chapters a model of what social history ought to be. Professor Merrill Jensen of the University of Wisconsin has long been investigating the "critical period"; his findings, presented in "The New Nation" (reviewed below), greatly modify, if they do not entirely supplant, Fiske's picture. Harvey Wish's "Society and Thought in Early America" (see page 22) is an attempt to follow in the Adams tradition.*

Congress of the Confederation

THE NEW NATION. By Merrill Jensen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 432 pp. $5.

By Richard B. Morris

"THE NEARER the crisis approaches the more I tremble for the issue," James Madison confessed on the eve of the Federal Convention in 1787. Madison's fears about the anarchy and confusion of the Confederation interlude were shared by many of his contemporaries, both conservatives and radicals. By the end of '86 Washington was admitting that "we are fast verging to anarchy and confusion," and that ardent apostle of states' rights Richard Henry Lee was soon to express the hope that the Philadelphia meeting would improve the Federal Constitution. "Experience seems to have proved," argued this leader of the radical forces, "that our governments have not done enough for the unruly passions of men."

Merrill Jensen, an exceptionally well-informed scholar who has worked extensively in this period, would write off such jeremiads as sheer propaganda. In his new book he argues that "the American people, unlike their political leaders, had a spirited faith in the future," and he rejects that fascinating old classic of James Fiske, "The Critical Period of American History," which stressed the "chaos and patriots to the rescue interpretation" as "of no value as either history or example." Instead of unreal and economic dislocation Jensen finds peace and substantial prosperity and goes on to make out a persuasive case for the competence of the state to handle their internal domestic affairs.

Jensen does not consider the economic depression of the Eighties as sufficiently serious to have justified supplanting the weak federal system then in operation by a stronger central government and suggests that, in any event, a business upturn occurred prior to the Philadelphia meeting which began in May of '87. Viewing statistics as having "about them an aura of immutable truth for men of the twentieth century," Jensen uses them sparingly. But some of his conclusions are misleading. For instance, he asserts that though prices fell they remained above prewar levels, whereas, in fact, the price drop by the fall of 1788 actually penetrated the depression low following the French and Indian War. Farm wages did not turn upward until after the ratification of the Constitution, and the only index to show any substantial rise by 1787 was that for imports.

Granted that New England was hit harder by the depression than other regions, one cannot lightly dismiss the epidemic of foreclosures in these years nor the overcrowding by impoverished debtors of local jails rivaling any description in Dickens. The author presents impressive data to show the remarkable economic strides which were made under the Confederation, but it is a

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Shays' Rebellion, an uprising, rooted in economic discontent, which had an incalculable impact on the political thinking of the time. (N.B.: See Fiske's "Critical Period.")

One cannot read this full-scale review of the period without coming away with a fresh appreciation of the solid achievements of the Congress of the Confederation, notably in laying down a basic policy for the national domain. Jensen argues that a "dynamic minority" of nationalists succeeded in establishing a central government with coercive authority even though a majority of the people believed that government should rule by persuasion. Viewing centralization and compulsion with obvious distrust, Jensen attacks recent advocates of world government for their appeals to the history of the critical period. But regardless of the mixed motives of the nationalists of that day, these men of '87 who thought continentally possessed a largeness of vision and a willingness to transcend petty local loyalties so sorely needed today if we are to curb the self-destructive consequences of rampant nationalism and imperialism.

We welcome Mr. Jensen's brilliant refutation of the classic picture of the years preceding 1787 as marking a period of stagnation, ineptitude, and corruption. He has given us a needed revision of much earlier studies based on less intensive scholarship. But recognition of the constructive accomplishments of the old Congress and the states of the Confederation should not lead us to undervaluing the psychological lift which the Federal Constitution gave to the new nation. Nor should we deny to current advocates of stronger international controls the benefits of that historic "lesson" offered by thirteen states voluntarily curtailing their sovereignty on being confronted with what many well-informed men then believed to be a "crisis."

Still I Care

By Fern Maddox

PERHAPS a road
Went somewhere;
Perhaps a song
Came drifting through the air;
Perhaps a moon
Melted into frozen dawn;
Perhaps a sun
Scorched all it beat upon;

I have crossed a thousand roads
And known, too casually, a thousand souls. . . .
Yet . . . still I care
For him, whom I left standing there.

Ohio's Old Porkopolis

THE SERENE CINCINNATIANS. By Alvin F. Harlow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 442 pp. $4.50.

By James A. Maxwell

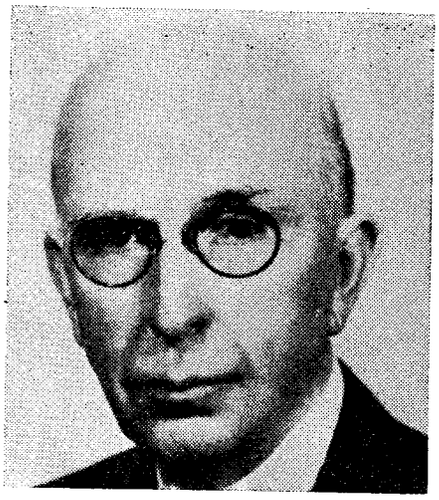
AN EMOTIONALLY unstable Taft-hater could easily develop a serious persecution complex in Cincinnati. In the course of a day's movement about the town he could encounter the family name on a bridge, a school, a museum, a street, an auditorium, a playground, and a University Hall—to give but an incomplete list of the tangible monuments to Taft influence in the city.

But even more unnerving to our neurotic would be the fact that Cincinnati today is a municipal counterpart of Senator Robert A. Taft. Both are placid, middle-aged, wealthy, conservative Republican, suspicious of innovations, passively resistant to change, and almost totally without pretensions. Both are constantly bathed in an unwavering light of middle-class respectability.

This present, or Taft-like, period of Cincinnati's history is undoubtedly what Alvin F. Harlow had in mind when he chose his title, "The Serene Cincinnatians," for the sixth of Dutton's Society in America series. However, since most of Mr. Harlow's work deals with the city from its post-Revolutionary War birth until about 1900, the adjective "serene" is badly misleading.

Cincinnati's youth—totally unlike the Senator's, I'm certain—was wild, violent, and politically corrupt. The author has done an extensive research job of the period when the city was popularly known as Porkopolis, the nation's greatest butcher of hogs, when streams flowing by packing houses literally ran red with animal blood. He tells of the street battles between the Know-Nothings and the German immigrants and the riots between the Abolitionists and Southern sympathizers. Keelboatmen fought drunken brawls in the streets and Lafcadio Hearn, as a reporter for the *Enquirer*, recounted the murders and debauchery of the "Bucktown" area. During these adolescent days Cincinnati turned out more beer and whiskey than any other city in the country, and submitted to a political regime as venal as any the nation has produced.

Most of this makes for lively reading but, unfortunately, Mr. Harlow seems to be a researcher who finds it difficult to discard anything he has uncovered, and his work is cluttered with names and anecdotes of little importance to the main story. He also



Alvin F. Harlow—the "serene" is misleading.

fails to trace with any real understanding Cincinnati's transition from unbridled youth to middle-aged rectitude. There is none of the sharp analysis of nineteenth-century cause and twentieth-century effect, which Cleveland Amory did so brilliantly in "The Proper Bostonians," the first of the Society in America series.

"The Serene Cincinnatians" is a good factual history of the city for about the first century and a quarter of its existence and it will certainly not be without interest to the natives of the city, who can view it as a kind of family snapshot album. The nonresident, I fear, will learn little about the actual character of the town. In its own way, Cincinnati's personality is as marked as New York's or San Francisco's or New Orleans's and it offers far more possibilities for social comment than here explored.

There is some indication that Mr. Harlow may have written his book too quickly after gathering his material. His prose style is frequently awkward and badly littered with clichés. He finds things "dull as ditch water" or "scarce as hen's teeth"; people "leave no stone unturned" and look upon city landmarks as "their pride and joy." A pressing deadline—if this was the villain—can have strange effects upon many writers.

Several years ago the WPA Writers Program published "The Cincinnati Guide" as part of its national series. "The Serene Cincinnatians" is little more than that book considerably expanded. What is needed is a penetrating evaluation of greater scope, possibly something in line with what Mr. Harlow's title suggests.

James A. Maxwell has contributed many sketches about his native city of Cincinnati to The New Yorker.

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Until Appomattox

SOCIETY AND THOUGHT IN EARLY AMERICA. By Harvey Wish. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 612 pp. $6.

By WAYNE ANDREWS

TEACHING American history, never the easiest job in the world, is no easier now than in the days when you and I boned up on the Payne-Aldrich tariff for our high-school finals. More and more teachers, and we may be thankful for this, are coming to realize that American history, if it is to have any significance for the students, ought to deal a lot less with politics and a lot more with the theme of American civilization as a whole. This means that fewer teachers are memorizing the Payne-Aldrich schedules the night before that particular lecture; instead they are valiantly delving into topics as unfamiliar as the progress of eighteenth-century medicine in Philadelphia in order to say just the right word on Benjamin Rush. So "social history," the phrase the professionals use to describe the study of American civilization in its broader aspects, is keeping a good many college professors from enjoying the sound sleep at night to which they feel entitled.

Social history, of course, is nothing new. Henry Adams, who has always been recognized in academic circles as one of the greatest of American historians, provided a brilliant analysis of American civilization in the opening years of the nineteenth century in the first few chapters of his volumes on the Jefferson and Madison administrations, and any social historian who hopes to make his mark must realize to his chagrin that his efforts will be compared with those of Adams. This isn't a cheerful prospect for the academicians now pounding their typewriters; it's a little as if every new play on Broadway had to be compared with the wittiest of Bernard Shaw.

Professor Harvey Wish of Western Reserve is the latest faculty member to publish a contribution to American social history and, although his literary style can scarcely match that of Adams, it must be admitted that he has written an agreeable chronicle of our strivings from Jamestown to Appomattox. If anyone thinks all history textbooks must be dull, he will be pleasantly surprised by Professor Wish's narrative, which summarizes in simple language such ponderous questions as the religious controversies of the seventeenth century, the economic development of the colonies in the eighteenth century, and the early history of slavery on our continent.

Professor Wish is so deft in emphasizing the importance of our racial and religious backgrounds that one can only regret he was not always able to eliminate trivial facts from his all-inclusive survey. When he reports that "the mammy acting as a wet nurse for white children was a familiar plantation figure," one is almost too eager to cry "amen," and when he dutifully quotes us the statistics

on the speed of the rotary presses of 1847, one wonders just why information of interest only to printers was given such importance.

Unfortunately, too, Professor Wish is not always profound. "Herman Melville often puzzled the critics, and his 'Moby Dick' bored too many readers" may not seem an adequate characterization of Melville to those of his students majoring in English.

Perhaps Professor Wish did not fully realize that if a social historian is to treat subjects of which he has no first-hand knowledge, he must be doubly careful of the accuracy of his facts. "Society and Thought in Early America" is filled with a number of errors, which are bound to embarrass the author sooner or later. For example, though the legend was exploded many years ago that Peter Harrison was Van Brugh's associate in the design of Blenheim Castle, Professor Wish gives Harrison the sole credit for Blenheim. And though the definitive bibliography of Parson Weems's life of Washington mentions eighty-four editions, Professor Wish apparently has heard of only twenty. Even more unlucky is Professor Wish's reference to Ann Radcliffe. As all lovers of the Gothic novel will recall, Mrs. Radcliffe was the author not of "The Mysteries of the Forest" but of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Romance of the Forest."

Wayne Andrews is the author of "The Vanderbilt Legend" and "The Battle for Chicago."

B&M R.R.

HIGH GREEN AND THE BARK PEELERS. By R. M. Neal. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 275 pp. $3.50.

By LUCIUS BEEBE

MANY years ago in the now remote youth of the reviewer in Wakefield, Massachusetts, the trains of the seemingly lordly Boston & Maine Railroad were a big thing. There were three separate and distinct depots serving separate precincts of the town and the reviewer drove his father to one of them each morning in a horse rig suitable to the season and weather and retrieved him each evening. Sometimes he lingered around town in the morning consuming sodas at Bonney & Dutton's drugstore or shopping for boyhood treasures at Beesley's five and ten, waiting for the Portland Express to go through. The Express was a thing of untellable splendor as it, roaring smokily around the curve at Crystal Pond, tore into the brief tangent between Curley Brothers' grain elevator and the Harvard Knitting Mill, and disappeared, a diminishing vision of observation-platform brasswork in the distance toward Reading, Andover, and heaven only knew what other far places: Portland presumably. Over this very stretch of rails, back in 1846, the locomotive engine *Antelope* had, for the first time in the history of the world, achieved a speed of a mile a minute.

Last spring, chancing to be in Wakefield, the reviewer saw the Pine Tree Limited flash through town. Gone was the splendid Pacific-type locomotive with its gleaming siderods and rolling brass bell on the head end. Gone were the beautiful dark-green Pullmans and diner of his memory, gone the brass-railed observation platform. The train had been streamlined—i.e., conceived in a preposterous design of presumably airflow lines—and was powered with a Diesel engine, an unsightly sort of main-line automobile sheathed in a cartridge of tinfoil.

The reviewer was depressed and glad that he now lives in Nevada, where most trains are still, as God intended, powered by steam and the great cab-first Mallets of the Southern Pacific breasting the high passes of the Sierra still clutch at the imagination as few machines in the modern world have power to do.

Mr. Neal's story is not concerned with the history of the Boston & Maine, its antecedent companies, and their peculiar and intimate integration to the Yankee economy of the

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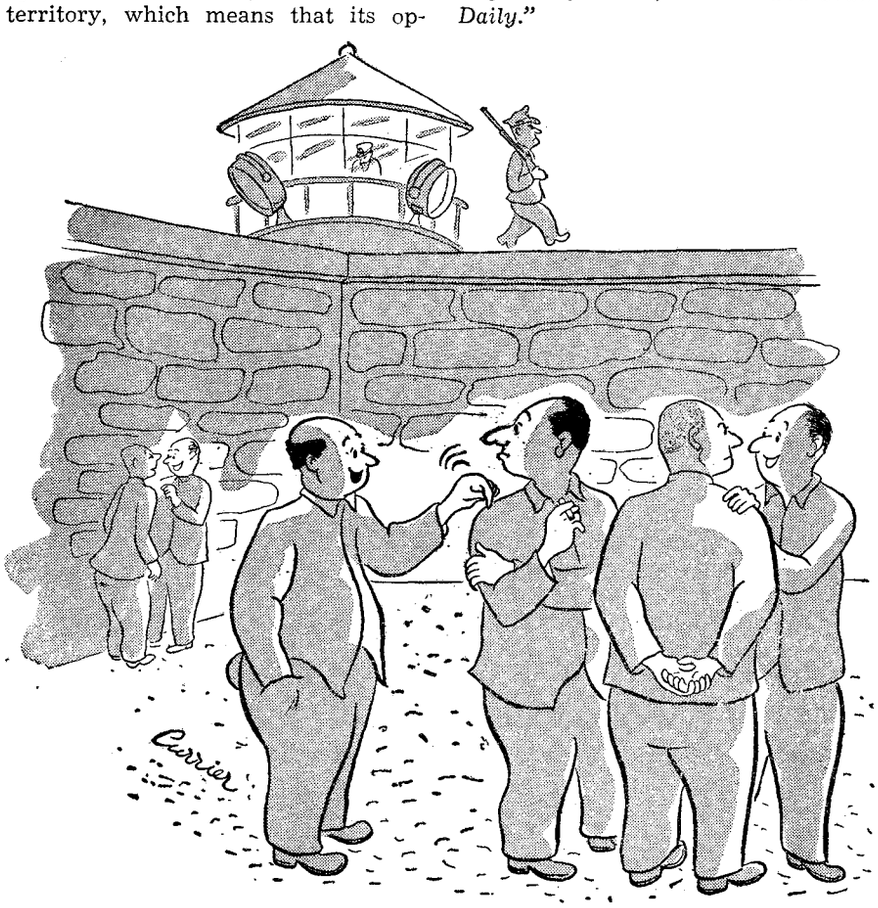
nineteenth century. There can be found in it no mention, say, of General Superintendent Charles Minot, who, in the 1840's, made the B & M the archetype of professional railroading and a school for railroad workers and executives such as the Wabash was to become a generation or two later. There is no mention of the great Revere disaster of 1871, which prompted Phillips Brooks to denounce the B & M management for "the deliberate murder" of the several score victims. The past to Mr. Neal does not exist.

And yet, despite several deficiencies —its lack of concern for background, its total absence of illustrations in an age when pictures are among the best of mediums of record, and the lack of index, glossary, or any critical apparatus whatsoever—the book is not devoid of interest. It is crammed with personalized details of train operation, naive enough to the initiated but agreeably identified and explained for the nonrailroader. Mr. Neal is far more concerned with people than he is with factual operations of a railroad, which could be an asset if he had not chosen as his paradigm such an essentially undramatic railroad as the B & M. The B & M is largely Dieselized, which means that, to railroad aficionados if not to Boston bankers, it has ceased to exist at all. It operates in a densely industrialized territory, which means that its operations are largely the pedestrian functions of the local freight or peddler. It lacks the spacious grandeur of, say, the Texas & Pacific, the dense and luxurious passenger traffic of the Santa Fe, or the romance and tradition of the Louisville & Nashville. The B & M, regretfully but in all truth, hasn't got much.

The great and predominant merit of Mr. Neal's book is that it escapes completely the category of the corporate biography inspired by the advertising department which has been written about many railroads in recent years. By avoiding this snare Mr. Neal automatically places himself among the honest railroad historians such as Stewart Holbrook and Alvin Harlow even if his product is by no means in their class of scholarship.

The title, it should be explained, refers in "High Green" to a clear track as implied by a green signal and to one of the B & M's divisions whose dominant traffic many years ago was in bark destined for the tanneries of Lynn and Framingham. It is a pity Mr. Neal didn't set his sights higher. It would be agreeable to see what he could do with the personalized aspects of the Union Pacific or the Katy.

Lucius Beebe, an old railroad buff, has written a number of books about his hobby, including "Highball: A Pageant of Trains," and "Mixed Train Daily."



"Didn't you rob my bank ten years ago?"

One Immortal Year

RUXTON OF THE ROCKIES. Collected by Clyde and Mae Reed Porter. Edited by Le Roy R. Hafen. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 325 *pp.* $5.

By Frank Waters

HOW WONDERFUL it still was to this reviewer in his boyhood—that stout little stream tumbling down Pike's Peak, rushing white and foaming into Manitou, and pouring into the Fontaine-qui-bouille to flow through Colorado Springs.

Everything about it spelled youth and life: the Soda Springs and Iron Springs Pavillion with its salt-water taffy, the squatting Utes and picnic trails along its banks, its own higher trout pools.

Shout, little stream, burst into racing flame,
For in you burns the spirit of a name.

So sings that finest of contemporary Colorado poets, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, in an introductory poem in this superb biographical work on the man for whom Ruxton Creek was named.

Fortuitous indeed was the chance that named it. There was no spot on earth, save Bayou Salado (South Park), that George Frederick Ruxton loved better. When he camped beside the stream Manitou was a sacred tribal spirit and not a mountain resort. The basins of the gushing springs were filled with Ute and Arapaho beads, wampum, and votive offerings. "Never was there such a paradise for hunters as this lone and solitary spot," with its grizzlies, bighorns, deer, and turkey.

Not for a quarter of a century was English money to build the first railroad into the region; to found the settlement of Colorado Springs, so long an English colony that it was called Little London. Ruxton, too, was English. But nothing in the charming Kent countryside, where he spent his boyhood, was commensurable with this wild glade in the Rockies. In it and in him burned the "racing flame" that today links them in his sobriquet of "Ruxton of the Rockies." How he got there is amply recounted in this collection of his writings, some of them published in this book for the first time.

Everything in his short life seemed to prepare Ruxton for his one immortal year in the American West, and his effective transcription of it. At fifteen he was expelled from the Royal Military Academy. At seventeen, fighting in the Carlist Wars in

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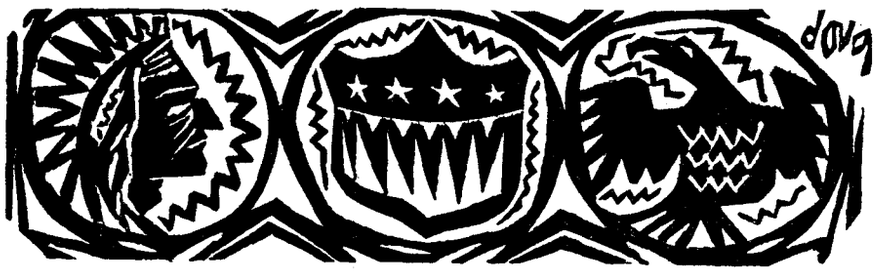
Spain, he was awarded the Cross of San Fernando with the title of knight. At twenty he was hunting in Canada, and at twenty-four he had made two trips to Africa, contributing a paper on the Bushmen to the Ethnological Society of London. By twenty-five then he was ready for his great adventure. He had developed a sturdy individualism, knew primitive people, had tried his hand at writing, was familiar with the Spanish life and language—and was an excellent shot.

All these talents for life and observation came into full play when on September 14, 1846, Ruxton left Mexico City in a cavalcade of twenty mules and horses. Two thousand miles north, and four months later, he reached Río Colorado (Questa, New Mexico), "the last and most northern settlement." Alone, in his saddle, he took "a last look of the adobes, and, without one regret, cried, 'Adios, Méjico'!"

Ruxton's descriptive account of this memorable journey through Mexico ranks with those of the celebrated Madame Calderón de Baca. Only the later travel letters of Adolph Bandelier equal his acute observations of the "striking analogy" between the "Aztecans" and Pueblo Indians, and his intuitive surmise of their ancestral relationship. And no present resident of "Fernandez" (Taos), like this reviewer, can fail to be enchanted by his descriptions of those ranchitos and milpas which are our homes and fields today. Like his contemporary American traveler and friend, Lewis Garrard, author of "Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail," Ruxton completely erases the century that lies between us.

The snow-ribbed Rockies of Colorado, Bayou Salado, and Manitou's springs, still lay ahead. In their pristine purity, their hardy mountain men, Ruxton found what he had been seeking. By August 1847 Ruxton had crossed the Great Plains and was back in England to publish his "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains." That winter he wrote his "Life in the Far West," which was to run serially in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and then appear in book form. Meanwhile he made plans to return to the Rockies. To obtain money for the trip he sold his royalty rights and left for America.

On August 15, 1848, Ruxton arrived in St. Louis during a dysentery epidemic. Fourteen days later he died, having just turned twenty-seven. That his gravestone has never been found is inconsequential. His obituary is written in the clear running water of Ruxton Creek, and his memory engraven on those high mountain peaks that give it life.



Americana Notes

THE OHIO STORY, by Frank Siedel. World. $2.50. Ivory Soap got its name from Psalms XLV, 8 (Harley Procter heard a sermon preached from that text). The Hoover for whom the Hoover vacuum cleaner (originally "suction sweeper") was named was also a Herbert, but Herbert W., not Herbert C. All the Liederkranz cheese in the world is produced in Van Wert, Ohio. Annie Oakley's real name was Annie Oakley (Ohio girl). Leslie Peltier, Delphos (Ohio) furniture designer, spends his nights discovering comets. These and seventeen other personalities and events in Ohio history, new and old, make up this entertaining and informative collection. All of them, and some 500 like them, have been broadcast over a network of eleven radio stations in the state. They read well, too.

PENNSYLVANIA'S SUSQUEHANNA, by Elsie Singmaster. J. Horace McFarland Co., Harrisburg. $6. This book is a rich awakening to the truth that the natural beauty of America is not limited to the double-starred guidebook entries. Miss Singmaster's narrative is an agreeable blend of history, folklore, anecdote, description, and devotion, and the text is lavishly illustrated with a sumptuous assemblage of photographs. Taste and judgment have gone into the selection of these; effort has been made to depict scenes visible from and reachable by highway, and air views are employed rarely, and only to point the relationship between cities and towns and the Susquehanna itself. The book is not a promotion venture; it is much better than that: an outpouring of warmth and affection, aglow with life and with a feeling for beauty to which the river itself provides a fit response.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S LETTERS TO THE PRESS, 1758-1775, collected and edited by Verner W. Crane. University of North Carolina Press. $6. "I think there may be enough to make three more such Volumes, of which a great part would be more interesting." Thus wrote Franklin, from Passy, to his first editor, Benjamin Vaughan, who labored under difficulties: the Revolution was on, and Franklin's papers were in Pennsylvania in the hands of his Tory son. Vaughan did his best, but it was not enough, and thereafter nobody did anything—not until Dr. Crane set himself the task of closing "the great hiatus in the canon of [Franklin's] contemporaneously printed writings." The book thus becomes an expert assembly job by a ranking Franklinist who is also professor of American history at the University of Michigan. Of the nearly 150 units here included, more than ninety are new in the sense of never having previously been collected. Previously collected material is usually indicated by cross reference to Smyth, with textual corrections as required. The pieces themselves provide surpassingly valuable material for the study of the technique of propaganda and also (since Franklin wrote them) for the study of American letters. The fifty-page introduction is an admirable and lucid essay on Franklin as "American press-agent-in-chief in London." Dr. Crane stresses "the lack of a good history of early American journalism." Any takers? The book is published for the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg, Virginia, which is sponsored jointly by the College of William and Mary and Colonial Williamsburg, Inc.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PUEBLOS, by Stanley A. Stubbs. University of Oklahoma Press. $3. This book is something new under the sun of anthropology. Mr. Stubbs conceived the idea of photographing the Indian villages of New Mexico and Arizona vertically from the air and accompanying each photograph with a precise keyed ground-plan. Twenty-five pueblos are covered in strikingly clear and effective reproduction. Each reproduction and ground-plan is accompanied by a body of tabulated data (name and derivation of name, location, linguistic group, period of occupation, type of construction, present population, area, and fiesta dates) plus a brief physical description. The whole is prefaced by a compact introduction on the Pueblos, their history and culture. The camera and the airplane thus combine to produce a

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Stendhal: Appointment with Posterity

A Classic Revalued—VI

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

STENDHAL is distinctly not one of those Great Dead Authors whom people read out of snobbish motives: so that (1) they may deny that they haven't read them, or (2) avoid that Lost Feeling of being excluded from a conversation between well-read persons. The reader of today taking up "The Red and the Black," on the contrary, feels the author very close to him and highly contemporary in his outlook and range of ideas. As there are few descriptive passages in Stendhal, the occasional reference to horse-drawn carriages as means of transportation, or to candles, strikes one as somewhat odd—until one recalls, almost with incredulity, that our author was, after all, born in the late years of Louis XVI's reign. How, we ask ourselves, could Stendhal in the 1820's and 1830's have entertained so many points of view and even shared the interests and anxieties that we consider peculiarly the property of the twentieth century? How could he have known about suppressed desires, or the Oedipus complex? Or how could he have spoken in such "modern" accents upon the questions of feminism, sex, religion, history, power politics? One may even read him with profit on the "Russian problem," for did not Stendhal march with the glorious army of Napoleon to Moscow and suffer, also, in its terrible, inglorious retreat?

The self-styled "Baron de Stendhal" (Marie-Henri Beyle, in plain French) claimed to have been at various times a soldier, a diplomat, a traveler, a society wit, a great lover, a man of letters, and even on one occasion a revolutionary conspirator. There was some truth in all these claims. The ripe humor of his prose could have been nourished only upon a great and varied experience of the world outside the writer's study. In his day he acquired a passing reputation as an "immoral philosopher," or as "the fat Mephistopheles," and rather enjoyed that. By birth he belonged to the romantic generation of Chateaubriand and Lord Byron: but, thanks to his intellectual detachment and truly prophetic powers, managed to project himself to a point in time some two generations after his death, where he took rank in the history of literature with the great social realists of the end of the century: with Tolstoy, Ibsen, Zola, and Shaw. Forgotten, rejected by the public of his own age, like Blake, Melville, and the later Samuel Butler, Stendhal was resurrected in the 1890's, amid great ovations, as a lost genius, an unknown yet more amusing Voltaire.

He was by disposition essentially a moral philosopher and psychologist who used the relatively new medium of the novel as a vehicle for what his admirer Balzac called the "Literature of Ideas." But his ideas and methods alike were heavily assailed by the foremost critics of his age—such as Sainte-Beuve—as unintelligent, tasteless, subversive, and, what was worse, out of date. At a period, during the Bourbon Restoration in France, when writers en masse were turning back to authoritarian religion and monarchism, Stendhal was held up as a fool who expounded the rational, materialistic, and democratic ideas of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment and the French Revolution. Since his books did not sell—one had a circulation of only seventeen copies—he made a virtue of his insuccess and told himself that he would write chiefly for posterity. "I shall be read only in 1900," he prophesied. Or, again, "Literary fame is a lottery. I have taken out a ticket marked 1935."

The particular qualities of Stendhal that vexed his contemporaries—his psychological inventiveness, his social nonconformity, his "realistic" style—were the very things that led to his conquest of millions of readers in the next century. The men of 1830, given over to their new verbal intoxication, felt disgust for Stendhal's hard, cool, precise prose—which the André Gides and the Somerset Maughams of our own century would take as their model. He, on the other hand, insisted on differentiating himself completely from all those who wrote according to what he called the "servant-maid's idea" of the beautiful or the tender or the grandiose.

MOREOVER he was one of the great precursors in the field of psychology which to the romantic taste seemed odd, mechanical, and insulting to the sentiments. From the time of his youth the study of human nature—"the observation of the human heart and its passions"—was his constant preoccupation. But where could he study the passions better than in himself? While he lived exuberantly, submitting himself to experience with an abandon that few men of letters really relish, he made it his fixed habit at the same time to write down everything that happened to him just as it happened. He performed remarkable experiments upon his own emotions. The more horrid his confessions, the more he blushed inwardly at human depravity as revealed in himself, the more unsparingly he recorded it all. Thus he learned to portray human character in his novels as diverse, rather than of one piece, and formed not of some one ruling passion for money or sex or glory, but of contrary elements existing side by side in some kind of harmony.

"So far as I know," Somerset Maugham remarks (in "The Summing Up"), "the first novelist who [disclosed this diversity] with deliberate

(*Continued on page 57*)

I see but one rule: to be clear. If I am not clear, all my world crumbles to nothing.
—REPLY TO BALZAC, Oct. 30, 1840.

In Print

STENDHAL'S two major novels, "The Charterhouse of Parma" and "The Red and the Black," are each available in the Black and Gold Library (Tudor, $2.49). This series also publishes "The Shorter Novels of Stendhal," including "Armance, the Abbess of Castro," and "The Duchess of Palliano." Another edition of "The Red and the Black" is on the Modern Library list ($1.25). Last May New Directions released one of two works appearing in English for the first time, "The Green Huntsman"; they will follow in November with "The Telegraph" ($3.50 each); and Knopf still lists the autobiographical "Life of Henri Brulard" ($2.50). These three latter works were all originally published long after Stendhal's death. Gleanings from Stendhal's journal are to be found in "Memoirs of Egotism," edited by Mr. Josephson (Crown, $3).

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Hemingway & Steinbeck

THE appearance, within a few short weeks, of new books by Ernest Hemingway and John Steinbeck makes for some inevitable comparisons. Indeed, anyone interested in American writing in general will find enough contrasting material in these two books, read side by side, for a handsome literary debate. It is far more than a debate over literary merit alone; the debate is actually over the conflicting philosophy and human purpose of the two authors.

Hemingway's book is a bleating boast for the sentimental brute. All the familiar Hemingway ingredients are brought together in a disturbingly autobiographical summation. Hemingway selects for his theme the death of a hero in what appears to be a one-volume distillation of all his ideas. Death is always the biggest act in the Hemingway drama, and he seems to be saying to the reader: "If you want to know how a real man dies, this is the way it is, and I tell you true."

In the few days before he dies Hemingway's real man revisits the scene of his military glory, for reality with Hemingway seldom excludes the soldier's experience. The real man also proves his capacity and proficiency as a male mating machine, for reality with Hemingway most certainly is related to a prodigious conceit over potency, real or feigned. The hero-soldier also gets into a raw fist fight and has the deep male satisfaction of being able to crash his fists into the hard but yielding faces and bodies of two sailors. Here, too, reality with Hemingway is inseparable from empty violence, best expressed in the natural weapons of muscular strength and the straight and true punch. The main witness to all this in the book is a soft and lovely and pliant and supremely fulfilling young girl who is otherwise unrecognizable as a person and who exists solely for the reminiscent intellectual and sensual pleasures of the hero-soldier. Again, Hemingway reality regards the female as a functional repository in which a truly wise and strong man can find long ease for mind and body; but the female herself never lives beyond the purely passive. Any inventory of Hemingway reality is incomplete, however, unless it also includes truly superior knowledge of and access to rare and subtle liquids and foods.

In sum, the Hemingway hero or real man is the spectacle of the ego run riot. It is a diseased and elephantine assertion of self. It is a world trying to drown itself in its hormones, a world in which people exist only in biological pairs—for the benefit of the male. It is a world naked and bereft of any comprehension of the higher reaches of mutuality in love or kinship. It is a world of ponderous bulls preening and parading themselves in the open arena.

John Steinbeck's new book, "Burning Bright," seems to have been written almost in direct refutation of Hemingway. It, too, is a philosophical summation, but it shows pluses where Hemingway shows minuses. It reveals moral values where Hemingway reveals monomaniac meanderings. It tries to meet deep inner conflicts instead of pampering them.

The truculent, arrogant, prize-fight-conscious, sperm-ridden, perennial soldier-boy of Hemingway's book dies a heroic and glamorous death. The man who meets death in Steinbeck's book is also a pompous and self-willed brute, but there is nothing heroic about him or his death. He is a pathetic and oafish stud whose typically twisted ego makes it impossible for him to understand that virility alone does not automatically entitle him to the love of a desirable and understanding woman. No man is a real man, says Steinbeck, unless he is first of all a real human being.

JOE SAUL, in "Burning Bright," becomes this real human being. He discovers that love has higher dimensions than he had realized, and that identification with the human family is purpose and fulfillment in life. He can look at a child—any child—and feel the pride of a father relationship. He has, in short, broken through the limitations of mechanical masculinity. What he eats, whom he sleeps with, and how he punches are of less consequence than what he does to justify the gift of compassion and conscience.

But it is unfair to Mr. Steinbeck to cite aspects of his book before describing his full stage. "Burning Bright" is a play-novelette: it can be used directly as a playscript but the story is handled descriptively. Instead of chapters, the book is divided into three acts, each one of which is set against a contrasting background. The book is not to be read, nor is the play to be seen, as a conventional or specific plot with conventional or specific characters. The story, for example, is not to be regarded a tragedy because one of the central characters is murdered. The murder is non-violent in its symbolic presentation. In fact, the characters, story, and setting

Sonnet on Copyright

(For Melville Cane)

By Christopher Morley

THERE were two kinds of sonnets: *Whenas I,*
Or *As One Who*; and both were egotism;
But I should hope to write one, full and bye,
In the lighter colors of the prism.

I love them all, from Ronsard to Rossetti,
So syllabled in sable for the sibyl,
But mine, if I may toss my own confetti,
Will be at least, I pray, intelligible.

Of course it must have ambience of its own
(The critic-word in fashion nowadays)
But leave its foot and vestige on the stone
Like that Euclidean sandal of Millay's.

And it will be, or else the law is nix,
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are used as part of a symbolic whole.

Steinbeck is dealing with universal types and universal situations and makes no effort to invest his people with individual color or substance. To accentuate this purpose his story unwinds through three separate and contrasting backgrounds. The characters and their story names remain constant though they are seen as circus folk in the first act, as farmers in the second, and as mariners in the third.

What does all this symbolism lead up to? It is far from obscure; what it tries to do is to penetrate through to the anchored positions of the human ego, and to release them. It tries to emancipate men from the tyranny of the personal self. It tries to develop an aspect of man's nature, too often hidden, which hungers truly for larger understanding and mutuality in life. It demolishes the supposed importance of a continuing biological immortality, revealing the blazing truth that so long as human beings exist anywhere every man is immortal.

All this has been said before. The greatest literature in all languages has reflected the fundamental reality that all men are brothers. But it hasn't been said with any real skill or frequency in American literature in recent years. Too many of our writers, like Hemingway in his current book, have written thinly of life precisely because they have been too close to the ego and not close enough to the human heart. Too many of them have been engaged in thematic trivia instead of with great ideas and the struggle for higher values.

Steinbeck himself, in many of his earlier books, has been victimized by this obsession with marginal themes. For a long time, it appeared that he had lost or abandoned the gift of inspiration—which comes close to being the worst that can happen to a writer. But in "Burning Bright," he is restored to his full stature as a major American novelist. He has written his most mature book, a book which, if carefully and slowly read, can be as rewarding a literary experience as any of us is likely to have for a long time. As a vital corrective to the new Hemingway book, it couldn't have been better timed. —N. C.

Bookmarks

IF 1951 produces a centennial edition of "Moby-Dick" (and shouldn't it?) whoever sponsors it will be able to correct a slip of Melville's that has apparently gone undetected, or at least unaltered, these ninety-nine years. We owe the discovery now to W. S. Hall, publishers' representative extraordinary and surveyor of the panorama of letters from China to Peru. Reading "Moby-Dick" on a voyage home from Europe recently, Mr. Hall found Melville writing "plaintiff" when he unquestionably meant "defendant." The error occurs in Chapter LXXXIX, "Fast-fish and Loose-fish," the last sentence of the paragraph sixth from the end. The thing is too long to quote; a good deal of context is essential to point up the error. Mr. Hall examined "several" editions and found the slip everywhere uncorrected; we examined three texts with the same result.

* * *

More verse is written than anything else. Not published, but written. Nobody, to our knowledge, has ever attempted a poll in the matter, but it is our considered and wholly unsupportable opinion that if you stopped twenty passers-by of all ages and sexes, seventeen would admit they had written verse and the other three would lie. Of the seventeen, four would be carrying smudged scripts in their wallets, and of the four, at least one would turn *diseur* on the spot. Pope's lisping-in-numbers boast merely proves he was a normal infant.

* * *

Harrington Brande, the unpleasant and we hope atypical American consul in A. J. Cronin's "The Spanish Gardener," is a bit of a stinker. Among his shortcomings, we are told, he "chose books" for his wife, and after imparting this detail it is wholly supererogatory for Mr. Cronin to explain that the marriage had gone on the rocks well before the story opens.

* * *

If there is one word among all words that is likely to derail a radio announcer, it is *mayoralty*. Why? He has no trouble with *salty*, *faulty*, or *McNulty*. The terminology of civic administration seems to abound in orthoëpic pitfalls; in our New England childhood many of our friends came up regularly with *municipial* and *cistificate*, and in police court prisoners were invariably *arranged*.

* * *

Marcus Licinius Crassus, co-triumvir with Caesar and Pompey, appears to have maintained the first great stable of ghost writers if we may credit Plutarch, and let's. Crassus kept an eye on the slave market, and would go as high as $4,000 for a capable poet in good working order—and this in a day when a stock ditch-digger could be picked up for $15.

—J. T. W.

Good News

▸ Books, newspapers, magazines, manuscripts, music scores, maps, charts, and travel literature will enjoy duty-free entry under an international agreement which UNESCO is sponsoring as a means of reducing barriers to world trade in educational, scientific, and cultural materials. The text of the convention was approved by UNESCO's fifty-nine member states at the recent General Conference of the Organization in Florence.

▸ The New York State Board of Regents has reported a substantial improvement in the reduction of discriminatory practices in admissions by institutions of higher learning since the passage of the Education Practices Act of 1948.

▸ Man-made rain for the first time has been effective in extinguishing a forest fire. On the remote Eastern slopes of San Gorgonio Mountain in Southern California a timber fire raged out of control for nearly a week before dry-ice seeding of heavy summer clouds induced the "artificial" rain which stopped it.

▸ President Truman has signed a bill giving 104,000,000 Americans a Federal guaranty on the first $10,000 they have on deposit in member banks of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The previous maximum insurance was $5,000.

▸ Britons have been promised 600,000 additional gallons of whisky for Christmas—approximately a single tot for every person in the land.

▸ The ranks of the Democratic Party in Arkansas have been opened to Negroes. They can now vote in the party primaries and run for state offices. The state Democratic convention approved by unanimous voice vote a resolution to strike the word "white" from the party election rules.

▸ The Col. L. T. Foster Home for Girls in Youngstown, Ohio, has closed after providing for Mahoning County's delinquent girls for twenty-nine years. The cause: not enough delinquent girls in the county.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

C. A. Madison

—*Chase Washington.*

Mark Starr

Left, Right, Left

SIR: Permit me to comment on Mark Starr's review of "American Labor Leaders" [*SRL* Sept. 30]. In these days of international tension and national intolerance it is a serious matter to accuse anyone of having "fuzzy sympathies with the Left." This charge becomes malicious when backed by half-truths and plain distortions of fact. Mr. Starr is guilty of such malice in his review of this book. Instead of discussing its nature and scope and how well or how poorly I have performed my task, he confines himself to a few controversial passages—thereby giving the reader the impression that they characterize the entire book.

In attacking my estimates of certain labor leaders, Mr. Starr employed the now common method of the Big Lie. By quoting out of context and by means of insinuating assertions he has sought to convey the impression that my one aim was to belittle the anti-Communist labor leaders and to praise their leftist opponents. Fortunately, the book speaks for itself. I have adhered to the facts as I have found them. Thus I have condemned William Hutcheson and commended Harry Bridges solely on their records as labor leaders. I saw no reason for altering my findings because one was a hidebound Republican and the other a militant radical. Likewise, despite Mr. Starr's assertion to the contrary, my estimates of Philip Murray and Walter Reuther are on the whole very favorable.

I submit that Mr. Starr hit below the belt when he quoted my favorable statement on W. Z. Foster—made regarding his leadership of the 1919 Steel Strike, when he was still an organizer under Gompers—with the implication that I still hold the same laudatory view of the Communist leader. Equally irrelevant and irresponsible are Mr. Starr's strictures on my treatment of Sidney Hillman and his insinuation that other reviewers have been similarly critical of my book. Finally I want to say that at no time in the writing of the book have I followed any "line," Communist or otherwise.

Mr. Starr has a perfect right to disagree with my estimates and conclusions. I can also well understand his dislike of my unfavorable discussion of his employer, David Dubinsky. As a reviewer, however, he has done his readers and me a disservice in presenting a wholly prejudiced idea of the book.

CHARLES A. MADISON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: My review described the scope of Madison's book and also of his previous book, and quoted him accurately and as lengthily as a short review permits. This makes me, in Madison's opinion, "guilty of malice," user of "the Big Lie," and craven mouthpiece of the head of the union for which I work. No case, smear the plaintiff's lawyer!

The basic fact whether only the *SRL* review noted Mr. Madison's attitude can easily be checked. (And the historian's attitude is more important than industry and scholarship.) Louis Stark, in the *New York Times Book Review* (June 4, 1950), found that ". . . Mr. Madison excoriates them [Dubinsky and Reuther] for what this reviewer believes praiseworthy—their opposition to Communism in labor. It is difficult to understand how any student of the labor movement can ignore the mischief done by followers of the Stalinist line." In the same review Louis Stark wrote: "Mr. Madison is guilty of some glaring inaccuracies in describing the disastrous strike of New York cloakmakers in 1926." Mr. Madison also protested the Stark review and Stark had no difficulty in quoting proof from Madison's book, of whose implications its author apparently is unaware.

Ammunition (UAW-CIO) for September 1950 commented: ". . . the chapters on Walter Reuther and Harry Bridges could have been pasted up from the *Daily Worker*." Ben B. Seligman in the *New Republic* (August 14, 1950): "In several instances the author's interpretations seem somewhat distorted. . . . For unspecified reasons Madison seems unfriendly to the ILGWU and its leadership. . . . Madison says little about the disastrous leadership provided by the left wing in the cloakmakers' strike and he is ambiguous in his attitude toward left-wing union leaders who subvert trade union policy to the demands of a special political line." The Communist Party's *Daily Worker* (June 25, 1950), in a long and favorable review, tempers its praise only because Ben Gold, one of the few *openly* Communist trade-union leaders, receives "a few, though praiseworthy, words. . . ."

"Fuzzy-minded" is a gentle word for Mr. Madison, who might read over his own book in the light of honest and fair comment upon its mistakes.

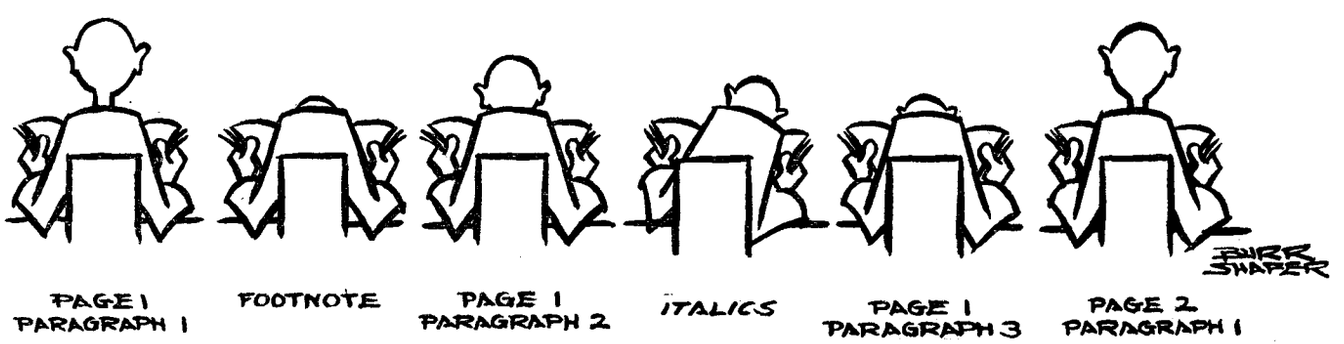
MARK STARR.

New York, N. Y.

The Price of Peace

SIR: "As 1960 Sees Us," [*SRL* Aug. 5] recalls to my mind something which I read many years ago in the autobiography of Lincoln Steffens. It was part of a chapter which describes the difficulty that took place among the Big Four who were attempting to sign the Treaty of Versailles. Because it is still our unfortunate difficulty in these times, and because it is so pertinent and basic in all these discussions, I trust you will not mind my quoting Mr. Steffens's report of that momentous meeting:

> On the afternoon of the third day of the private meetings of the premiers two French newspapermen came into the American press room at the Hotel Crillon. . . . I rose to meet them, and others came up to make them welcome. They were polite for a few moments; then they said that they had come to verify a bit of news. Had we heard of a little scene at the meeting of the President and the premiers? We looked at one another, we Americans, and I said, "No, nothing. Why? What had they heard?" They exchanged glances, and one of them spoke for them both.
>
> "We heard—but only from French sources, and we can't use it unless we get American confirmation of it—we heard that M. Clemenceau challenged M. Wilson to make a permanent peace. Have you heard anything about the scene?"
>
> "No," I said for myself, and the other Americans present nodded no. "Tell us about it," I urged. "Describe the scene."
>
> Then one of them told how, when the President and the premiers sat down at the table that morning and



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were about to proceed to business, M. Clemenceau, who was fiddling with his gray silk gloves, said, "One moment, gentlemen. I desire before we go any further to be made clear on one very essential point." The French reporter was entering into his story; he mimicked Clemenceau, drawing tight and smooth his little silk gloves, and bowing sweetly and smiling sardonically. And the reporter acted the parts he quoted.

The President and the premiers halted and looked up expectantly at M. Clemenceau, who said: "I have heard something about a permanent peace. There has been a great deal of talk about a peace to end war forever, and I am interested in that. All Frenchmen would like to make permanent peace. But I would like to know—all the French would like to know—whether you mean it, the permanent peace."

He looked at his colleagues and they nodded.

"Very important," M. Clemenceau muttered, as if convinced, as if the whole prospect were changing, and his whole policy. "Very important. We can make this a permanent peace; we can remove all the causes of war. . . . It is very, very important what you say, what you have been so long saying, Mr. President. We here now have the opportunity to make a peace that shall last forever, and the French people, diminishing, will be safe. And you are sure you propose to seize this opportunity?"

They did, they emphatically did.

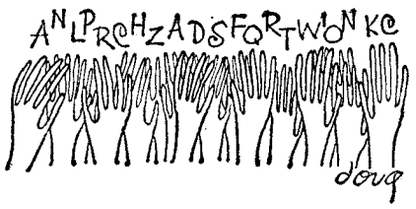
Clemenceau clucked in his throat; he pressed tight down the fingers of his gloves. "And—you have counted the cost of such a peace?" he asked.

There was some hesitation at that. "What costs?"

"Well," said the French intelligence, "if we give up all future wars—if we are to prevent wars, we must give up our empires and all hope of empire. You, Mr. Lloyd George, you English will have to come out of India, for example; we French shall have to come out of North Africa; and you Americans, Mr. President, you must get out of the Philippines and Puerto Rico and leave Cuba alone and—Mexico. Oh, we can all go to these and other countries, but as tourists, traders, travelers; we cannot any more govern them or exploit or have the inside track in them. We cannot possess the keys to trade routes and spheres of influence. And, yes, we shall have to tear down our tariff walls and open the whole world to free trade and traffic. Those are some of the costs of permanent peace; there are other sacrifices we, the dominant powers, would have to make. It is very expensive, peace. We French are willing, but are you willing, to pay the price, all those costs of no more war in the world?"

The French correspondents became personal; they smiled. They said that the President and the premiers protested that they did not mean all that, that that was not necessary, not all at once. "No, no, they did not mean that, exactly."

"Then," said Clemenceau, sitting up straight and fisting the table sharply once, "then you don't mean peace. You mean war. And the time for us French to make war is now,



when you have got one of our neighbors down; we shall finish him and get ready for—the next war."

The French correspondents rested a moment, smiling; they asked again if we had heard this. When we repeated that it was news to us, they were sorry. "We can't print it—from French sources only. It would be discourteous." They bowed and went out. . . . Those French correspondents were certainly "inspired" to sound us with that story. I thought that someone very near Clemenceau had sent them to us, but whether it was authentic or not, their gossip was significant.

Wilson did not mean peace, not literally; nor do we Americans, nor do the British, mean peace. We do not want war; nobody in the world wants war; but some of us do want the things we can't have without war. That's what the French see. And they see that we wish, like them, for peace; we will work and we will pray for it, but we have not noted and we will not give up the things that cause wars. Clemenceau and the French would, I think, if we would. But Clemenceau, like so many of the leading French politicians, had seen things as a radical once. As a young man he learned that there are causes of war and that the way to end war is to prevent war; by dealing with the causes thereof. No treaties, no scraps of paper, no partial and no complete disarmament, can hold off very long a war that we have planted in our maladjustment of conflicting economic interests. That was, that *is*, the French view, and so obvious is it to those clear minds that they think we are hypocrites; we must see it, too, they think. And we don't.

The above was true then. It seems to me it is no less true today.

I. Edward Tonkon.

Dallas, Tex.

Sir: Your editorial on President Wilson [*SRL* Sept. 23], it seems to me, ignores the other side of the question. And that there is another side can hardly be disputed in view of the facts which history reveals, but which are all too easily forgotten with the lapse of time. These facts may be briefly recorded:

There was a dramatic meeting in Paris before the treaty was made. At that meeting were present Mr. Wilson, Prime Minister Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and also Marshal Foch and his Chief of Staff, General Weygand. The latter in his book "Foch," which, unfortunately, has not yet been published in English, gives a documented account of the warning that Marshal Foch uttered as to what would be sure to happen under the treaty as drawn:

> The Rhine remains today the indisputable barrier for the salvation of the peoples of Western Europe and thereby of civilization. There is no higher principle which compels a victorious people, when it has already conquered in a defensive war the means indisputable to its salvation, to live under a constant threat and count only upon its allies to prevent a disaster when it just has paid its independence by more than fifteen hundred thousand lives and an unexampled devastation. There is no principle which can prevail against the right of peoples to exist, against the absolute right which France and Belgium have to their independence. To renounce the barrier of the Rhine is to admit this unimaginable monstrosity that Germany, although beaten, covered with blood and crimes, Germany responsible for the death of millions of human beings, Germany which wanted to destroy our country and leave it covered with ruins, Germany who wanted to dominate the world by force, would still be maintained by our voluntary yielding of the Rhine in the possibility of renewing her enterprise as if she had been victorious.

Does it not seem to you, Mr. Editor, that this account of what took place in Mr. Wilson's parlor in Paris on March 31, 1919, deserves consideration in connection with the facts dealt with in your editorial; that the entire memorandum should have been read and every word in it weighed by Mr. Wilson? If he had done that, if he had taken the advice of the man who led the Allied Armies to the victory of 1918, there would have been no Hitler, no second Pan-German war, and the present situation in the world would not exist. This, it seems to me, is the real lesson to be drawn from Mr. Wilson's experience, which indeed was tragic not merely to him but to the whole world.

Today again in considering what to do in regard to Germany France appears to go a long way toward finding a basis of understanding with her neighbor to the east. But some Americans would go much further. They would arm Germany in view of the Soviet danger. France is not prepared to go that far, but urges that Germany's neighbors to the west proceed cautiously in this matter. We would make no mistake in listening to French advice in this matter for it is based on long experience.

Maurice Léon.

New York, N. Y.

Wild About Wylie

Sir: Philip Wylie's remarks [Letters, *SRL* Oct. 7] in response to Ernest O. Melby's article is one of the best, one of the most stimulating pieces of writing I have seen in *The Saturday Review*.

Howard T. Lakey.

Newburgh, N. Y.

Sir: A bravo fortissimo for Philip Wylie's superb letter. This man cannot be a misanthrope, as so many have charged, for his vast anger precludes that possibility. A misanthrope would seal himself up in some stone tower at Carmel and consign us all to hell, without losing an ash from his cigarette in the process, or caring a cosmic damn about anybody's tomorrow.

Stefan Verk.

New York, N. Y.

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Belles-Lettres.

Nature writing, the most attractive progeny of science and belles-lettres, is one of the belles of the literary ball this season. Readers who have not yet become acquainted with this genre, as well as old admirers, will find delight in Joseph Wood Krutch's anthology "Great American Nature Writing" (reviewed below), even though they may concur in Donald Culross Peattie's judgment that all of Professor Krutch's selections do not live up literally to his title. Other new books nature aficionados should look out for include Theodore L. Haig-Brown's "Measure of the Year," Roy Bedichek's "Karankaway Country," Henry Williamson's "The Phaisan Bird," and Mr. Peattie's "Natural History of Trees." . . . Alan Swallow's series of handy little volumes on the standard English novelists has been enriched by the publication of the studies of Trollope and Maria Edgeworth reviewed on page 32.

Literary Men & the Great Outdoors

GREAT AMERICAN NATURE WRITING. Selected and with commentary by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 444 pp. $5.

By Donald Culross Peattie

I PICKED up this book in no level or even neutral mood. I had just returned from a vacation in the Sierra Nevada mountains of California (John Muir's own country) and the coast of Oregon (which has no poet of nature to speak for it). I had also been through a snowstorm on Mount Hood and lain long on my back under the California Redwoods, the greatest stand of coniferous forests in the world. So that with whetted appetite I plunged into this anthology. Again and again I got the authentic thrill of a writer who is imbued to the depths with the magic of the natural world we all inhabit, this tiny planet-home spinning so fatefully on its course through deathly dark and searing light. William Beebe in the Amazonian jungle, Henry Beston listening to the tramp and roar of the ocean, Mark Twain describing with superb accuracy the ways of that great humorist the coyote, Commander Byrd, alone in the antarctic winter, John Burroughs at his most manly and wise period (his last), and Ernest Seton Thompson at his most honest and readable period (his first), all held up their reputations for greatness. I read again with burning sympathy Alan Devoe's angry "The Brave Men of Brille," and with delight Edwin Way Teale's justly famous piece on natural history in Times Square. Will Cuppy on the Great Auk, in "How to Become Extinct," is a delicious and unexpected inclusion. And outstandingly good, upon rereading, are Gustav Eckstein's pieces on cats and on canaries. Eckstein never writes about "wild nature," only about domesticated animals, and the prose style he employs shouldn't, by all the rules, be good. Yet it is better than that—it is fascinating. He is a nature writer you simply cannot put down once you have picked him up—the exact opposite of too many of this craft.

—From the book.

But if all these thirty-one authors are represented by *great* nature writing, as the title implies, then I will eat Oliver Goldsmith's "Natural History" page by page, bad as it will taste. Though I like Lewis Gannett's "Cream Hill," the selection here given is not nature writing at all; the excerpt from David Grayson's "Essays in Contentment" is to me completely soporific. On the fascinating subject of beavers two authors achieve downright dulness, while two others, on the refreshing subject of the behavior of martens, turn out the same sort of article one can pick up by the dozen in the pages of *Nature Magazine*. An *apologia pro vita sua* spoken by a drone bee makes an elephantine attempt at humor. The choice from the writings of John Muir avoids his beautiful essay on the water ouzel and his terrifying description of fire among the Big Trees; instead we are given his reflections on sheep—and Muir had the old-time Westerner's hatred of sheep. ("Get them woolies off the range, stranger; this country ain't healthy fer sheepherders.") And Thoreau—greatest of all, bottomless well from which we drink our most renewing draughts! He seems to me ineptly represented here save for his memorable passage on the loon.

Far more surprising are the omissions. Our earliest American nature writer, the original genius, William Bartram, is mentioned only to be dismissed as uninteresting. John James Audubon is briefly quoted in order to be disparaged! Theodore Roosevelt is not included at all because, I infer, Mr. Krutch cannot forgive him for being a hunter. Nor does Mr. Krutch care much for scientists who kill, even for scientific purposes, and with little evidence accuses them of hastening the extinction of rare species. Alexander Wilson is passed by completely, and so is Herman Melville, except for mere mention. However, to compensate you for such losses, Mr. Krutch includes selections from his work and mine, which pretty well shuts my mouth!

The fact is that Mr. Krutch is not very much interested in the writings of great naturalists as such. Sometimes he seems positively to avoid them, or decry them. He *is* attracted by subjective writing about nature by literary men, for his long prologue is largely concerned with the growth of nature writing as a literary school, developing out of the remote past but emerging as just recognizably distinct in the eighteenth century. It is a most penetrating study, and not long enough for my appetite. It is concerned, though, largely with the rise of the craft in England. As a prologue to American nature writing, it stops well short of the subject announced by the title. True that we get the inevitable essay on Thoreau, with asides on Burroughs and Muir, but no great attempt is made to trace the further development of nature writing in this country, or to analyze either the craft of the writers or the changing taste of the American audience for new kinds of nature writing.

But the real purpose of any good anthology (and good this one certainly is) should be to whet your taste for more of the writers' works. I hope and believe that Mr. Krutch's selections will send any reader back to the complete works of these authors, so that, if you do not already know them, you will read Thoreau's "Maine Woods" (much my favorite of all the master's books), or Eckstein's "Canary" or Beston's "The Outermost House" or Beebe's "Jungle Peace."

Donald Culross Peattie is author of a score of volumes on nature.

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After the Age of Reason

THE AGE OF SCANDAL. By T. H. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 264 pp. $3.

By Robert Halsband

IN SOME ways this is a scandalously bad book. But first its felicities. The title is used to label the second half of the eighteenth century, mostly in England; and in the course of its rambling pages—"a scrap-book of a nostalgic Tory," its author calls it—we are refreshed by clusters of anecdotes, bits of letters and memoirs, and miscellanea. Since these are, for the most part, accurately transcribed, they are enjoyable in themselves. Then, too, Mr. White has a pleasant, occasionally witty style which usefully serves him in several of his biographical sketches, particularly those of George Selwyn and the Marquis de Sade. When he forgets his historical and literary generalizations and his irrelevant Tory nostalgia, he is amusing and interesting.

But his faults are so glaring—and so frequent in other vulgarizers of literary history—that they deserve some comment. He starts with the thesis that in the Age of Reason, the first half of the century, the Grub Street authors were "articulate, powerful," and that they "dominated a largely illerate peerage." The Age of Scandal—a term he has coined for the second half—was directly the reverse: "literature had passed to the aristocracy, and the poets were disregarded people." This is the most arrant nonsense. Addison, Pope, and Swift — in the first half — despised Grub Street and consorted with an excessively literate circle of peers; and in the second half, except for Walpole (who was not a professional man of letters), every important writer was well below the peerage—Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Burke, Sheridan, Sterne, Burns, and so on. Mr. White even forgets his chronology if it does not fit his thesis, and transposes Lord Hervey, who died in 1743, into the second half to become one of his strongest props. These objections are not quibbles; they point to the sad conclusion that Mr. White does not have even Dr. Johnson's excuse: "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." He is guilty of grossly impure ignorance.

—From the jacket of "The Age of Scandal."

His main fault, then, is that in his eagerness to bolster an untenable thesis he indulges in special pleading, distortion, and inaccuracy. His thesis is absurd, for scandal flourishes in other ages which have left abundant written records, i.e., the nineteenth as well as all of the eighteenth.

In his treatment of specific scandals he is likewise guilty of a serious shortcoming, his disregard of standard source books. In the case of Walpole, which he treats in detail, he sets forth the scandal of his illegitimate birth and adds flimsy circumstantial evidence. Yet the standard biography of Walpole, by Ketton-Cremer, and the standard edition of Hervey's "Memoirs," from which he quotes frequently, carefully, and persuasively contradict that scandal. A popularizer cannot be expected to run down his facts to their ultimate sources, of course, but he should be familiar with the important published material that bears on his main discussion. Successful popularizers like Strachey, Quennell, and Kronenberger have not sacrificed reliability for the sake of readability.

The book jacket calls "The Age of Scandal" a foray into literature. Mr. White had better luck, perhaps, when he wrote about the Age of King Arthur; but we know enough about the eighteenth century to know that his campaign here is badly bungled.

He Said, Pointing

By David McCord

MY hyperopian friend
Sees things so far away,
Small things at such remove
They need a glass to prove.
What law should sight obey?
Why grade his pupils A?
Far-seeing in the end
Is, like a child's surprise,
Much better when the eyes
Report the distant view
A speculative blend
In color, shape, and size:
Familiar and yet new,
As true and as untrue
As people in a play—
As all that we pretend
Forever and a day.

Mind of a Poet

THE YOUNG SHELLEY: Genesis of a Radical. By Kenneth Neill Cameron. New York: The Macmillan Co. 437 pp. $6.

By Floyd Stovall

SHELLEY the radical belongs to the aftermath of that revolutionary agitation which reached its climax in 1792, the year of his birth. Scion of a semiaristocratic Whiggish family, he became the stormy petrel of his time at home, at school, and in the minor social and political circles to which he became attached, where opinions tended to slide from the middle ground of eighteenth-century liberalism to the extremes of reactionary Toryism on the one hand or radical republicanism on the other. Long after their heyday the writings of Baron d'Holbach, Mary Wollstonecraft, and William Godwin were discovered by Shelley and became, along with others of like purport, the ground of his faith and the pattern of his early thought. "Queen Mab" was the literary culmination of this period of his life, and it was finished in 1813, when Shelley was not yet twenty-one years old.

These are the years with which Mr. Cameron is concerned in "The Young Shelley," and since it is primarily a study of Shelley's mind rather than a biography, the significant years are the half-decade after 1809, which dates the beginning of his great literary activity and intellectual fermentation. The several divisions of the book reveal the phases of Shelley's early development from Gothic romancer and prospective Whig politician through the stages of deism, atheism, republicanism, Godwinism, agitation for Irish Catholic emancipation, vegetarianism, and materialism to philosophical poet, author of one of the most revolutionary poems in English literature. Mr. Cameron rightly calls this work the foundation for all of Shelley's later philosophical poems, but he appears to place a higher estimate upon it as a literary product than most other critics. It may be true also, as he says, that Shelley did not change fundamentally in his later years, but he did develop in mind and in taste, and he learned, after "Queen Mab," how to subordinate didactic to esthetic ends in his poems.

Mr. Cameron begins in a manner suggesting the psychological analysis of personality. On rather slender evidence he attributes to the influence of Shelley's mother his alleged stability and his becoming a poet instead of a politician, and he asserts that Shel-

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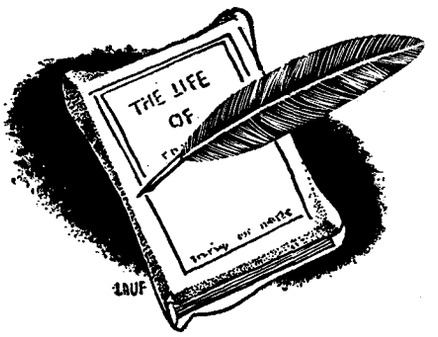
ley's condescending attitude towards his father "probably reflects that of the family." He states also that the acquisition of such "feminine characteristics" as love of romantic intrigue and gossip "implies a rejection of the male pattern." In these conjectures the overuse of qualifying words like "doubtful," "perhaps," "may have," and "must have" weakens the argument. After a few pages of speculation on such imponderables, however, the author turns resolutely to the more stable facts of literary history and proceeds with such excellent scholarship that the slight flaws I have mentioned here are soon forgotten.

It is no longer easy to discover new facts in Shelley's literary career nor to contribute much in the way of new interpretations. However, Mr. Cameron has marshaled evidence to demonstrate, as no one has so well done before, how Shelley developed from a liberal Whig in his early youth, when he looked forward with equanimity to succeeding his father in Parliament, to become first a reformist Whig, next a revolutionary republican after Tom Paine, and finally, about 1812, a political philosopher of the school of Godwin. He has also analyzed Shelley's early prose writing and summarized his reformist activities with such thoroughness as to place clearly before the reader the entire process and evolution of his thought. The prodigious amount of study that went into the making of this book is indicated in part by the notes, which extend to 30 per cent of the entire volume. Some parts of these notes might perhaps have been omitted and other parts included in the main text. They may prove wearisome reading to those not specially interested in Shelley's radicalism, and yet they are not merely documentary in character but also extend and round out the main body of evidence.

The book seems to come to an abrupt conclusion, without the generalizations that might reasonably be expected after such a quantity of evidence, but Mr. Cameron, it is announced, intends to complete his study with a second volume devoted to Shelley's later work. "The Young Shelley" is the winner of the first Modern Language Association - Macmillan Award and illustrates the excellent results that are obtained from cooperation between a publisher and a learned society.

Floyd Stovall, professor of English at the University of North Carolina, is author of "Desire and Restraint in Shelley" and edited the volume "Walt Whitman: Representative Selections."



English Tale Spinners

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By Beatrice Curtis-Brown. Denver: Alan Swallow. 107 *pp.* $2.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. By P. H. Newby. The Same. 98 *pp.* $2.

By JAMES GRAY

TWO additions to the English Novelists Series—small, easy-to-take capsules of literary criticism—are concerned with talents that are also easy to take though they have been absorbed, at least in their entirety, by few in this country.

Even the most devout members of the Trollope cult probably are unaware of his full range. His chronicles of Barsetshire have been properly acknowledged as an enduring monument to the comic spirit in English fiction. Figures like Mrs. Proudie have taken up permanent residence in the imagination of many a reader along with the wilful, dominating, larger-than-life, and stranger-than-nature creatures of Dickens.

But Trollope was the author of eighty novels and in many of these he broke out of the confines of the neat comedy of manners, for which he is chiefly remembered. He wrote about Ireland, about the life of the civil service, about parliamentary campaigns—in fact about everything which his own unusually wide experience had touched and his own insatiable curiosity had inspected. He was nearer in verve and variability to a writer like Arnold Bennett than many of us had supposed.

Beatrice Curtis-Brown offers a kind of peep-show view of his wider range. She nips up the curtain at a corner here and tantalizingly draws away the folds of obscurity there. The hundred small pages of her book do not, of course, permit full appraisal. There are too many particulars and too few general comments to produce a satisfying literary essay; there are too few particulars and too many slurrings from theme to theme to make even a start toward a rewarding full-dress account. Perhaps, however, it is enough that Miss Curtis-Brown has

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written with intelligent respect for an underestimated talent and so has piqued one's desire to see a complete reappraisal.

With Maria Edgeworth, P. H. Newby does better. This teller of tales which she unapologetically labeled "moral" appeared in print before Jane Austen had done so and continued to write long after her great contemporary was exhausted. The usual view of her literary history is that she possessed a native talent no less genuine than Jane Austen's own (Scott was Maria Edgeworth's great admirer) but that her gift was ruined by the influence of an amiable monster of a father. Edgeworth père, it is said, insisted on twisting her stories into mere illustrations of his own inexhaustible supply of educational theories and ethical principles.

With this judgment P. H. Newby disagrees. It is probable that Maria Edgeworth did precisely what she wanted to do and it is certain that she needed her father's tremendous store of inventiveness to charge her own gift. If there was any tragedy it was of her own making. P. H. Newby takes the cheerful view that Maria Edgeworth is a phenomenon of the creative spirit worthy of close study. Her work represents the fact that no brittle shell of preconceived didactic purpose can prevent genuine honesty, insight, and energy from breaking through in all their undisciplined and incorruptible charm.

FRASER YOUNG'S
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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 384 will be found in the next issue.

WLGNACPB MK CAP

AMXXGO FD L DFFW.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 383

Poor is the pupil who does not surpass his master.

—LEONARDO DA VINCI

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Belles-Lettres Notes

JOHN DRYDEN, by David Nichol Smith. Cambridge University Press. $1.75. In this small volume Professor Smith, the outstanding British scholar of eighteenth-century literature, discourses on the "glorious John Dryden." Originally delivered as the Clark Lectures (1948-49) at Cambridge, the four essays are a rich and fascinating sketch of the genius whose career spanned several revolutions in politics and literature. Although he died in 1700 he is a foundation figure for the eighteenth century, for on his shoulders sat Pope, its greatest poet, and Johnson, its greatest critic. The four divisions of his career, which are roughly chronological, are treated separately: his early verse and criticism, which includes the pivotal "Of Dramatick Poesie"; his varied plays; his satires and religious poems, which reflect his political, literary, and theological vicissitudes, and, finally, the translations, odes, and fables, which occupied him during his last

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS IN MOTHER GOOSE

Brenda Heloise Green, of Cleveland, asks you to name twenty-five characters from Mother Goose by filling in the blanks in the quotations below. Twenty is par, twenty-three is very good, and twenty-five is excellent. Answers on page 40.

1. This is the house that _____ built.
2. A frog he would a-wooing go,
   Whether his mother would let him or no.
   With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
   Heigh ho, says _____ _____.
3. _____ _____, pudding and pie,
   Kissed the girls and made them cry.
4. My dearest _____ _____, if you will but be mine,
   You shall dine on cherry pie and drink nice currant wine.
5. When good _____ _____ ruled this land,
   He was a goodly king.
6. _____, _____, _____, and _____,
   Guard the bed that I lie on!
7. _____ _____ picked a peck of pickled peppers.
8. _____ _____ met a pieman.
9. Little _____ _____
   Sat on a tuffet,
   Eating her curds and whey.
10. _____ _____'s gone to sea,
    Silver buckles at his knee;
    He'll come back and marry me.
11. _____, _____, quite contrary,
    How does your garden grow?
12. Little _____ _____
    Lived in a little house.
13. _____, put the kettle on.
14. _____ _____ sat on a wall.
15. _____ _____,
    Born on a Monday.
16. Old _____ _____ had but one eye,
    And a long tail which she let fly.
17. _____ _____ _____ runs through the town,
    Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown.
18. Deedle, deedle dumpling, my son _____,
    Went to bed with his stockings on.
19. The _____ _____ _____
    She made some tarts.
20. Little _____ _____, come blow up your horn,
    The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
21. _____ _____ could eat no fat,
    His wife could eat no lean.
22. Old _____ _____ when she wanted to wander
    Would ride through the air on a very fine gander.
23. Little _____ _____ sat in a corner,
    Eating a Christmas pie.
24. Old _____ _____ went to the cupboard
    To get her poor dog a bone.
25. Little _____ has lost her sheep
    And can't tell where to find them.

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years. Professor Smith demonstrates most persuasively that Dryden deserves recognition not only as a great satirist—usually granted—but also as an almost great practitioner of several other genres. Dryden could not have a better champion than the present one, who combines erudition, critical acumen, and an impeccable style. Anyone who reads his essays will find it hard to resist reading (or rereading) the great poet-critic-playwright whom they celebrate.

THE STORY OF THE PALL MALL GAZETTE / OF ITS FIRST EDITOR FREDERICK GREENWOOD / AND OF ITS FOUNDER GEORGE MURRAY SMITH, by J. W. Robertson Scott. Oxford University Press. $5. This fat, richly illustrated book gives us an ample and rambling account of some eminent Victorians and their publishing ventures. Its focus is the *Pall Mall Gazette*, founded in 1865 and named after the fictitious newspaper in "Pendennis." Life imitated (Thackeray's) art in the paper's editorial policy as well as title. Founded by Smith, edited for its first fifteen years by Greenwood, this daily evening newspaper—written by gentlemen for gentlemen—was a leading independent journal of great influence.

Besides the light Mr. Scott's book sheds on "Front Page" life in Victorian England, it illuminates many literary and political personalities of the period. Literature and journalism were not then so far apart, and here we meet many literary men, including Thackeray, Trollope, Meredith, Patmore, and James Barrie—who said of Greenwood, "He invented me. I owe almost everything to him." The paper's publisher, Smith, later projected the "Dictionary of National Biography," and the story of that great work is related here—including the brisk anecdote about the Prince of Wales (in 1897), who when Sidney Lee told him that Shakespeare was his special subject replied, "Stick to it, Mr. Lee, stick to it. There's money in it." In politics Mr. Scott's fullest and most impassioned topic is the engrossing story of why Greenwood deserves credit for suggesting to the Government that it buy the Suez Canal shares. Disraeli took all the glory, never even mentioning the editor's alertness and foresight.

Although an interesting book in general, it is rather like a Victorian drawing room, potted palms, antimacassars, and all. It suffers from having a great mass of materials insufficiently organized and welded together. Mr. Scott, himself a retired sub-editor of the *Pall Mall*, should have saved a few blue pencils for his book.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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(Continued from page 14)

well and takes off into the brush the moment a back is turned.

Thus Sam has his hands full, quite apart from the formidable fence-building job he contracts with the big rancher, Rod Murray, and the attraction he feels toward Murray's beautiful, hard-riding, square-shooting sister-in-law, Ann Marshall. She's engaged to a city doctor, anyhow.

This is the stuff of the story and I need not say any more for you all know exactly how it goes. Mr. Gipson keeps one foot on the road, at the end of which lurks Hopalong Cassidy. There are carefully spaced elements of laughter and tears, suspense and frustration. He sticks to the convention—the hyper-Texas of manliness and womanliness, the crystal-clear distinction between the rotter and the real man, hand-to-hand combat, and the simple word.

In spite of all this, he is winning. He sees the large picture of conservation and, without laboring it, gets in his licks. Sam is a progressive farmer who knows what's happening to the soil and knows the only thing that can be done about it, in spite of the indifference and jeers of the big ranchers.

Moreover, Gipson writes knowingly, almost as a naturalist, of his region and the ways of its wild critters. He knows boys, too, and his treatment of them is honest and moving, as when Steve, worrying over the gang-up against him in school because he is new, sits "longing for the day when he would be a grown man and would have no more fears."

So then, most of his customers, I reckon, are going to take the blend without cavil. But it seems to me that Mr. Gipson could do all his finest things and much more, that he could transcend the simplified Western convention altogether. I wish he would.

Fiction Notes

PROFESSOR FODORSKI, by Robert Lewis Taylor. Doubleday. $2.75. The vision of Professor Fodorski must one day have appeared before Mr. Taylor full-blown and smiling, fortune's gift to a clean-living writer, a vein of gold open before him. Fodorski the impossibly innocent little scholar cast high and uncomprehending upon the Nazi wave that inundated his own country ("They are perhaps hostile to engineering?"); Fodorski the professorial immigrant to America; Fodorski in the subway; Fodorski wrestling with the American banking system; Fodorski in an Eighth Avenue rooming house, and Fodorski finding a job in the Southern Baptist Institute of Technology in South Carolina. The possibilities are plainly indicated and Mr. Taylor, as we already know, possesses the dry and comic pen to exploit them properly.

I regret to report that he threw away the best possibilities of his job at just about the time he came to them. For, having gotten his sweet little Fodorski into S.B.I.T. (as above), Mr. Taylor came upon the fancy of having Fodorski develop a genius for guiding the football team through novel geometric patterns, so that this hitherto inconspicuous team begins to win its games, all of them. From here on this by-product of Fodorski's talents swallows up the rest of the book. It is all football now, up to the great game with Notre Dame in the Finger Bowl. Coach Fodorski is funny, too, but he is not what he was conceived to be. Satire has become farce, and a very familiar and somewhat stale variety of it. I remember a movie I saw recently in which another professor discovered he could pitch magical baseball, and that made the plot. Fodorski comes to no better than that, unfortunately, for he started out to be a wonderfully promising little man, a sort of unblemished litmus paper by which to test all the rest of us. Mr. Taylor threw that out to make of him an improbable football genius. Such is my complaint although you may likely enjoy the professor anyway as is. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

THE GOOD MRS. SHEPPARD, by Florence Cummings. Crown. $3. The mother who neglects her family in

—From "Professor Fodorski."

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order to do good works has been a favorite victim of novelists ever since Dickens laughed at Mrs. Jellyby's perverse devotion to the natives of Borrioboola-Gha. Florence Cummings reminds us of what can happen to a contemporary variant of Mrs. Jellyby: she may write articles on the guidance of other people's children while misunderstanding her own.

The reader watches Laura Sheppard work on her articles, spar with her husband, become intermittently aware of her two children, serve as mother-confessor to a friend's adolescent daughter, conduct a brittle affair with a pediatrician, and manage the campaign of an educator running for office on the local school board. One is invited to draw the inference which always eludes Laura: that most of her activity is produced by a drive for power which stems from her constant rejection by her father during an unusually bleak girlhood.

Mrs. Cummings seems familiar with the thinking of the various factions of educators whose skirmishes she chronicles and she has a sharp eye for ironic situations. But her characters are scarcely convincing. The Laura of 1949 and the Laura of a long flash-back to 1936 resemble each other only slightly. The Henry Sheppard as steely domestic cynic who constantly criticizes his wife and the disarming soul who wonders to himself what has gone wrong with his marriage have little in common. Only in three other married couples, lightly sketched in, are there believable people, and even here the three relaxed, gay, reasonable wives are basically the same woman.

With her main theme—that self-deception is never more insidious than when its victim prides himself upon his insight into human nature—hardly anyone could disagree. But Mrs. Cummings's treatment of the theme is too thin and theoretical. This seasoned writer of radio and magazine fiction has not yet become at home in her new medium.

—Dorothy Koch Bestor.

IN A HARBOUR GREEN, by Benedict Kiely. Dutton. $3. The author has set this Ulster "Bridge of San Luis Rey" in his native county of Tyrone. Taking off from the photograph of a local schoolboy group, he follows some of the Irish lads out over the quiet harbor town into their homes and their lives, tracing the course of beauty and tragedy as they touch the destinies of the Campbells, the Collinses, and the Raffertys. He finds, as an Irishman is bound to find, that the beautiful comes close to the tragic, for beauty can sear even as it flames into splendor.

"In a Harbour Green," the first of Benedict Kiely's books to be published in the United States, is nobly conceived, both in the tale and in the telling. Irony lends stylistic loftiness to his narrative much as the Tyrone mists give a purplish cast to the mountain tops of Pomeroy. It was only on the surface that the town in the fertile valley was serene. Beneath the surface seethed the religious and political problems of Ulster and the sorrows of the town's violence, sickness, and death. There were more than four people caught up in the turmoil of pretty May Campbell's sorry story, more than four households. On back streets, lanes, and little country roads small boys, neighbors, tradespeople, town wits, and characters—even the murderer John Maxwell—were drawn into the debacle.

In his mastery of irony and pity Mr. Kiely crosses the border of literary craftsmanship into the high realm of art. His irony has detachment without cynicism. There is no core of tenderness in his pity. He neither condemns nor judges, leaving each man alone with his secret. Though his plot involves a multitude of characters, what stands out in the end is the loneliness of the human soul. Your true Irish artist, in short, can only view life through the mysterious screen of eternity.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

This is the letter Jennifer Owsley wrote when she asked us to publish her book

Dear Random House

I think there are too many books for adults about understanding children. After all, adults have been children before, so they should know something about us. But we children have never been adults, and don't know anything about them.

That's why I decided to write a book called A HANDY GUIDE TO GROWNUPS. We children are going to be adults too, and it would be a good thing to know what we are getting into.

Jennifer Owsley

NOTE TO ADULTS: The above letter sold us, and we published Jennifer's book. You'll find **A HANDY GUIDE TO GROWNUPS** charming, interesting, and perhaps a little frightening. Better keep it away from the kids. The book is available at all bookstores at $1.00.
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

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THE CHAMP

(*Continued from page 16*)

strength and beauty," and he unhesitatingly identifies author and hero. Sterling North (*Washington Post* and *New York World-Telegram and The Sun*) writes a savage parody of a parody, which describes the manufacture of Hemingway's well-worn "merchandise" for the "New York pemmican trade." Joseph Henry Jackson (*San Francisco Chronicle*) respects "the Hemingway touch," but finds that he has "not much, if anything" to say in his latest novel; and lists the many resemblances between Cantwell and the Hemingway of Miss Ross's article. Despite "wonderful flashes of the old Hemingway" and the appeal of Cantwell's "wild boar truculence," Lewis Gannett can only conclude that, "some of the book is Hemingway at his worst, and the whole does not add up to Hemingway at his best." Edward Weeks (*The Atlantic*), who thinks that Cantwell is "a consistent and exciting character," explains him by quoting his statement: "I have failed and I speak badly of all who have succeeded." Harold C. Gardiner (*America*), having damned Hemingway and his book, and having referred to Miss Ross's article, sums up, with an obvious smacking of lips: "If this turns out to be his last book, he will surely have gone out not with a bang, but a whimper." *Time*'s reviewer starts by quoting the same prepotent, murderous, omnipresent *New Yorker* piece—in which Hemingway spoke of himself as an old champion defending his title with this new book—and then decides tersely: "Hemingway never wins a round." But *Newsweek*, after words of fair praise, informs its readers of a remarkable literary phenomenon: "Thus at fifty-two, with thirteen books behind him, Hemingway has mastered a new subject and a new style."

What does it all add up to? What is the moral? Well, one might shrug cynically and repeat some old sayings: "That's what makes horse racing." "It takes all kinds to make a world." "You get out of a book only what you bring to it." "We all believe what we wish to believe." "What paper do you read?" Indeed, the old sayings are quite serviceable at this point. But I think it is fair—whatever the merits or demerits of "Across the River"—to add that our survey provides a remarkable example of a great many reviewers having failed to keep their eyes on the ball. Too many of these reviews were written with one eye on the book and the other on what the reviewers thought they knew of Hemingway's character, and what they did know of his publicity—*The New Yorker* article very much in particular. Too many reviewers were affected by the information that Hemingway had interrupted the writing of a "bigger" novel to write this comparatively small one. (Space was lacking here to give evidence of this.) Too many reviewers fixed their gaze not on "Across the River," and its central character, but on an inextricable, twinned, double-exposure image of Cantwell-Hemingway. (Cantwell, by the way, thought of himself as a failure, whereas Hemingway, even now, probably thinks of himself as a success.) Hemingway was damned for Cantwell's puerilities and ideas; Cantwell was damned for Hemingway's ideas and puerilities. In many, if not most, reviews moral judgments took precedence over literary judgments or swept them from the board. (Charles Poore deserves high marks for reminding his readers "that it is Cantwell, the imaginary character, the valiant, dying colonel, who is speaking, not Hemingway.") In hardly a single case was the book itself viewed in critical isolation; in few cases did it occur to a reviewer that Cantwell's character might be precisely the character that Hemingway was determined to put into a novel, that it might be a masterpiece of knowledgeable drawing. No critic, apparently, asked himself: "What would I think of this novel if it had been written by a man of whom I know nothing?" But, comes the answer: "The question is silly. We know all about Ernest Hemingway." Of course—I remember now—and we always have. I remember the time when there was a valiant effort on the part of some critics to identify him with the hero of "The Sun Also Rises," and then, of course, he was impotent.

Perhaps we really do know too much about Hemingway, or at least his public poses, to judge his work impartially. If this is so, all of us who find ourselves reviewing his books, and those of other authors similarly situated, should do our heroic best to thrust aside our knowledge, or half-knowledge. Otherwise we shall never be able to see clearly the book in hand, the book-in-itself.

And now I must read "Across the River and Into the Trees." But not review it.

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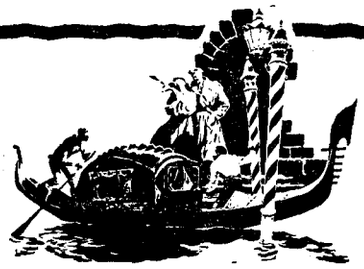

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A TITAN TO TASK

(*Continued from page* 17)

his conversations, and the book is all conversation, do not sound as if Heming were imitating himself, or even his imitators.

Certainly, there have been few living writers whose personality and whose novels and stories offer so much to the speculative critic. It is odd that most of this book, edited by a man who deeply admires Hemingway's genius, is on the whole unfavorable and even bitter, or angry. Nearly every critic in Mr. McCaffery's collection grants Hemingway his right to championship in our literature, though often writing as if he were a kind of literary prizefighter, who had led too often with his chin and was groggy after so many beatings, but who still clung desperately to his title. It was eight years ago when Alfred Kazin wrote, "As the years went by, one grew accustomed to Hemingway standing like Tarzan against a backdrop labeled Nature; or, as the tedious sportsman of the 'Green Hills of Africa,' grinning over the innumerable beasts he had slain, while the famous style became more mechanical, the sentences more invertebrate, the philosophy more self-consciously juvenile, the pleasure more desperate."

And yet it is impossible today to deny his importance as an artist, and to refuse to admit that he is, even as his detractors say, one of our greatest living writers. Nevertheless, his laurel wreaths were won in earlier battles. We can only hope that the long book on which he has been working for years, too many years perhaps, and which was presumably interrupted by his last book, will be what it might be, the greatest novel of this generation.

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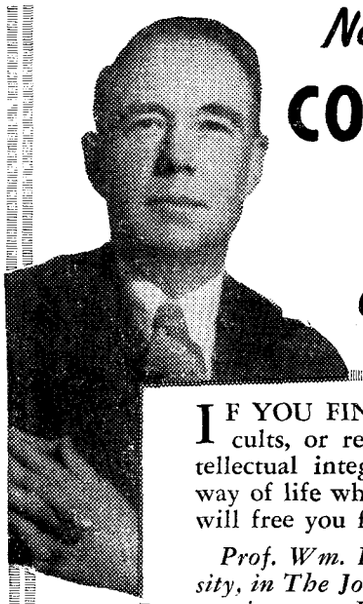
*From "The Poetry of the Negro—1746-1949," compiled by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps, 1949.



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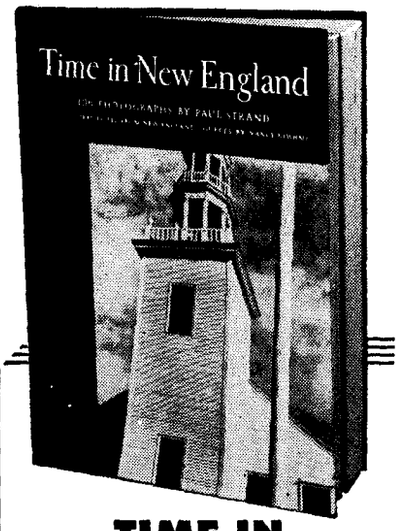

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 24*)

monograph which unites breadth and inclusiveness with both pictorial and verbal terseness, plus absorbing interest. Mr. Stubbs, a native New Mexican, and graduate of the state university, is research associate at the Museum of New Mexico. This is his country, and he knows it and loves it, and he has here perfected an admirable device for the sharing of that love and that knowledge.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

HALCYON DAYS, by Walter Locke. Antioch Press, Antioch, O. $3. The author of this small volume has been for many years editor of the Dayton, Ohio, *Daily News.* One of his duties—or more probably one of his pleasures—has been to supply those occasional "off" editorials about nature and the simple life which many newspapers run. A number of the big-city dailies use a syndicated column on the theory, no doubt, that New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh are not very favorable spots for observing either nature or the simple life. Papers in smaller towns produce their own with a bit more local flavor. Mr. Locke's must be among the best of these and thirty-nine of his pieces have been here collected. They are not likely to create a literary sensation but they are genuine enough expressions of a mood which must persist despite everything in modern life which militates against it.

The book is divided into two sections. The first, which gives the volume its name, consists of fragments of the fictional biography of one John Halcyon, a boy who grows up in the country learning as he goes along all the lore, true and false, of the Middle-Western countryside. The second part, called "The Year at the Whistling Post," summarizes the discussions of things in general which take place between the author, the mayor, the schoolteacher, and others who meet at a rendezvous out of doors. The jacket of the book suggests that the reader will be reminded of Thoreau, Whitman, and, fleetingly, of Will Rogers. That is a combination which includes some self-canceling elements and had better not be taken too seriously. A more reasonable question than the question whom the author is like would be the question just what the persistence and prevalence of this sort of writing in the corners of hundreds of newspapers really means. Is America holding on to and perhaps actually reviving its rural past, or is the faint nostalgic interest in the simple life no more than just that—a dying echo which presently will be heard no more?

—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

THIS IS WEST POINT, by Lewis Herman. Abelard Press, New York. $3.75. Periods of national peril and military activity always direct popular attention to the United States Military Academy at West Point, N.Y., an institution, unique of its kind, that has grown and expanded its attendance and curriculum to meet the changing military requirements and increased responsibilities of the nation.

This book is an illustrated account of cadet life at West Point from the time the candidate leaves the train to enter this new life until his graduation four years later. Particular emphasis is placed on the first days and weeks at the Point and the candidate's initiation into the ways and customs of that institution. Other illustrations show the cadet in barracks, in the class room, in field instruction of the practical details and problems of military life and action, in athletics, etc. Aviation, in its various aspects, is not mentioned though a large percentage of graduates now choose that arm of the service and all cadets receive aviation instruction and training. The second classman does not exist; with June week the Yearlings (third classmen) are made "to usher in their last year at the Academy!" General Scott never attended West Point as a student, though he lived there for varying periods of time. The old Cadet Chapel, built in 1836 and now located in the Post Cemetery, originally stood next to the Library. There is no suggestion of the physical expansion of the Academy nor of the increasing attendance or changing curriculum to meet the new conditions. The passing of the horse, of very recent date, is not mentioned. A table of contents or an index would have been helpful. The illustrations are clear and the captions are adequate. —THOMAS ROBSON HAY.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jack. 2. Anthony Rowley. 3. Georgie Porgie. 4. Jenny Wren. 5. King Arthur. 6. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John. 7. Peter Piper. 8. Simple Simon. 9. Miss Muffet. 10. Bobby Shaftoe. 11. Mary, Mary. 12. Tommy Tittlemouse. 13. Polly. 14. Humpty Dumpty. 15. Solomon Grundy. 16. Mother Twitchett. 17. Wee Willie Winkie. 18. John. 19. Queen of Hearts. 20. Boy Blue. 21. Jack Spratt. 22. Mother Goose. 23. Jack Horner. 24. Mother Hubbard. 25. Bo-Beep. (Sources: Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" and Benét's "Mother Goose.")

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THE FALLACY OF THE LIBERALS

(*Continued from page 20*)

Seidenberg must *begin* with our realization that his "instinct" and his "intelligence" are both unreal fragments of organic human nature. As Whitehead wrote, you cannot insert a new element into organic life. A *primordial ingredient* of man (and of all being), active in both instinct and intelligence, is the immanence of God. By definition, Mr. Seidenberg excludes it. His intelligence becomes a solipsism able to find and evolve nothing beyond its maimed premise, and by that premise doomed to lead to the elimination of the really human. The machine is not, as he states, a creation of "pure intelligence." Into the making of the machine came the human will, energized by Christian faith that man was the lord of nature. Without the Judeo-Christian principle of the divinely rooted person the machine could not have been invented. This principle (for causes we cannot touch on here) was debauched into the atomic egoism of modern man; and this destructive form of will and pride victimized the machine. If its spread dehumanizes, the cause is not its inevitable nature, which is innocent, but the will of those who use it. Intelligence in the man who experiences his whole organic nature (whose integer is God) does not displace the power of the instincts; it transforms them. Intelligence and instinct, combined in a society activated by this immanent integer of God, will not through the machine reduce society to rigid crystals; they will employ the machine as an instrument for freedom.*

Mr. Seidenberg writes with compassion of the poets and mystics whose premise of freedom, he says, is doomed. (Zamiatin in "We" has one of his "numbers" say: "Freedom and crime are closely related; the way to rid man of criminality is to rid him of freedom.") The reason why Mr. Seidenberg can contemplate (however regretfully) the end of all free, creative man is that his empirical view of intelligence and reality exiles the vision of the prophet and poet to the expendable realm of fantasy. But what if the creative mystic is a man moved by *the whole of reality?* In any individual, in any given culture, the experience of that whole reality may die. But to assume that the experience itself will vanish while man survives: this is the fantasy, this is the bad dream of the scared liberal who intuitively feels yet dares not face the chasm between his definitions and the real.

Our civilization is threatened from within, not because biological man tends irreversibly toward dead organization, but because our prevailing values, concepts, definitions, are themselves dead organizations. Mr. Seidenberg is not the first apocalyptist who confused the fate of an insufficient culture with the fate of man.

THE problem is, in cogent, conscious terms, to *orient* man to the Whole of Reality within him, as our great religious cultures strove to do in mythological terms. This is, of course, not the place to broach so vast a problem. A return to the old theologies and techniques, however "modernized," will not do; they served their exalted purpose, and the fact that they must fail today in the jungle world of the machine must not blind us to their glory; for they created the present potentials of mankind which is menaced only in so far as these potentials have been betrayed. (How symptomatic of the anemia of a generation malnourished by liberal empiricism is the fact that so many who have rebelled have found their literary leader in T. S. Eliot, whose thin voice of iridescent sighs rises from impotent nostalgia for an archaic dogma.) But Mr. Seidenberg's "Posthistoric Man" is a beautiful revelation of the fallacy of the liberals, who hope to save their world by the fragmentary knowledge which has doomed it.

Waldo Frank is the author of many books and a lecturer of note on American civilization and culture. His books include "The Jew in Our Day" and "The Invaders."

*Dr. Norbert Wiener, the discoverer of Cybernetics, has just published a book, "The Human Use of Human Beings" (Houghton Mifflin), in which he forsees the dangers and potentialities of the machine; but to induce men to use the machine as an instrument of freedom he has nothing to offer but the old moralists' exhortation!

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Seeing Things

WITH THE MOSTES' ON THE BALL

PLACED end to end, the reams of publicity "Call Me Madam"* received in advance of its New York opening would unquestionably stretch to "South Pacific" and back again to "Oklahoma!" No Broadway production has been more clamorously publicized or aroused such dizzying expectations. There is an obvious danger to such a build-up. It can boomerang on itself. It can send hopes soaring beyond the possibility of human fulfillment.

Therefore, let's face it squarely and at once. "Call Me Madam" is not what the tent-and-tanbark boys are fond of describing as "The Greatest Show on Earth." To go to it expecting the masterpiece of all musical-comedy masterpieces is not only silly but downright unfair. It does, however, provide a very pleasant evening. It does have its many entertaining features. And it is made a decided "must" because of the overpowering fact that Ethel Merman is in it, doing what comes naturally to her, and doing it as she, and she alone, can. Anyone asking for more is a kill-joy, an ingrate, a curmudgeon, a dyspeptic, a victim of acidosis of the esprit—indeed, such an old meanie that he deserves to wait six months (as most people will have to do anyway) before being able to see it.

Some gossips have insinuated that the duchy in which most of the action of "Call Me Madam" takes place is supposed to be Luxembourg. Other rumormongers have even hinted that Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse had Perle Mesta in mind when writing the part of the lady envoy Miss Merman plays. I, of course, know only what I read in the program. And who am I to question its veracity when it says: (a) "Neither the character of Mrs. Sally Adams, nor Miss Ethel Merman, resembles any other person alive or dead," and (b) "The play is laid in two mythical countries. One is called Lichtenburg, the other the United States of America." These appear to me incontrovertible statements, unassailable as the most carefully phrased opinions of the Supreme Court and as safe from questioning or appeal. Certainly the resemblances the United States bears to any other nation are purely coincidental. No less certainly, since first the sun shone, the visiting moon began to visit, and spotlights started to challenge both, no person has borne any similarity to Ethel Merman.

To refer to our planet as plundered when Miss Merman can be counted among its unexhausted resources is to make a travesty of science. The TVA does not boast a dynamo of greater power. Every time she steps onto a stage seismographs at the earth's further reaches must record mystifying tremors. These increase in intensity when she begins to sing. Though nothing of a canary and distinguishable from a thrush, she is a songbird who causes us to pity Audubon since he never heard her. Her voice is one of the most jubilant and unmuffled sounds known to mortals. Should that other siren fail in the performances of its warning duty during an air raid, Miss Merman could take over.

More than being a vibrant person, she is the embodiment of the whole of Broadway, Show Biz, and Tin-Pan Alley. Salem's Peabody Sisters would unquestionably have been alarmed by her witchcraft. Edith Wharton might have been baffled by her. Beyond dispute, too, she is a heroine not to be found in the pages of Henry James. But present-day America has long since taken her to its heart. She is the epitome of its sense of rhythm and the perfect expression of its high spirits and its energy. Her blood stream is a combination of plasma and mazda. Everything Miss Merman touches leaps into life. Every line she reads, every song she sings, is as illuminated as the most dazzling of Times Square's electric signs.

No professional in our theatre is more magnificently professional than she is. Miss Merman may have been nervous in kindergarten. She may even now be nervous when facing the ordeal of a first night. But no one would ever know it. Moreover, no one in the audience can be nervous while she is on the stage. Whenever she bursts into a script she sets an example for all occupying forces. The measure of her incredible excellence is not what she does with first-rate materials. Instead, it is what she is able to do to make unworthy materials seem worthy of her.

Miss Merman and protocol have never been on speaking terms. Fortunately theirs is less than a nodding acquaintance in "Call Me Madam." If her oil-rich, party-swinging Mrs. Adams is somewhat less rowdy than were her Annie Oakley, Panama Hattie, Madame DuBarry, and some of her other triumphs, make no mistake about it—she remains the high-octane Ethel she has always been.

To be sure, she makes her conces-

—Vandamm.

Galina Talva, Ethel Merman, Russell Nype—not "merely mortal."

*CALL ME MADAM, a new musical comedy. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Directed by George Abbott. Dances and musical numbers staged by Jerome Robbins. Scenery and costumes designed by Raoul Pene DuBois. Miss Merman's dresses by Mainbocher. Musical director, Jay Blackton. Orchestrations by Don Walker. Presented by Leland Hayward. With a cast including Ethel Merman, Paul Lukas, Russell Nype, Galina Talva, Alan Hewitt, Pat Harrington, E. A. Krumschmidt, Ralph Chambers, Henry Lascoe, Owen Coll, Geoffrey Lumb, Lilia Skala, etc. At the Imperial Theatre, New York City. Opened October 12, 1950.

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Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.

sions to the elevated diplomatic post she now fills. She may not present her credentials wearing striped pants, but she does approach her responsibilities splendiferously gowned by Mainbocher. Gone are her outsized hats; abandoned are those gaudy dresses of hers which were costumes, and costumes only. Mainbocher leaves only smiling hints of the old spangles and flamboyance. From her trim feet and lovely ankles right up to her antlered hair-do the Miss Merman of "Call Me Madam" is very much a lady — until she opens her mouth. Then, being Ethel Merman, she instantly becomes something much better and far more exceptional.

The book in which the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse have involved her, though amusing and serviceable, is a little on the slim side. Perhaps this is what Brooks Atkinson meant when he said it was not immortal. It starts *in medias res*, as we classicists say, with Miss Merman on stage taking her oath of office in the presence of an American Secretary of State referred to as "Dean." Soon thereafter she is overseas, upsetting the cheese wagon, if not the apple cart, in Lichtenburg. Although her manners and her tactics may be the despair of her chargé d'affaires, they have a disarming directness. Her approach to diplomacy is by way of the heart rather than the pouch. She falls instantly in love with the duchy's Prime Minister and he with her. The pattern she sets is followed by a serious-minded young Harvard graduate on her staff. He falls no less precipitously in love with the Grand Duke's daughter and she with him.

These dual romances are, of course, interrupted by political references and topical jokes. Miss Merman is constantly at the telephone, saying "Hello, Harry," asking about Bess, and listening to reports of Margaret's concert tours. Time is even found, in such a song—and dance—as "They Like Ike," to launch a campaign to make General Eisenhower president of more than Columbia in 1952. If the thrusts and jests in "Call Me Madam" are not so sharp as one might hope, perhaps one reason is that satirists enjoy no immunity from the subduing effects of romance. Another is that the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse seem at moments to keep their gloves on when writing about their Lady Minister.

On the whole, however, the evening is as agreeable as it is good-natured. It is attractively set by Raoul Pène DuBois. Jerome Robbins's dancers move with commendable vitality. And Irving Berlin has enlivened an occasionally perfunctory score with such gay and vigorous numbers as

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America's First Actor as
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N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
the ETHEL WATERS
in
Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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"The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball" and "Can You Use Any Money Today?"; with such a charming duet as "You're Just in Love," or, in sentimental mood, with such a haunting melody as "It's a Lovely Day Today."

It may seem odd to find Paul Lukas, one of the best of our legitimate actors, turning up in a musical. Most straight players are in the hapless position of goldfish on the carpet when confronted with an orchestra and surrounded by a chorus. No wonder —a jewelry designer and a riveter do not follow crafts more different in their demands than those made on a dramatic actor and a musical-comedy performer. Nonetheless, Mr. Lukas talks his way quite nicely through his lyrics, proves a dignified master of the waltz, creates a genuine character, and plays with the quiet charm and authority one expects of him.

Among the virtues of "Call Me Madam" Russell Nype's contribution as the sober young Harvardian must be stressed. Although Mr. Nype acquitted himself well as Leo in "Regina" last year, he has now been "discovered." And what a welcome find he is! He has a remarkably good voice and a wonderful simplicity. Most stage juveniles, especially in musicals, are pure poison. If dark-haired, they are usually in danger of slipping on the grease which oozes from their tresses. If blonds, their locks are so touched up that they blind and so marceled that those sporting them would have to wear three feathers if presented at Court. Their shoulders are the male equivalents of falsies. They are padded to such a degree that they create the same traffic problems presented by double parking. But Mr. Nype is different. Indeed he comes near to making stage history by being so. He is a tall, shy, bespectacled fellow, uncorrupted by the make-up box and the coiffeur. The resemblance he bears to any number of real undergraduates is actual, not coincidental. More than being a "crew type" he is palpably a member of the human race.

For this very reason he is a perfect foil to Miss Merman. Although Miss Merman is no doubt a very human being, none of her admirers (and the I.B.M. has not yet produced a machine which can count us) would admit for a fractured second that she is merely mortal. We are in full agreement with the contention of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse that she does not resemble "any other person alive or dead." We are deeply grateful to them and to Mr. Berlin for giving her many chances to prove this all over again in "Call Me Madam."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

THIS WAS OUR WORLD

Maurice Chevalier (left)—"Was not 'la belle époque' also an era of vulgar philistinism?"

IN A letter to *The Saturday Review* Chard Powers Smith writes: "This modern void of the soul, this paralysis of the mind, got its start in World War I, and it is now the generic disease of the young." If the young want to find out how they caught the infection, and who is to blame, they can do no better than to look at this survey of the prewar world, entirely composed from newsreels and fiction films made in Paris between 1900 and 1914. The young will find it an eye-opener, and so will their elders.

Even those who thought shallow recent newsreel compilations like "The Golden Twenties" and "Fifty Years Before Your Eyes" must have recognized the amazing ability of the movies to "emotionalize facts and rationalize emotions." "Paris 1900"* is miles ahead of them. There is nothing to compare it with except the Why We Fight series of Army orientation films produced by Frank Capra during the last war. It was Dorothy Thompson who exclaimed excitedly on first viewing these films that they would eventually replace not only college professors but newspaper columnists as well. She was only half wrong. The professors and columnists won't be replaced; they'll use films. There is also television.

In making the Why We Fight series Capra and his colleagues had to assume that their audience knew little or nothing about recent history. Skilled manipulators of mass emotion, they knew exactly how to scale the facts of history to the values of the average soldier. "Paris 1900" assumes acquaintance with the France of forty years ago—an acquaintance so intimate as to be shared by few Americans. Yet there is no doubt about what this film has to say. And, because of the unmistakable reality of the visuals, no doubt that what it says is true.

At first the film seems just a frivolous response to the wave of nostalgia for a happier time that is now sweeping the world. The city of light comes before us. Here is prewar society in all its security and splendor, untroubled, confident, successful. Science advances: the subway is built and M. Eiffel constructs his tower. Art is official, approved, and everybody likes it except for a few rebellious wild beasts. Women claim their freedom, both political and amorous. The theatre has reached its peak with the unsurpassable art of Bernhardt,

**PARIS 1900. Scenario by Nicole Vedres. Conceived by Pierre Braunberger. Edited by Myriam. English adaptation by John Mason Brown. Narrated by Monty Woolley. Music by Guy Bernard. Distributed by Arthur L. Mayer and Edward Kingsley.*

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Réjane, Mounet-Sully. Celebrities abound and are idolized: Colette and her cats, Renoir, and Rodin looking down from his chateau on "the city which so long ignored him." The world amuses itself: it goes to fashionable weddings in the Faubourg St. Germain, it goes to Vichy, to the shore, to see Chevalier and Mistinguette and the first films. And threading through the charming scene is that supreme figurehead and symbol, the President of France, presiding, welcoming, arriving, departing, and always smilingly *bien content*.

HOW enchanting! Even as we laugh at these quaint figures we warm to them because, with all their folly, they are so incomparably human. Presently arrives another feeling. As the follies pile up we begin to wonder if they are perhaps not too foolish for comfort. Was not "la belle époque" also an era of vulgar philistinism? No sooner has the film suggested this than it proceeds to substantiate it. "The world" that we have seen is not complete; there is another side to it. The leaders continue to arrive and depart, preside and confer, but their faces are longer. There is poverty. There are "anarchists" to be dealt with. There is the need for larger and larger armies. There is above all the sense that if one cog in this pretty machine should slip, the jig is up. The cog does slip at Sarejevo; the leaders cease to confer, and the lights go out in Europe. Last shot of all shows crowds at the Gare du Nord saying goodbye to the mobilized soldiers. With the departure of those trains the picture seems to say something stopped that has never quite managed to get started again.

I have no words to describe how this kaleidoscope of unrelated events is gradually shaped toward wholeness and meaning. Basically its power derives from the original editing, but the English adaptation is a triumph. John Mason Brown's witty, sensitive commentary is a brilliant burlesque of conversational French in translation, with just a suggestion of *le parapluie de mon oncle*. In using the conventional language of the prewar world he both mocks and indicts its superficiality and foolish optimism. Monty Woolley's reading of this text is a major factor in the interpretation of the material. His seemingly flippant contempt for human society and all its works turns gradually to grave and measured scorn for a particular society too absorbed in trivia to notice the hell of misery and crime beneath its feet. That both these gentlemen have the light touch is not news, but experienced in this unfamiliar context their skill is striking indeed. Their work could not have been bettered; all thanks to the American distributors for choosing them.

Mr. Brown mentions the assassination of Juarès. I could wish he had chosen to use the Socialist leader's final words: "I blame Germany, I blame France, I blame Russia, I blame England, I blame Austria. All are to blame and all will suffer." But that is in any case perfectly clear. To young and old this film says, in facts that are anything but cold, what Stephen Vincent Benét put into words in the troubled Thirties:

We thought the long train would run
to the end of time.
We thought the light would increase.
Now the long train stands derailed
and the bandits loot it.
Now the boar and the asp have power
in our time.
Now the night rolls back on the West
and the night is solid.
Our fathers and ourselves sowed
dragon's teeth.
Our children know and suffer the
armed men.

* * *

"Bitter Rice": The sensationally sexy Silvana Mangano in a melodrama of the Italian rice fields thinly disguised as social criticism.

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

SRL Recommends

Paris 1900: Reviewed in this issue.

All About Eve: Witty, adult satire on the theatre; richly produced, well acted. Should not be missed.

The Glass Menagerie: A deeply moving play transferred literally to the screen, with most of its power intact.

Trio: Masterly telling of three top tales of W. Somerset Maugham.

Difficult Years: A moving study of Italy's "little man" trapped in the coils of Mussolini's Fascist state.

Panic in the Streets: Great direction by Elia Kazan makes this story of a plague outbreak in New Orleans a top-notch offering.

No Way Out: Controversial film about race prejudice. Good performances. Powerful and disturbing.

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"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
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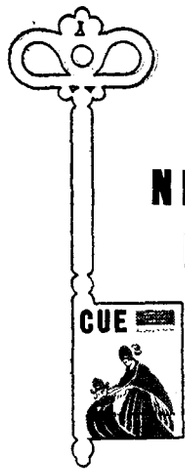

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TV and Radio

ACTION & A GOOD FIVE-CENT CIGAR

SOUND travels at about 1,100 feet per second.

Light travels about 186,000 miles per second.

Somewhere along the way one overtakes the other, and by some miraculous phenomenon not clear to me—but completely clear, I am sure, to any twelve-year-old boy, the little monster—they both appear simultaneously on my television screen.

This is all right with me.

But to the gestative gentlemen in the TV studios who give birth to the ideas for the programs we see—the true creators—to them, this miracle is not enough. Not by a damned sight or sound.

To them light is known as video. Sound is audeo. And not only must sight and sound arrive simultaneously, they must also squeeze through the antenna in unequal proportions—heavy on the video, not so much audeo; for otherwise television will not be television at all, but radio.

Just to see a man sitting quietly on your television screen and, without moving from his chair, saying entertaining things, is a desecration of video, they mutter, and a throwback to audeo. No one bothers to ask, "Is it any good?" Instead, the main question is, "Yes, but is it video?" For television, they tell you, is movies, and everybody is familiar with the cry of "Lights, Camera, Action!" Therefore, so the rule goes, unless there is action, and lots of it, however pointless, television is not television, but radio. They would give up the lights—even give up the camera—but there must be action. No man is going to sit there motionless no matter how high his brow, and no woman—no matter how low her neckline.

Groucho Marx—unrighteous indignation . . .

And then came the first Groucho Marx show on television ("You Bet Your Life," NBC, Thursday, 8:00 PM EST) and the gentlemen in the studios were frustrated and baffled. Here was a man with a new theory—a theory later to become known as the Marxian theory. He conceded nothing to television but what he had to say. Oh yes, he gave them plenty of action. He moved his lips, and bright, adult sounds came out.

The men in the studios met next morning in a hastily called meeting, which opened with a prayer for guidance and an early delivery.

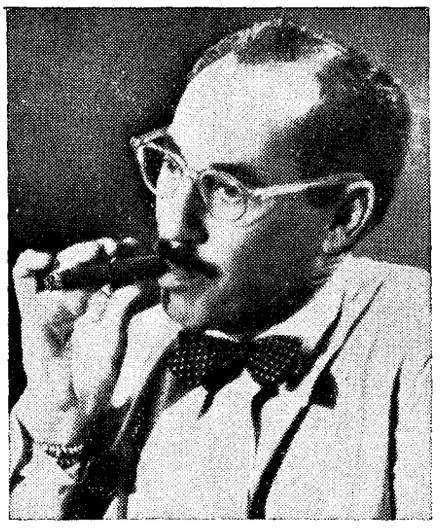
Neither did it help later when *The New York Times*'s review of the Groucho Marx show was brought to the attention of the studio chiefs. Radio and Television Editor Jack Gould stated fearlessly that here was a television show which had been transplanted almost bodily from radio and still was highly entertaining. It did not offend his sensibilities that the only real action was the angle at which the famous Groucho cigar was tilted when one of the quiz contestants made some readily misunderstandable answer to Groucho's brassy questioning. Neither did it bother the audeo audience, which laughed uproariously at what they felt Groucho's cigar indicated he was thinking even before he said it. It didn't matter to the audience before their sets what proportion was video and what proportion was audeo. It was entertaining, and they were happy to be watching it, and listening to it.

A day or two after the Groucho Marx debut my wife telephoned me in Hollywood and read me the review of a certain critic who writes a certain TV and radio column for a certain newspaper.

"Did you read the reviews in Ben Gross's column in *The Daily News*?" she asked. (She can't keep a secret.) She read it to me. Mr. Gross was displeased with the Marx show. This is not TV he said in substance. And then to corn an expression, he added, "This is radio."

When she finished I said, "That is not newspaper. That is telephone."

Later in the week this same opinion on sight and sound appeared in a widely read theatrical paper which we shall call *Spice of Life*. Others call it *Variety*. Since the inception of television it has been the opinion of the radio-TV editor of this weekly, who signs his reviews "Rose," that if a television show lacked action it belonged on radio. Being a critic of both mediums, "Rose" reviews radio with his ears and television with his eyes.



. . . and resigned consternation.

But the gentlemen in the studios, and some of the critics, are not constant in their appraisal of what constitutes good television. They have had high words of praise for such shows as "Who Said That?" (NBC), "This Is Show Business" (CBS), "Meet the Press" (NBC), and others. Agreed, that these are panel shows; but for the most part they are audeo, not video. And hardly a day goes by that some TV studio is not auditioning a table and four chairs and if found to be photogenic they are filled with a panel and a moderator, and a show is born. This is TV. But the Groucho Marx show, so the word goes, is not.

This essay does not advocate the abolishment of action in television. This is only to say that action, or the lack of it, is not the guide-rule by which television ought to be judged. There are and will be shows which will need action to aid the telling of their stories, but there are and will be shows which can be just as entertaining if a man sits there quietly smoking a cigar, and leering through his mustache.

Just which shows will need action, and which will not, is left to the judgment of the gentlemen in the studios whose business it is, as they say in the trade, to iron out the wrinkles, and get rid of the bugs—the pants pressers and the exterminators—but I urge them to place as high a value on adult, intelligent, witty dialogue for television as they do now on violent or slapstick or often witless action.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Television in Review

OCTOBER proved to be a high-intake month for television, the most voracious consumer of talent thus far devised by man. Eddie Cantor threw forty years of show business into the new medium's hungry maw. The result was pleasing: Sir Saucer Eyes is the latest TV darling. Fred Allen fared less fortunately in his first grapple with video: he was lucky to escape with nothing more than a singed bow-tie, but I, for one, am confident the great man will return to triumph on the living-room screen as he has for years in radio.

The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse made its debut Friday, October 6, at 9:00 PM EST over the American Broadcasting Company network. Every week the new Playhouse will present full-hour adaptations of plays, books, and newspaper features that have won the distinguished Pulitzer awards. For its premier performance the new program chose Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's memorable comedy "You Can't Take It with You." Charles Coburn played the philosopher, tax-dodger Grandpa Vanderhoff, and Ella Raines was the "normal" Sycamore daughter in the family of amiable daffies. The prize-winning play, which Hollywood made into a delightful film, turned out in television to be just another diluted three-acter, no better and no worse than the average dramatic fare currently available on the channels.

An inevitable thinning-out process seems to take place in adapting full-length plays to television—even one-hour television (time out for opening, closing, and commercials). Robust characters emaciate into walking shadows. Having no opportunity to know these telescoped individuals, in their nuance, we find it difficult to care about them. The plot marches forward like a military cigarette: people are expendable; the goal is the network cue. Dramatic shows like the superior Philco Playhouse, the Ford and Kraft theatres, which do not limit themselves to stage plays, often achieve better results. They take the essence of a story and attempt a reasonable television treatment instead of slavishly, and sometimes gruesomely, cutting an original play script.

For their second program the producers of The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse presented a dramatized story of how the *Canton* (Ohio) *Daily News* won the 1927 Pulitzer Award in Journalism. Elmer Davis was the narrator. Richard Carlson played a real editor who lost his life fighting civic corruption. Margaret Lindsay was his wife.

This one had something. It derived considerable impact from its authentic base, and it was given a tight, straightforward treatment by Felix Jackson, the author, and Frank Telford, the director-editor. The tale held interest all the way and it was quite moving at times. Regrettably, it aped the stereotyped versions of gross hoodlums and nail-biting racketeers, and the ending was rather trite.

ON THE first two Tuesdays of October, also on the ABC network, at 9:00 PM EST Billy Rose and Jed Harris combined their talents in a venture called "Billy Rose's Playbill." This show features adaptations of yarns from Rose's syndicated newspaper column, "Pitching Horseshoes."

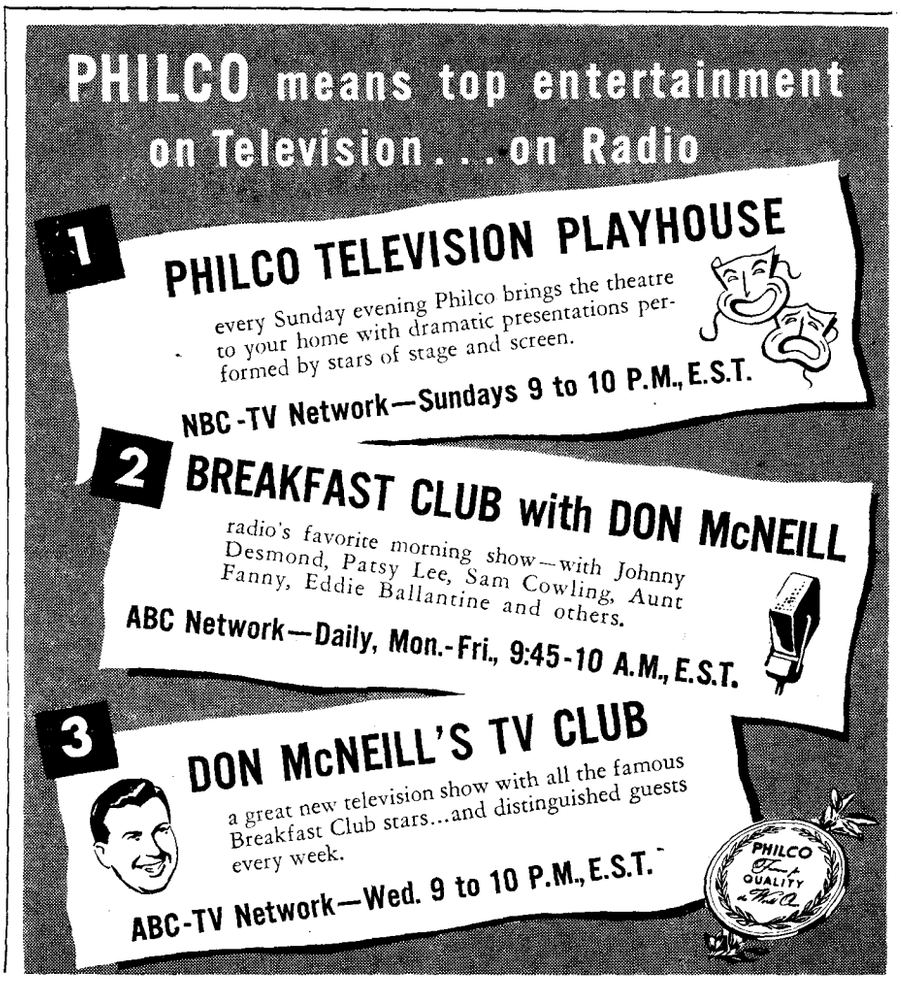
In *Variety* October 11 Harris was quoted as saying that five minutes before the show went on the air he would have given anything to have had his name taken off it. Billy Rose, who appeared on the first program, was absent from the second. Burgess Meredith played Rose in a tale involving the proprietor of the Diamond Horseshoe. This fact warrants at least a surmise that Rose is too shrewd a showman to "act" himself.

At any rate, these two masters of the theatre have lowered their sights considerably for TV. The show aims at a Damon Runyonesque-O. Henry flavor. It achieves neither Runyon nor O. Henry. Rose's stories in his newspaper column are often terse, highly readable anecdotes. They breathe freely in the reader's imagination. Padded for TV—cribbed, cabined, and confined in claustrophobic sets—they suffocate into corn.

Everybody, it seems, must propitiate the insatiable new medium—even if it means scaling the kingdom, the power, and the glory of the theatre down to ten- and twenty-inch mediocrity. The comics, the dancers, the jugglers, and the pitchmen apparently have no trouble at all in making the transition to the lilliputian world of the television screen—but the sweep of man's fate in drama is certainly having a tough time adjusting.

A pleasant surprise of the month was a lady named Ann Shelton, who appeared briefly on the Ken Murray show (CBS, Saturday, 8:00 PM EST). Miss Shelton is an English Kate Smith who sings an exciting "St. Louis Blues." Will the TV masters please arrange for more of Miss Shelton?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.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PHILCO TELEVISION PLAYHOUSE
every Sunday evening Philco brings the theatre to your home with dramatic presentations performed by stars of stage and screen.
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radio's favorite morning show—with Johnny Desmond, Patsy Lee, Sam Cowling, Aunt Fanny, Eddie Ballantine and others.
ABC Network—Daily, Mon.-Fri., 9:45-10 A.M., E.S.T.
3
DON McNEILL'S TV CLUB
a great new television show with all the famous Breakfast Club stars...and distinguished guests every week.
ABC-TV Network—Wed. 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.
PHILCO
QUALITY

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Channel & Dial

TV

SUNDAY

Mrs. Roosevelt Meets the Public NBC 3:30 PM: The gracious note in discussion programs.

Meet the Press NBC 4:00 PM: Knowing newsmen needle important people.

Super Circus ABC 5:00 PM: For the kiddies. Fast - moving circus acts.

Watch the World NBC 5:30 PM: NBC's major education effort in TV.

Showtime—USA ABC 7:30 PM: An American National Theatre & Academy venture. Top talent.

Toast of the Town CBS 8:00 PM: A variety show balanced on a syndicated column—Ed Sullivan's.

Comedy Hour NBC 8:00 PM: Top comics Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, etc., take turns, once a month, wrestling the new medium.

Philco Playhouse NBC 9:00 PM: Veteran, top-drawer, full-hour drama.

Garroway at Large NBC 10:00 PM: Clever youngsters in an informal variety show. Fresh, unique.

MONDAY

Howdy Doody NBC 5:30 PM (through Friday): Most popular of puppets for moppets.

Kukla, Fran, and Ollie NBC 7:00 PM (through Friday): The kid show with the biggest grown-up audience.

Lux Video Theatre CBS 8:00 PM: New, independent show but same idea as its twin—the Lux Radio Theatre.

Godfrey's Talent Scouts CBS 8:30 PM: Mr. Paley's Huckleberry Finn with the golden touch.

The Goldbergs CBS 9:30 PM: The Bronx Fibber McGee and Molly.

Robert Montgomery Presents NBC 9:30 PM: The Be Happy-Go Lucky (Strike) troupe steals the show. A good example of how elaborate commercials overwhelm everything.

Studio One CBS 10:00 PM: The first experimental TV-dramatic show. Not so experimental these days.

TUESDAY

Texaco Star Theatre NBC 8:00 PM: The infectious irrepressible Mr. Berle.

Billy Rose's Playbill ABC 9:00 PM: The joint TV effort of two important Broadway showmen. (Reviewed this issue.)

Can You Top This? ABC 9:30 PM: Straight jokes by veteran jokesters.

WEDNESDAY

Four Star Revue NBC 8:00 PM: More revolving clowns—Ed Wynn, Danny Thomas, and Jack Carson alternate.

Kraft Television Theatre NBC 9:00 PM: Better kraftsmanship in drama.

THURSDAY

George Burns and Gracie Allen CBS 8:00 PM: Radio's patient Adam and invincible Eve delightful on TV.

You Bet Your Life NBC 8:00 PM: Video version of Groucho Marx radio show. Funny — proving it's the comedian, not the medium.

Alan Young Show CBS 9:00 PM: One of the promising younger comics.

FRIDAY

Mama CBS 8:00 PM: Peggy Wood—good to the last drop of sentiment.

Man Against Crime CBS 8:30 PM: Ralph Bellamy—a private eye competently beaten to a pulp.

We the People NBC 8:30 PM: Human-interest vaudeville.

Ford Theatre Hour CBS 9:00 PM: One of the superior drama programs.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse ABC 9:00 PM. (Reviewed in this issue.)

SATURDAY

Ken Murray Show CBS 8:00 PM: Generally amusing acts behind ubiquitous beer suds.

Show of Shows NBC 9:00 PM: Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, two very funny people.

Radio

SUNDAY

Invitation to Learning CBS 11:35 AM: Refresher course in the classics.

The Eternal Light NBC 12:30 PM: Dramatic experiences of an ancient people. Well written, often moving.

NBC Theatre NBC 3:00 PM: Effective dramatizations of great novels.

Author Meets the Critics ABC 5:00 PM: New books cozily discussed.

Jack Benny CBS 7:00 PM: The case of the fossilized format. Familiar echoes of yesterday's laughter.

Amos 'N' Andy CBS 7:30 PM: Age cannot wither—nor custom stale.

Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy CBS 8:00 PM: Still good. Knock on wood.

Theatre Guild on the Air NBC 8:30 PM: The old Washington Square Players tempered by United States Steel.

Information Please MBS 10:00 PM: Still stumping along with the experts.

MONDAY

Dave Garroway NBC 1:15 PM (through Friday): Good entertainment, good taste.

Godfrey's Talent Scouts CBS 8:30 PM: Simulcast of TV show.

The Firestone Hour NBC 8:30 PM: Good music, white tie and tails.

The Telephone Hour NBC 9:00 PM: Rings the bell for music lovers.

Lux Radio Theatre CBS 9:00 PM: The original and still the slickest.

United or Not ABC 10:00 PM: United Nations correspondents huddling with U. N. delegates and getting guarded replies.

TUESDAY

Baby Snooks Show with Fanny Brice NBC 8:00 PM: Glorifying the American brat.

Bob Hope Show NBC 9:00 PM: The gag grows heavy around the middle.

America's Town Meeting of the Air ABC 9:00 PM: Where the minds never meet; some light, much heat.

Fibber McGee and Molly NBC 9:30 PM: Fun at Wistful Vista.

WEDNESDAY

The Halls of Ivy NBC 8:00 PM: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. No resemblance to real campus life but urbane, pleasant, and constructive.

You Bet Your Life NBC 9:00 PM: Groucho Marx as a quizmaster. Consistently the funniest man on the air.

The Bing Crosby Show CBS 9:30 PM: A golden voice in a wilderness of synthetic chatter.

THURSDAY

The Aldrich Family NBC 8:00 PM: Middletown, USA, as the sociological Lynds never found it.

Suspense CBS 9:00 PM: One of the more artful crime shows.

FRIDAY

Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet ABC 9:00 PM: A real family engagingly playing a real family.

The Big Story NBC 9:30 PM: Same as TV show noted above.

SATURDAY

University of Chicago Round Table 1:30 PM: Tough oak for strong teeth. Serious, learned, and bold.

First Piano Quartet NBC 6:30 PM: Four pianists. Top works. A treat.

Hopalong Cassidy CBS 8:30 PM: That's all, podner.

(All times in these listings are Eastern Standard. Please check your newspaper for local times and stations.)

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The Film Forum

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The films reviewed *below present significant developments in the field of medicine. With dramatic and realistic force, they show how men can and do work with good conscience in the service of mankind.*

In connection with these reviews two new catalogues are noteworthy. A 137-page "Cumulative Index of Professional Motion Picture Films," compiled by the Academy-International of Medicine, is being sold by the Hall Lithographing Co., 623 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kansas, at $4.65 a copy. "Recent Health Films," a seventy-four-page catalogue compiled by Emily S. Jones, is published by the Educational Film Library Assn., Suite 1000, 1600 Broadway, New York, and sells at $1 a copy. A systematic evaluation of medical films for professional use is being undertaken by the Medical Film Institute of the Association of American Medical Colleges, 2 E. 103rd St., New York.

CHALLENGE: SCIENCE AGAINST CANCER

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada and the Medical Film Institute of the Association of American Medical Colleges. Distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. Sale price. $45. (30 min.)

The struggle to conquer cancer has been dramatized on film many times, but never with the depth and sensitivity of this film. "Challenge: Science Against Cancer" does more than warn against the dangers of ignoring recognizable symptoms and shows what can be done to cure some cancers. It goes far beneath the surface to present cancer as a special medical problem. Striking new techniques in animation show how the growth of the cell by mitosis in a predetermined pattern makes us grow in the ordinary way. What causes one set of cells to grow and multiply into malignant cancers, the film explains, is still a mystery as great as life itself. But patiently and perseveringly men all over the world are tracking down the answers to thousands of questions.

By allaying fears rather than aggravating them, by being specific rather than vague, and by relating the problem of cancer to many other problems, the film achieves an overall excellence which earns for it the highest praise. Excellent as it is, however, the film is not organized and edited as precisely as it might be. A less obtrusive musical score would also have improved it, since the film without the music would be about as dramatic as an audience could take.

More than any other film yet produced, this one is an inspiring account of science at work for the good of all. High-school and college students should all be given a chance to see it. A shortened version is being prepared for theatrical use later this winter. Credit for this outstanding production, which recently won an award at the Venice film festival, goes to Guy Glover, producer; Morton Parker, director; Maurice Constant, script writer; and medical consultants Bernard Dryer, Dr. David Ruhe, and Dr. V. F. Bazilauskas. Music was composed by Louis Applebaum, and the commentary is read effectively by Raymond Massey.

THE ETERNAL FIGHT. Produced by Carroll Productions for the United Nations. Distributed by the U. N. Film Division, 1600 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Rental, $4. (18 min.)

An epidemic in Egypt or Malaya or India can mean danger to anyone anywhere in the world now that, for better or worse, international trade and travel bring all countries so much closer together. This film shows how the World Health Organization roots out communicable disease wherever it may exist before it reaches epidemic stage. As thrilling as a detective story, this is one of the more important of the U. N. films, which as a whole have, unfortunately, been disappointing.

INVISIBLE ARMOUR. Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. Sale $50, rental $2.50. (20 min.)

This is the story of how one woman managed to inaugurate an effective campaign against diphtheria among preschool children in her small home town. Pleasantly, and step by step, the film shows how everyone, doctors and citizens, worked together to put over a community-sponsored health service.

JOURNEY INTO MEDICINE. Produced by Affiliated Film Producers for the State Department. Distributed by Castle Division of United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y. Sale price, $46.84. (39 min.)

This is an extraordinarily moving account of one man's journey into medicine as a life's work, from struggling student to full-fledged doctor with a career in public health. Produced for overseas use, the film is now available here and should be of particular value in introducing medicine to those who may be considering it as a career for themselves. Exciting and often brilliant, "Journey Into Medicine" was directed by Willard Van Dyke, with script by Irving Jacoby and photography by Boris Kaufman.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

The story of "unofficial" religion in Russia

Russian Nonconformity

By SERGE BOLSHAKOFF

▶This is the little-known story of the Christian groups in Russia who have had to struggle for existence because they lacked official approval.

Here are tales, not only of bizarre, unconventional sects, but also of such influential groups as the Russian Baptists and Russian Catholics. The author shows, in writing about them, that there is hope for Christianity behind the Iron Curtain, and that this is a basis for the establishment of greater human freedom in Russia.

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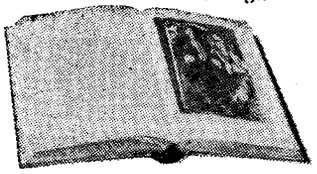

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

PAX C'EST WUNDERBAR

LAUSANNE.

THE SWISS like to feel they are as neutral as a bowl of farina. In these days of arms over ethics the Swiss enforce their neutrality with a citizen army that can be mobilized overnight. Unless a man has two heads he is enrolled at the age of seventeen, spends three weeks every year doing military service, and he keeps his rifle in his house. When the cavalry had horses, the army let its riders buy their steeds at half price and keep them at home to work on the farm. The cavalry, like the milkman, has been mechanized, but a cavalryman can now purchase a jeep at cut rate if he promises to keep it in good condition and turn up with it on M-day.

Swiss states are called cantons, and although the Government is a confederation of the cantons, hardly one out of every five Swiss can tell you the president's name. He is, in fact, a titular chief—one of seven federal councilors chosen by the legislature from a slate advanced by the political parties. Councilors are chosen for life, but a joint session of both houses of the legislature must confirm each councilor every year. Councilors assume the presidency by rotation, although a formal election is held among the council members just for the devil of it. The current president is Max Petitpierre. He was pointed out to me in front of the capitol at Bern the other day, and I can report that he is tall and rather lean, that he has a heavy jaw, and that he wore a blue pin-striped suit and a crumpled gray homburg. The open-air fruit and vegetable market which convenes on the square in front of the capitol every Thursday and Saturday morning was just dismantling. Mr. Petitpierre was quite alone, being surrounded neither by secret-service agents nor a horde of cronies from his home canton, which happens to be Neuchatel. He paused merely to greet an acquaintance, an encounter which by Swiss custom involves lifting the hat fully a foot from the head, bowing slightly from the waist, and rendering an audible word of greeting.

If he chose to render it in German, Mr. Petitpierre's greeting, which was inaudible to my ears, could have been offered in a variety of expressions. Although true German would be *Guten Tag*, the Swiss switch back and forth among such localisms as *Grüss Gott*, *Grützi*, *Grüss*, and sometimes they say hello by using *Ciaio*, which is Italian for "so long." A Swiss would consider *Dankeshön* much too Germanic a way to say "thank you." They prefer to mix two of their four national languages, and usually come out with *merci viel mal*. To the ear accustomed to English, Swiss German sounds not unakin to Dutch, a language fraught with the snorts that derive from double a's, double o's, and c-h's skidded the length of the palette.

—*Max Kettel, courtesy of Swiss National Tourist Office.*

Lausanne University students—"hardly a yodel."

ALTHOUGH most of the country speaks Swiss German, a number of localities prefer to exercise their own private influences on the tongue. In Bern a boy is a "*giel*." In Basel he is a "*biebli*," in Zurich a "*bueb*." A girl "*mädchen*" in German, becomes a "*meitschi*" in Bern, a "*maitli*" in Zurich, and a "*maidli*" in Basel. In addition to all this, French is the official language in the general area around Lake Geneva, and Italian in the Swiss peninsula that fits between the Italian lakes. Up in the Grisons, an area that encompasses the resorts of St. Moritz and Davos, the natives speak a fourth official language known as Romansch, an ancient Latin tongue that looks like a mixture of Italian and French. Sample:

L'avrigl ch'el fetscha che ch'el vöglia,
il mai—quel vain cun erb'e föglia.

translation:

April does what it will
But May brings grass and leaves.

Many Swiss, particularly those whom the tourists are likely to meet, speak excellent English. In answer to those who complain that the Swiss have produced so few artists, there are many who insist that the youth has always been so busy learning languages that they have never had time to become painters, musicians, poets, or philosophers. At any rate, the combination of the German language fraught with words of endless length, with the Swiss penchant for technocratic progress—if nothing else—has helped the neon-sign builders. When night falls over Lucerne, blue neon letters advise the world of the location of the Schweizerische Lebensversicherungs und Rentenanstalt.

In the Swiss concept the American is a man who owns a car, has wads of money, and exists on a diet of steak and Coca-Cola. On the other hand, the American sees the Swiss

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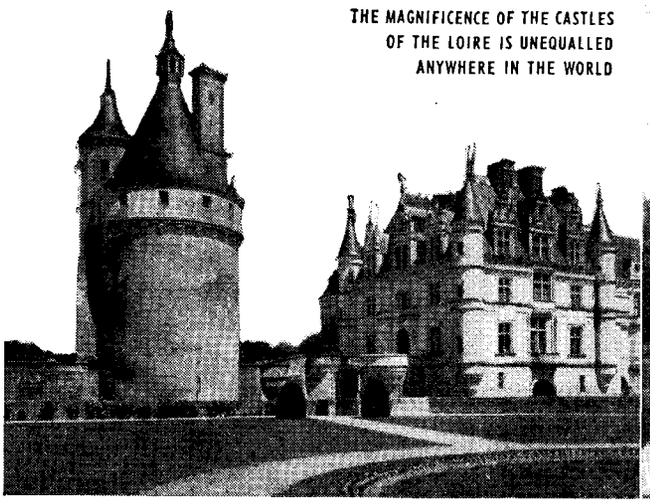

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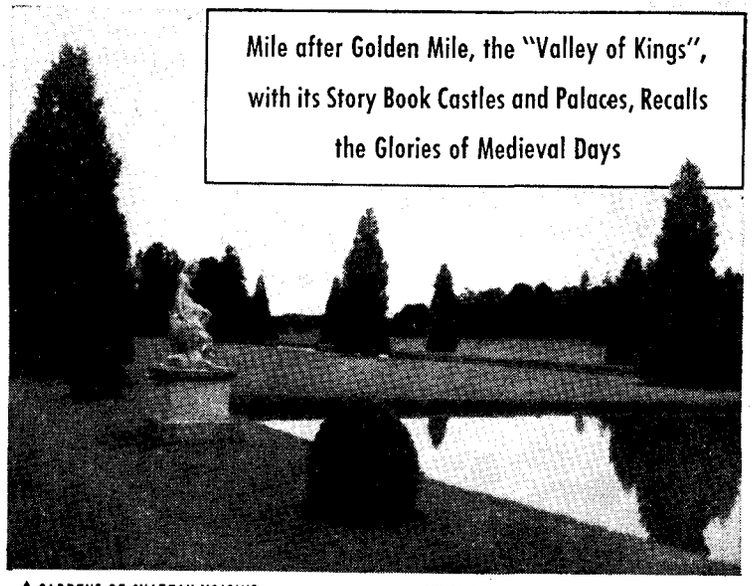
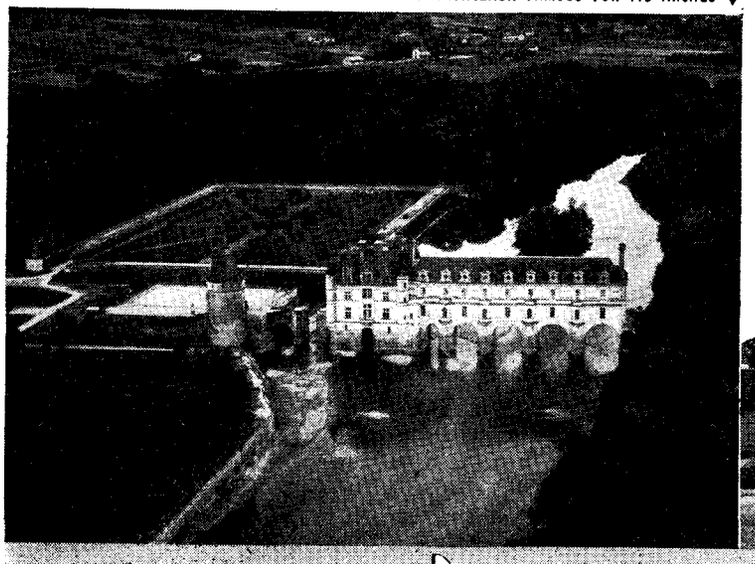


▲ GARDENS OF CHATEAU VOISINS

CHENONCEAUX FAMOUS FOR ITS ARCHES ▼

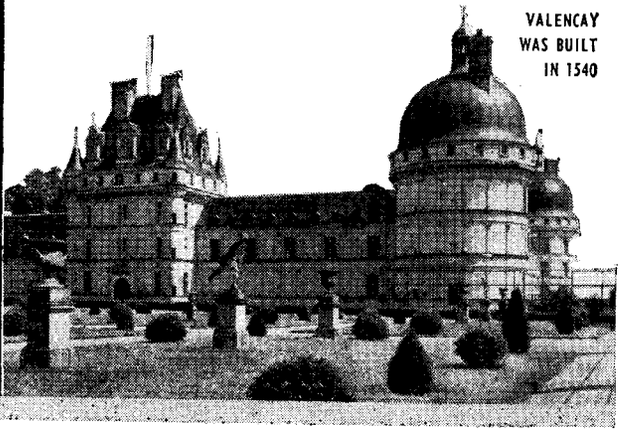


A "must" for Americans in France is the chateau district of the Loire Valley. Three hours or so from Paris, *via* Tours or Blois, you'll find yourself in a fabled land, rich in history—a land of incredible beauty. Moated castles, kingly palaces, vast gardens and hunting parks, extend for miles along the meandering stream.

Ussé is where The Prince awakened Sleeping Beauty "while time stood still for love." Here bold Chenonceaux bestrides the river Cher . . . And that gem of all, Chambord—which took 2000 workers 18 years to build! The magnificent architecture of these centuries old feudal monuments is equalled only by their sumptuous interiors: great curving stairways, rich tapestries and statuary, wondrous carvings. . . .

This is one of many cultural adventures awaiting you to make a never-to-be-forgotten holiday.

Your travel agent handles reservations without additional charge. For information, booklets, write S6, Box 221, New York 10.



VALENCAY WAS BUILT IN 1540

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as a self-satisfied individual who sits within the protective confines of a ring of Alps making watches, cheese, chocolate, and peace. To have a wild time the Swiss yodels or perhaps opens a music box. Actually, hardly a yodel is ever heard outside the folklore evenings, which are produced each week of the summer season in the kursaals of the tourist centers. And the music boxes, like the Folies Bergère, are only for Americans. The newest ones tinkle out the inescapable notes of the "Third Man Theme." If you have a spare eighty dollars you can get a mechanical bird in a brass cage which whistles and flaps its wings. If you have a spare $600 you can get a life-sized bear carved out of wood. Wood carving is a specialty of the Bernese Oberland. Cuckoo clocks, an item of manufacture of which Switzerland has been accused, are actually made in Austria and brought here to unload on the passing tourist.

Switzerland has watch stores the way we have drug stores. There is one on every corner and a few in the middle of the block. To enter one is to walk through a field of crickets. There are watches which tell the phases of the moon; watches that fit inside U. S. twenty-dollar gold pieces ($700); watches that tell the time simultaneously in Oslo, Moscow, Baghdad, Singapore, the Fiji Islands, Skagway, and a number of other handy suburbs ($630); watches built inside a clear crystal case ($920); watches that make your wrist shudder like a pneumatic drill when the alarm goes off ($160); watches that are less than a quarter of an inch square ($1,190-$2,450, depending upon the setting); watches that keep your golf score, and watches that tell the time.

ALTHOUGH there are no border formalities in Switzerland, it is unlikely that they will let you leave the country unless you have indulged in a fondue. A specialty of the Western regions, fondue is a combine of melted cheese and flour, flavored with garlic, white wine, and kirsch. Kirsch, should you be *that* uninformed, is a colorless form of kerosene which the Swiss serve as a liqueur. When all these separate goodies are bubbling convulsively in an enamel pot, all the players gather round, each with his own fork. The fondue fancier spears a piece of bread with his fork, swishes it around in the pot, and eats it. Fondue is a meal in itself, but the uninitiated are warned not to drink anything cold while eating a fondue, upon penalty of having bowling balls form in the belly. Those who inadvertently drop a piece of bread in the pot are expected to buy a bottle of wine. Those who eat fondue are expected to go to a special fondue restaurant, or if in a regular restaurant, they should retire to a separate room. The management will doubtless insist upon it, for fondue has fumes.

Americans will also find in Switzerland, an Alpine range of pastry which, by habit, is attacked each afternoon at five. The Swiss don't go in for our wild candy-bar concoctions, but hundreds of different kinds of plain, flat chocolate bars are piled in handy shops.

Cautious as a maiden aunt, the Swiss forbid certain movies to those of certain ages. Lately, stands have been built outside the theatres, which advertise "French Fried Popcorn." Most moving pictures, regardless of how thrilling, are interrupted in the middle, and the house lights thrown on while vendors scatter through the theatre selling ice cream.

Although they like American cars, and they drive fast, most Swiss have to be content with bicycles, which are parked in slits provided in the sidewalks. The sight of hundreds of bicycles left unguarded in the cities here moved one visiting South American to wonder why more bikes weren't stolen. "Why should anyone steal a bicycle?" a Swiss asked. "Most everyone *has* a bicycle."

In the Italian part of the country the hardier males smoke a long, ugly, cigarlike contraption known as a *brissago*. It looks like a root, and smokes just as well. To light it one needs a taper, which the manufacturer thoughtfully slips inside each cigar. Some Swiss indulge in the bulbous pipes popular in Bavaria, but otherwise the citizenry is satisfied with Swiss brands with such un-Swiss names as "Memphis Jonny," "Memphis Masters," "Gold Dollar," "American Club," and "Kansas" (which comes in a stars-and-stripes package). Nobody can deny that the American influence has spread far and wide. And what better example than the brochure of the elegant Palace Hotel in Gstaad, which bears the notation "*Notre hot jazz band est remarkable*"?

—HORACE SUTTON.

CARTE BLANCHE
(For God's sake, take Blanche home!)

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DOUBLEDAY

Wild Evening

By Elizabeth Anthony

POUR wild evening light upon the city!
Fill day's vacant dome with awful flame
Rolling out of the deep West in a pyre
Until the vast sky whirls with color of lightning
And the city's blind eyes glare with bluish fire.

Cry wild evening wind unto the city!
Cry brittleness of steel, cry prophecy
Before the sky line merges with the night:
Call notice to the crouching captive lion,
To madmen's sinews, to all imprisoned might.

Yet an hour the artifice prevails.
Cry wild evening wind above the city
One last unheeded time, oh wind cry pity!

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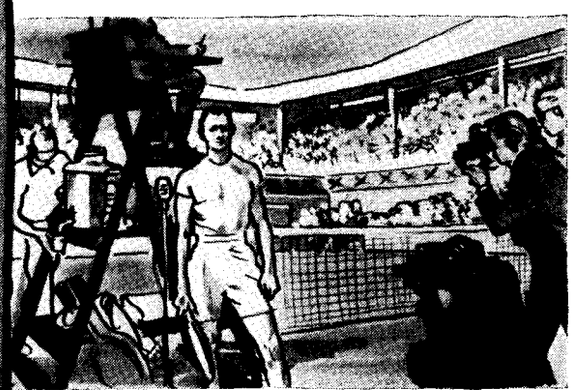

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NEW EDITIONS

THE PAPERS that compose A. C. Bradley's "Oxford Lectures on Poetry" (Macmillan, $2.50) are now nearly fifty years old, and some of the ideas expressed in them have become the common property of younger critics, while others have been the targets of hot attack; but Bradley should be read in his own words, which gave form to the thoughts of one of the keenest critical intelligences of our century—and here is a chance to read him. The subjects are various, but all well within range of the author's competence: "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," "The Sublime," "Hegel's Theory of Tragedy," "Wordsworth," "The Long Poem in the Age of Wordsworth," "Shelley's View of Poetry," "The Letters of Keats," and four Shakespearean studies, including "The Rejection of Falstaff."

The first of these papers, in which Bradley insisted on the indivisibility of substance and form in poetry, asserting that the whole meaning of a poem can be given only in the exact words of the poem itself, is a rock on which some later critics have built their mansions. Hardly less important—and sure proof that he understood the workings of the creative imagination—is his argument that the writing of a poem is an act of progressive discovery by the poet of what he wishes to say, that it is "discovery and creation in one." Speaking specifically, he declares: "Goethe himself could never have told the world what he was going to express in the First Part of 'Faust'; the poem told *him*, and it is one of the world's greatest. He knew too well what he was going to express in the Second Part, and with all its wisdom and beauty it is scarcely a great poem." It would be pleasant to devote a dozen columns to Bradley, but I shall only quote a line that reveals his critical modesty in strong contrast to the arrogance now fashionable in certain circles. Having said what he had to say about some long poems of the Wordsworthian age, he concludes: "Such, at least, is my experience; and in the end a critic can only offer to others his considered experience."

To Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, whose charming and instructive book "On the Art of Writing" has been reissued by Putnam's ($3), the title of critic would doubtless be denied by a number of the more austere and recondite critical practitioners of our enlightened day. "Q" steadfastly refused to be obscure, and he insisted on covering a vast literary territory with intelligence, knowledge, taste, and communicative enthusiasm. These traits are hardly calculated to endear him to those who would make criticism a highly specialized, almost mystical craft, and an ugly as well as an arduous business. But, when the final accounts are cast, it may be found that Sir Arthur served literature more fully and more truly than have those who are quick to condescend to him. His lectures on the art of writing, delivered at Cambridge from his chair as King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, show him in happy vein; and, as always, he is a bubbling fountain of apposite quotations.

Readers who would collect a library of good books at low cost are enjoying increasing opportunities. The Modern Library has now entered the really low-priced field with its College Editions (65¢ each). Here are true bargains, for these books are printed from the clean-cut, legible plates of the regular Modern Library editions, on good paper, and are cased in a flexible binding that makes for easy handling while promising fair durability. The series is notable, too, for the excellence of its introductions. I can only list the titles I have seen, but the mere list is impressive: "The Iliad" (Lang, Leaf, and Meyers), "Seven Famous Greek Plays," "The Divine Comedy" (Carlyle-Wicksteed version), "Eight Famous Elizabethan Plays," six of Molière's "Plays," Goethe's "Faust" (Bayard Taylor), Machiavelli's "Prince and Discourses," Emerson's "Essays and Other Writings," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels and Other Writings," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones," Dickens's "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities," Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," Emily's "Wuthering Heights," Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility," Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge," Turgeniev's "Fathers and Sons," Balzac's "Père Goriot and Eugénie Grandet," Wordsworth's "Selected Poetry."—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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LIFE ON THE TINSEL STANDARD

(*Continued from page 10*)

want him to reflect in his work the issues of our time. They are, moreover, emancipated from the genteel tradition and do not scorn the comic strip or film or radio, although they are not always successful in using these instruments. Among them, James Farrell and Dwight Macdonald are particularly clear in their statements.

"In America," says Mr. Farrell, "a tremendous commercial culture has developed as a kind of substitute for a genuinely popular, a genuinely democratic culture." By his definition, a democratic culture "would re-create and thus communicate how the mass of the people live, how they feel about working, loving, enjoying, suffering, and dying." But, "owing to basic economic causes, something of the most profound significance has happened in American culture: it has been invaded by finance capital. American commercial culture is owned and operated by finance capital." Finance capital is responsible for the conditions of American life which "create alienated and truncated personalities. . . . The conditions of earning one's bread in this society create the lonely modern man." Mr. Farrell sees the movies answering a desperate want of companionship, presenting again and again "the same reveries, the same day dreams, the same childish fables of success and happiness. So much of the inner life of men is dried up that they tend to become filled with yearnings and to need . . . consolation. Tastes are thus conditioned."

The movies serve the finance-capitalistic state because most of them "distract the masses of the people from becoming more clearly aware of their real needs; . . . they distract people from the real and most important problems of life. A culture . . . should help to create those states of consciousness, of awareness of one's self, of others, and of the state of the world, which aid in making people better, and in preparing them to make the world better." (Substitute "citizens of the Soviet state" for "people" and the categorical imperative would be accepted in Moscow.)

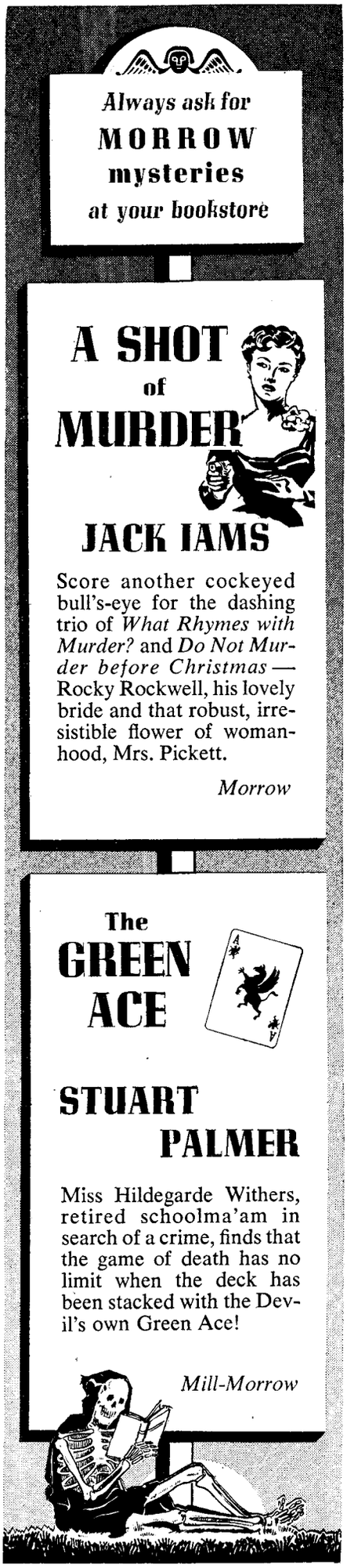
In other passages Mr. Farrell's contempt for the film as entertainment is made clear. "What serious person in the whole world history of mankind has ever argued that in order to bring light to a darkened world . . . it is necessary to entertain?" he asks, discussing war propaganda films and Hollywood's insistence that films with serious messages must be successful at the box office. "Did Jesus Christ and the Twelve Apostles believe that in order to spread the Gospel they had to do so with entertainment? . . . When you really teach, you do not need to entertain."

Dwight Macdonald's position strikes

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
EXIT THIS WAY *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Desmond Shannon rides again, on wisecracks and quick trigger, to get last-minute chair reprieve for Manhattan Crime Syndicate head. Murders galore, Shannon unscathed.	Exciting if you can take synthetic, warmed-over ingredients, impossible mastermind escapes, unlikely dialogue, unlikier motives. Printing shoddy, too—for $2.50.	So what?
THE GREEN ACE *Stuart Palmer* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Scheduled Sing-Sing chair candidate protests innocence in murder of sexy blonde. Hildegarde Withers, with Inspector Piper panting behind all over Manhattan, does fast redealing of suspects.	Not much logic here but intriguing puzzle and you can't wither Hildegarde nohow.	Oh, sure
NEVER SAY DIE *Ione Sandberg Shriber* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Morphine missing after death of wealthy accident victim. Nurse dies: verdict suicide. But friend suspects foul play and more in store for beleaguered young heiress in country mansion.	Bodes well as good old-fashioned, genteel mystery, sans psychology and tough guys, but slips on attempt at subjective terror into downhill solution.	Disappointing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MURDER
JACK IAMS
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Morrow
The
GREEN
ACE
STUART
PALMER
Miss Hildegarde Withers, retired schoolma'am in search of a crime, finds that the game of death has no limit when the deck has been stacked with the Devil's own Green Ace!
Mill-Morrow

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me as being somewhat less doctrinaire; T. S. Eliot has said that it is the only position opposed to his own for which he has much respect. In an essay on "High and Popular Culture" Macdonald has developed these points: The old upper-class monopoly of culture has been broken down by political democracy and mass education, and capitalism has found a market for mass-culture products; in order to sell their movies, phonograph records, reprint books, and the like, the dealers in these products manipulate the cultural needs of the people; they do not satisfy popular taste (as Robert Burns did)—they exploit it. On one side popular culture is a continuation of folk art, but it is also a vulgarized reflection of high culture, and the pressure on artists has become so great that they now must compete with the merchants of popular art—because bad stuff, following Gresham's law, drives out good. A generation or so ago the avant-garde did not compete, the theatre had not degraded itself into being a feeder for the movies, and the movies themselves had a small coterie of artists, including Griffith and Chaplin. Now the theatre and the movies are at the same level, and the movies, though better entertainment, are worse art. Since the popular arts feed foolish myths to the people and at the same time draw down the level of the great arts, the exploitation of popular taste becomes a serious threat to democracy.

I HAVE always found the Marxists' analysis of the past more persuasive than their prophetic vision; and these two non-Stalinist dissections of the present state of popular culture seem to me impressive because they deal with a possible situation: the creation of a democratic art. They also imply the alternative: the development of a popular art which will end with the robotization of humanity. Mr. Eliot's position is irrelevant to my interests because I neither foresee (nor desire to experience) the creation of a highly stratified aristocratic and hierarchic state in America. His own early poetry indicates that he once was influenced by, and perhaps even took pleasure in, one of the popular arts, in his use of the rhythms of jazz to contrast with the stately phrases of the past. But I feel that he is not a useful guide to the politics of democratic culture precisely because he has turned his back on the reasonably possible future.

The popular arts in a capitalist society reflect the ethics and practices and mythology of capitalism. But we are also in a democratic society which is not totally capitalist, and the popular arts do not sufficiently reflect the ethics and the aspirations of a democracy. Holding no grudge against entertainment, I feel that the failure of the popular arts rises from the low value placed on them by the exploiters who are willing to provide entertainment for a mass minority; they neglect the profit and honor they could win if they cultivated the entire field instead of plowing and harrowing the same lower forty over and over again. I differ from Mr. Farrell because I do not believe as devoutly as he does in the mission of the arts, great or small; I see a place even for entertainment that distracts and limits, provided it does not monopolize the field, provided even those who care for the cheapest kind of diversion are exposed at intervals to other types of entertainment.

My difference with Mr. Macdonald is largely one of approach. He seems to feel that the big battalions cannot be on the side of God and that mass entertainment under capitalism is condemned to operate on a quick turnover of the cheapest and shoddiest goods. Neither he nor Mr. Farrell allows sufficiently for the particular arrangements of the movie industry —for instance, the system of distribution which dominates the methods of production and which is not the only system capable of operating with profit—they seem to assume that the present combinations are not only typically capitalist but unchangeable. They may be right, but I do not believe they are. The manipulators of public taste will change their methods under pressure and give us new kinds of pictures and programs if that is the only way for them to make a profit.

I differ with Mr. Macdonald also in his dark diagnosis of the ills of the superior artist who is compelled to compromise with his inferiors. He appears to believe that expanding capitalism drove between the artist and the people, forcing them apart, and compelled the artist to work for a small, appreciative fringe group; but, as I have noted in the preceding section, it seems equally fair to say that the artist in America took the initiative, rejecting the woes and passions of the average man, and then complained that he was not appreciated.

It is a misfortune that this tradition of hostility between the artist and the people should persist in the age of mass entertainment. As each new medium comes into being the intellectual shies away. In fifty years of movies many first-rate novels and plays have been adapted, but few writers of the first order have tried to master the movies as a craft, as a new mode of expression for themselves. In radio's brief span one American poet, Archibald MacLeish, has been conspicuously represented by a work expressly written to be broadcast; there have been one or two others who half-heartedly tried their hands at the job, without troubling too much to learn the capacities and the limitations of the instrument; I know of no attempt made by broadcasters to enlist poets. The only complete reconciliation between the American artist-intellectual and the average man came between Pearl Harbor and the death of President Roosevelt; we have reverted since to an armed truce, with serious threats of open conflict. The Congressional ferret is only a symptom of a sustained effort to make all intellectual activity appear disloyal; modern painting, progressive education, serious fiction, purely theoretical approaches to sexual problems, have been as viciously attacked in Congress or in the press as the Mendelian law in the Soviet Union. We are still able to fight back at encroachments on our civil liberties, but the atmosphere of free activity in which the speculative mind lives is being polluted. The attack is so determined, and the defense so splintered, that Huey Long's prediction of a dictatorship may come true in the realm of the intellect long before our actual political liberty is jeopardized; and, as Long suggested, it will be 100-per-cent American.

Gilbert Seldes is author of "The Seven Lively Arts." This essay is drawn from "The Great Audience," published October 27 by Viking Press.

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STENDHAL

(Continued from page 25)

intention was Stendhal in 'The Red and the Black.'" Its hero, Julien Sorel, Maugham holds, "is one of the most interesting characters that a novelist has ever created." One might say that the form and scope of the novel changed greatly once men like Proust and Gide absorbed the lessons of Stendhal.

Julien Sorel is a *possible* version of Stendhal himself (all of whose works were autobiographical). He is, in fact, modern man as "divided personality," calculating and passionate, torn between his ambitions and his ideals. More clearly than others Stendhal foresaw that the new century was to be an affair of coal and iron, was to be given over to the naked struggles of individuals and classes for power. In this world, so vastly different from the genteel old regime he had known before the French Revolution—with old faiths and values lost and no new goals defined—his Julien Sorels were to carry on their "pursuit of happiness" as best they could. "I have been ambitious; I have followed the [real] morals of my time," cries Julien, in recapitulation. Stendhal was the son of a severely Royalist father but had "liberated" himself at the time of the great Revolution. In all his novels he relived and rewrote the story of his own rebellious youth. And to this may be attributed his recurrent appeal to latter-day readers—especially at such confused and agitated periods of history as the present.

The peace that followed the downfall of Napoleon, paralleling our own time, was also one of disillusionment and unrest. Indeed, Stendhal believed that it was a new Age of Darkness: censors guarded the press; police spies tracked down wicked liberals or hurried them into exile. Yet, admirably enough, while he waited for the end of the political and cultural night that had fallen over Europe, Stendhal retained his sanity, his love of life, his readiness to laugh at himself and the world. His protests were voiced generally with an irony that was good-humored as well as subtle; his real indignation was concealed in the form of Stendhalian wit. Such was the strategy of resistance, so to say, by which he was enabled to survive, and from which men of later times may take counsel.

Matthew Josephson is the author of biographies of Stendhal and Victor Hugo as well as several books on American history.

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E. Residents of the country in Word S.	107 18 56 82 39
F. Habitually walking or swimming backwards (zool.).	21 45 182 98 1 86 17 154 135 66
G. A division of the Western Finns.	89 62 117 25 93
H. One who carries a club.	33 180 37 2 176 81 30 138
I. An effervescent liquor like kumiss, made of fermented milk, used for food or medicine in the Caucasus.	34 85 118 50 184
J. Monsters, half lion and half eagle, used for decoration (Gr. art; var. sp.).	162 110 121 24 136 157 177 48
K. Putting on airs of superiority (colloq.).	80 15 170 99 146 36
L. An excited palpitation.	76 57 14 6 44 94 163 70 101
M. English writer of books for boys (1832-1902; "With Roberts to Pretoria," etc.).	120 183 142 35 23

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Ancient appellation of Rome, as a "City."	127 178 105 4 164 72 95
O. Unlucky; disastrous (comp.).	165 5 43 172 113 13 47 67 130 100
P. A wry face; a grimace.	59 7 187 40 139
Q. In S. Africa, a mischievous spirit friendly to children, a short little man living in water.	28 140 8 147 42 69 122 150
R. The royal residence in the Netherlands (prefaced by "The").	167 166 11 96 125
S. Baltic Sea republic annexed in 1940 by USSR.	189 68 153 32 116 41 171
T. The joint hero of popular stories by Montague Glass.	88 26 149 132 169 29
U. To produce an effect; to perform a labor.	143 112 102 161 53 155 63
V. Applied by the Federalists to the War of 1812.	91 156 78 22 46 128 111 148
W. A bone of the ear.	79 83 115 173 103 134 137 90
X. A parting salutation (Hebrew word; Bib.).	27 114 73 131 185 49
Y. Affirmed earnestly.	87 123 108 174 159 145 133 60 186 55 75
Z. Author of several books on "Father Brown."	109 84 74 61 119 20 188 38 179 10

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 F	2 H	3 A	4 N	5 O	6 L	7 P	8 Q	9 D	10 Z	11 R
	12 A	13 O	14 L	15 K	16 D	17 F	18 E		19 B	20 Z	21 F	22 V	23 M		24 J	25 G
26 T	27 X		28 Q	29 T	30 H		31 A	32 S	33 H	34 I		35 M	36 K	37 H	38 Z	
39 E	40 P	41 S	42 Q	43 O		44 L	45 F	46 V	47 O	48 J		49 X	50 I	51 C		52 A
53 U	54 C	55 Y		56 E	57 L	58 B	59 P	60 Y	61 Z		62 G	63 U	64 B	65 D	66 F	67 O
68 S	69 Q	70 L		71 B	72 N	73 X	74 Z	75 Y		76 L	77 B	78 V	79 W	80 K	81 H	82 E
	83 W	84 Z	85 I		86 F	87 Y	88 T		89 G	90 W		91 V	92 C	93 G		94 L
95 N	96 R	97 D		98 F	99 K	100 O	101 L	102 U		103 W	104 C	105 N		106 D	107 E	108 Y
109 Z	110 J	111 V	112 U	113 O	114 X	115 W	116 S		117 G	118 I		119 Z	120 M	121 J	122 Q	
123 Y	124 A	125 R	126 D	127 N		128 V	129 B	130 O	131 X	132 T	133 Y	134 W	135 F		136 J	137 W
138 H		139 P	140 Q	141 C		142 M	143 U	144 B	145 Y	146 K		147 Q	148 V		149 T	150 Q
151 C		152 D	153 S	154 F	155 U	156 V		157 J	158 A		159 Y	160 B	161 U	162 J	163 L	164 N
165 O	166 R		167 R	168 C	169 T		170 K	171 S	172 O	173 W	174 Y	175 D		176 H	177 J	178 N
179 Z		180 H	181 D	182 F	183 M	184 I	185 X	186 Y	187 P	188 Z	189 S					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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A Book Speaks

BY DAY AND NIGHT I am ever at your side, waiting for you to listen to my voice. At an instant I am ready to amuse, entertain and guide you. Between my covers you will find the heartaches, passions, dreams, struggles and aspirations of mankind. ¶ I bring you laughter and tears, amusement and learning, gaiety and the wisdom of the race. I can make your heart of hearts throb with sympathy or leap with joy. ¶ Neither time nor space exist for me. The ancient past, the fleeting present, the marvels of the future—all are inscribed upon my leaves. At your will, I transport you to great cities which time has destroyed, or project you into the vastness of the future. With me as guide, you can range the world at will, travel polar regions, traverse deep jungles, penetrate the depths of earth, cross burning deserts, walk lonely prairies. I am both the bright lamp of knowledge for the little child and the understanding companion of the aged. ¶ What men prize above all else is written within me. The ideas for which wise men risk their lives, the discoveries achieved by scientists with toil and years of struggle, the splendid lines written with heart's blood of unrecognized poets, the revelations of prophets—all are of my vast treasure. ¶ And I am a reflection of the moods of men. Sometimes I endure for a century; again, I may fade in a single year. Yet—though I live for generations or brighten but a tiny moment of time, I add value to the lives of all men. ¶ To king and emperor, statesman and sage, outcast and pariah I speak the same accents. It is all one to me be a man a success or failure, a rich man or beggar. The keys of hope, curiosity and ambition unlock my vault—and all are welcome to the hoard therein. ¶ Many have feared and hated, loved and honored me through the centuries. I have incited revolutions and shaken the foundations of societies. At times men have sought to destroy me forever—but all such essays end in failure. I live. I will live forever. For it is not given to man to efface me. ¶ I am a book—your friend, guide, entertainer, counsellor, always your servant. I wait upon your pleasure. I am yours to command.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

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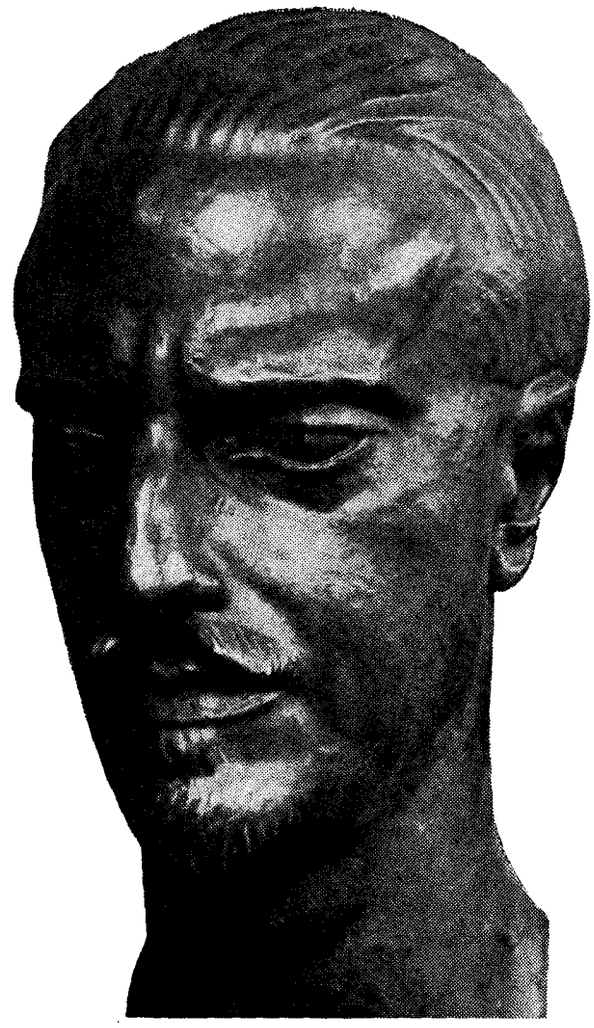

—*Courtesy trustees for the Tate Gallery.*

"Sir Thomas Beecham," by Ivan Mestrovic (1915).

FOR HUNDREDS and thousands of phonofans the current tour of Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra is a dream of music making come true. Sir Thomas, to be sure, is not unknown amongst us as a conductor, and he has made unforgettable music with assets so variable as the New York Philharmonic on the East Coast and the Seattle Symphony on the West; not to mention the orchestras of Philadelphia and Houston, Washington and Dallas, San Francisco and Detroit. He has often been the most Beecham Beecham in the least likely surroundings—the New York WPA Orchestra or the Metropolitan Opera.

Despite all the magical skill with which he has transmuted these baser elements into musical gold—an ability he shares in all the wide world of conducting talent only with Leopold Stokowski — there has always been the lingering thought: what would he do with an orchestra made in his own image, one which was used to him and knew what he wanted, which would respond not out of shock or cajolery but as a consequence of deep-grained sympathy, long-developed understanding, harmony of thought, and community of impulse? The possibility that such a demonstration could be arranged on our own terms, so to speak, seemed wholly remote; now that it is offered one cannot imagine anyone with the least interest in music passing it by.

Even without Beecham, the visit of the Royal Philharmonic would be historic. It is, after all, the most venerable of all comparable organizations in the English-speaking world, if one of the most youthful in its present composition. Its history antedates by thirty years the beginning of the Philharmonic Society of New York, which claims seniority among American orchestras; and it is close to seventy years older than the organization with the longest consecutive history of concert-giving in this country (the Boston Symphony). Beethoven profited by a commission from it, and it has been host on one occasion or another to such composers as Mendelssohn and Berlioz, Wagner and Dvorak, Saint-Saëns and even Sir Arthur Sullivan.

For most of this half-century, the Royal Philharmonic was an orchestra in name only, composed of "principals" and others brought together from various London ensembles, who played, on call, the twelve concerts scattered through the season's length. It is now verging on five years since Sir Thomas conceived the idea of making the Royal Philharmonic "his" orchestra, with a permanent organization, a year-'round schedule of concerts, broadcasts, recording and film engagements. It exists, incidentally, wholly by its own resources, for the artistic-economic ideas of Beecham and the administration of the Arts Council—which provides financial succor to most other English organizations of similar function—are hardly harmonious.

We welcome in it a durable link with the soundest tradition of music known to us and hope its visit will be to some degree as pleasant for the visitors as it will be profitable for us. As for its director, he could not be more welcome if he were twins.

IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

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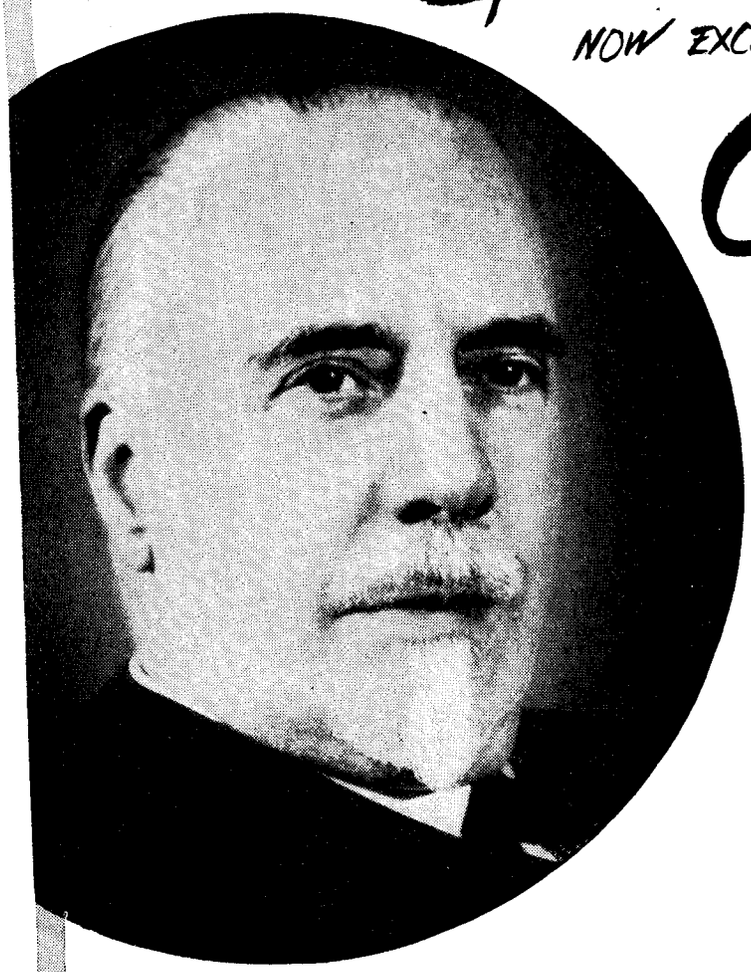

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Sir Thomas and Mr. Beecham

Sketches for a Portrait

NEVILLE CARDUS

—Alec Murray.

Neville Cardus

HE IS complex, if not composite. Small of build, yet he can suggest tallness; by taking thought he is able to add inches to his stature. There is sometimes the cock-sparrow air about him, an unnecessary pugnacity. Then, he will change and assume the poise of the intent, civilized man, benevolence warming a vintage cynicism. In his urbane moods, when he is engaged upon what I think might be called conversational interior decoration, it is almost impossible to bear in mind that he was born in Lancashire, at St. Helens, a by-product of nineteenth-century industrial and commercial growth. As he talks to you, lying back in his chair, still clad in a Caesarian dressing gown at high noon, as he ranges from Mozart to Stendhal, from John Donne to Verlaine, from Donizetti to Delius, from Delacroix to Berlioz, discursiveness steered by wit all the time, he seems not to belong to any contemporary world or any world of only yesterday; we can see and hear him in the company of Sheridan, Walpole, Swift. (But I can't imagine what Doctor Johnson would have said to him.)

This connoisseur strain in Beecham, relating him to an eighteenth-century culture, gives us the clue, or way of approach, to one side of his nature. Swiftly he will modulate again. Tremendous humor and Lancashire urgency break forth in gusts; the elegant attitude is momentarily disturbed. His gestures become spacious, even excessive. Magniloquent phrases balloon from his lips; the eyes twinkle, the little adumbration of an Imperial beard is impishly pointed. He trails the Caesarian dressing gown like a robe, as he strides the room in the gusty winds of conception. Great schemes—opera houses everywhere, in Manchester, Sydney. Cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the great globe itself—"under entirely new management. . . ." Now he reveals that blood is thicker than culture; what's bred in the bone . . . The Lancashire man, true to the marrow; though Wadham claimed him, Wadham couldn't tame him.

BUT another, and perhaps dominant, trait of his genius puts him definitely into a sort of postdated eighteenth-century or Augustan calendar. He has something in him shared by none but the great English Eccentrics of the period. As it is necessary in these days to pick and choose the English language with care—for the best words in it are becoming obsolete: O.E.—I had better hasten to explain that in an eighteenth-century context the word "Eccentric" is complimentary, meaning an original twist of mind, a vision piercing to uncharted dimensions, a freedom from the inhibitions of those who live by proxy.

A man as marvelously mixed in his elements as Beecham must inevitably perplex ordinary folk, who, in order "to make him out" at all, clutch at a simple and single aspect—the "wit" or the "wag"; the Diatribist of the Concert Platform; the stormy petrel; the strutting popinjay of the baton; the wizard of the rostrum; the perfect Mozartean; the perfect Berliozean; the High Priest in the ivory temple of Delius. Is he a chameleon? Which is the Sir Thomas and which the Beecham?

—Keystone.

Beecham in 1910—"a vision piercing to uncharted dimensions."

He once said to me: "All sorts of things are said about my 'flair,' my 'temperament,' my 'genius,' but I seldom get credit for my main virtue and attribute—*inexhaustible industry*!"

Heaven knows he is a worker. I have been with him in all hours of the day in various parts of the world, different hemispheres, different stratospheres. And always has he been working—actively conducting or reading a score or "arranging" a score or planning a program or a future enterprise or studying some art related to music or reading a book that *is* a book. He has no use for "small talk," or what the ordinary man calls "relaxation"; conversation must have for him some core of thoughtfulness or sensibility whatever the subject—music, politics, sport, or the weather. At the utterance by one of his company of a palpable platitude I have seen his eyes glaze dreadfully; the light dies out of them as though never to return. But give your heart to him without affectation and he gives his own generously to you. He can't abide pomposity. That is why, I fancy, he doesn't admire the music of Elgar, especially the symphonies. "The A flat Symphony?" he once challenged me. "You want me to conduct *that* work? The musical equivalent, my dear fellow, of St. Pancras Station." Neo-Gothic!

Yet there was a time when Sir Thomas *did* conduct the A flat Symphony of Elgar. It was performed in

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England on a hundred occasions during the first year after its production in 1908. Sir Thomas decided the work was too long, so he "cut" it. The composer gently protested, and one morning Sir Thomas appeared before his orchestra and said: "Gentlemen, the composer of the immortal masterpiece we are now about to rehearse again has written insisting that we play it as written, in its entirety. So—" tapping the desk with his stick—"so, gentlemen, we'll play it now *with all the repeats.*"

Though subtly compounded in his psychology, there are no evasions in his expression of his beliefs and reactions. One year he was in charge of the Leeds Music Festival. He was rehearsing the "Pastoral" Symphony of Vaughan Williams. Beecham doesn't like the "Pastoral" Symphony of Vaughan Williams, and it wasn't his choice; it had been included in the scheme of the festival beforehand; Sir Thomas had to make the best of it. He was taking the first rehearsal without a score. The symphony ends with a solo voice "offstage," then "fades out" on a woodwind chord. Beecham listened with rapt expression as the voice intoned as though miles away; he then waved his hands poetically at the woodwind, and then —he turned to the first violins and gave the down beat of a new bar.

There was, of course, no response.

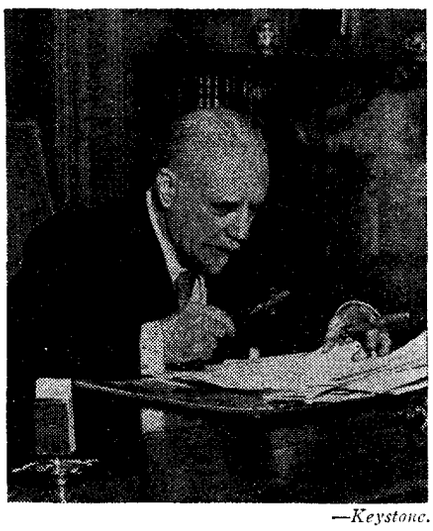
"Why don't you play?" asked Sir Thomas of the first violin.

"Well, Sir Thomas," whispered the first violin (for quite an audience was present, overhearing everything), "there's no more to play."

"What do you mean—no more to play?"

"It's over," replied another and more sepulchral whisper, "it's finished."

"Thank God!" said Sir Thomas, laying down his baton.



—*Keystone.*

"I seldom get credit for my main virtue and attribute — inexhaustible industry!"

The quips of the man, his mischief, are well enough known. As a consequence many solemn-minded people, Teutons especially, think he is superficial—"the English Pagliacci," "the English milord," a dilettante. So easy it is to create an impression of profundity by scorning delights and living laborious days. Beecham, as I say, labors very much, and in many more musical fields than Toscanini himself. He never scorns delights, though. He knows his limitations, and he does not often conduct the B minor Mass of Bach because he doesn't share the musical esthetic behind it. . . . "Never mind about the *ethic* of music or what the composer means; this is all nonsense, the consequence of Beethoven, who was sometimes the Mr. Gladstone of music. Music should first and last have a beautiful sound, and every composer has a certain style."

His interpretations of Mozart are considered by many musicians the finest to be heard at the present time. Many Continental lovers of Mozart, on the other hand, say that Beecham turns Mozart into a dancing master. Beecham rightly removes the "German" associations from Mozart's music, the demonic imputations of recent years. In fact, he "mediterraneanizes" all music—to use the term of Nietzsche. Though he wouldn't himself admit to being a perfect Wagnerite—sometimes he makes "Die Meistersinger" sound as though Peter Cornelius composed it—he has usually observed, as *Dirigent*, one of Wagner's first principles: "Seek where the melody is." When Beecham conducts the music floats upward; other conductors keep a score to the earth on a fundamental bass. In other words, Beecham "feels" music melodically before he "feels" it harmonically.

With him music is always a dancing art, a "gay science." His conception of music, indeed, is rather an old-fashioned one these days. It is an art addressed to civilized beings living in the drawing room of men and women, where the rude traffic of the outer world shouldn't intrude, where one doesn't wear the heart on the sleeve, where the lady — Saint Cecilia— doesn't "protest too much." As he says himself, a composer must be given a "certain style." And to other conductors he occasionally seems to say: "Because thou art ethical, or philosophical-tragical, or tragical-Teutonical-metaphysical, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

He is at Toscanini's extreme; there is a glory of the moon and another glory of the sun. At rehearsals Beecham works and explores as searchingly as anybody, and doesn't spare the polishing brush of preparation. But he

In the early Twenties—"sense of the glass of fashion and mold of form."

leaves something in reserve "for the night," for the actual concert. He has the gift of improvisation. The score for Toscanini is like the architect's blueprint; the score for Beecham is a map to be carefully studied in advance of a journey through a country; but once *there*, he is free delightfully to discover all sorts of byways.

THE greatest of mortals is compelled to find himself — with Goethe—within his own limitations. Beecham at bottom is comedic rather than tragic; and now and again the comic spirit leads him a rare and risky dance. But never is he dull, never platitudinous. "With what great cause was he identified?" asks a pompous alderman about Dendry Machin, in Arnold Bennett's "The Card"; and an admirer replies: "Why, with the great cause of cheering us all up."

Sir Thomas wouldn't object to a compliment like this. Better still—to music, the art of excessive "sublimity" in the nineteenth century, when Beecham was young, to the art which once was hidden in the fogs of didacticism, too serious and a little dowdy, he brought, or reintroduced, poise, sense of the glass of fashion and mold of form, taste, good humor, and that urbanity in his nature which is constantly informed by wit. A musician, yes. A great conductor, yes. But also a man of letters, a man of the world (who can retire to another and more secret one), and—essentially—a genius.

Neville Cardus, sometime music critic of the Manchester Guardian *and the* Sydney Morning Herald, *is author of "Ten Composers," many books on cricket, and two volumes of autobiography.*

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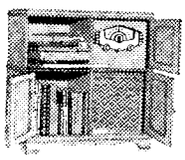

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"Tommy" in England

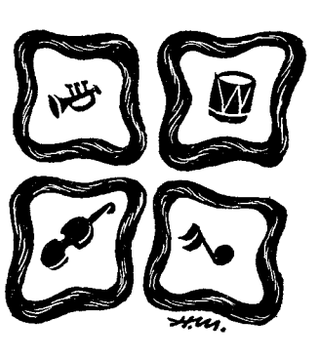
GERALD ABRAHAM

THIS article should perhaps have been written by someone who remembers the English musical scene in the pre-Beecham era, someone who actually saw and heard those first appearances of a rather rude young amateur conductor with remarkable natural gifts, remarkable love and knowledge of music, and a remarkable contempt for audiences. (All three have gone on getting more and more remarkable.) Ever since I began to take an interest in any music beyond the range of my early piano lessons there has always been a Beecham—either as a legend or as an electrifying reality. He has always been there or not-exactly-there—and the not-exactly-thereness has sometimes been as exciting as the presence. Beecham has often been likened to a volcano and he certainly shares with volcanoes the ability to be so quiescent that quite a lot of people think he is extinct; his eruptions are then all the more effective, and expectation of them makes the quiet periods peculiarly tense for those who realize that he will never be really extinct until he is dead.

Perhaps the greatest of all Beecham's eruptions occurred in 1926. He had been quiescent then for some time, preoccupied with the complications of private and financial life. In 1926, accompanied by preliminary rumblings in the form of threats to abandon his own unmusical country and settle in the United States (then, I believe, still unknown to him), he erupted with the London Symphony Orchestra in a program that included, I think, some Delius and Tchaikovsky but was memorable above all for what happened to Beethoven's Second Symphony. Beethoven No. 2 was *revealed*, and not (I am sure) only to me. One knew it very well indeed, almost too well, even then—though better, indeed, in piano-duet form than in orchestral flesh-and-blood; yet one found one had never really known it at all.

Don't ask what he did with it; though I remember he put down the baton in the slow movement and took it a shade less slowly than one was accustomed to. But the general impression was of something that was neither objective nor objectionable, neither polished conventionality nor a "personal interpretation." And that, quite simply, is what Beecham has done again and again for us; like all the truly great conductors he has seemed to show us familiar things for the first time as they really are. But it was odd that on that occasion it was Beethoven, for Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms have never been Beecham's favorite composers.

That same year he galvanized a still more familiar stuffed-masterpiece with still more startling results. I am not nearly so sure now as I was then that Beecham's was the right way to bring "Messiah" to musical life. But his racy tempos not only caused the hair to stand upright on some thousands of elderly heads; they did remind us that "Messiah" is a musical masterpiece and not a religious monument. Those tempos have sometimes grieved the judicious in other works than "Messiah"; I remember a performance of the "Jupiter" Symphony that was quite wonderful in the way the coda of the finale turned from white heat to ice heat, and yet was forced, not truly Mozartean. Now in reaction against himself or against the numerous monkey-Beechams, he sometimes adopts perversely leisurely tempos; I have heard him take the finale of "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" at something like a jogtrot—but that, too, was a revelation. It is one of the defects of Beecham's qualities that he is wayward, puckish, inconsistent. (About fifteen years ago he got up a tremendous row with the British Broadcasting Corporation about its cuts in operatic broadcasts, but he has not hesitated to make his own cuts when he felt like doing so.) Sometimes he will take infinite pains at rehearsals, sometimes (it seems) none at all. That is one of the reasons—an inartistic one but very real and potent—why the prospect of a Beecham concert is always so stimulating. You are never quite sure what he will play or in what order he will play it, or how he will play it, and there is always the possibility that he may find it necessary to swear at the first row of stalls for talking (as he has done at Covent Garden), to stand coldly watching the progress of some latecomer to his seat and thereby concentrating on the poor wretch the entire attention of orchestra and audience, to encourage the players with shouts or even to sing with them, to address the actor rising through the trap-door as Zamiel in "Freischütz" very audibly with "Good evening, Mr. So-and-so."



He may even make a speech, in which case it will probably be an attack on someone or some body. He would have been formidable had he taken to politics instead of music, though as a *franc-tireur*, not in the ranks or at the head of the regular party troops. But his speeches are not always on the offensive. When he was stumping the country in 1927-28, talking and giving concerts on behalf of his scheme for an "Imperial League of Opera," he wooed audiences for money with more success than most politicians have in wooing them for votes. For ten shillings a year subscribers in London and the big provincial cities were promised regular performances of opera of the finest quality—and Beecham opera is not opera conducted by Beecham, it is an artistic whole controlled by Beecham. Within a year or two there were 40,000 subscribers and an additional guarantee fund of £60,000; but then the whole thing fizzled out, some of the subscriptions were returned, some of the money was applied to other purposes, and all that resulted was a fortnight at Covent Garden and one provincial tour.

THERE was some bitterness and recrimination, but Beecham's admirers—many of them real devotees—will forgive him anything because he is what he is: a great artist who is also the most courteous, most amusing of eighteenth-century *grands seigneurs* strayed out of his age into ours. For the same reason British orchestral players do not merely submit to his merciless witticisms at rehearsals but positively enjoy being his butts; they love him and never think of him as anything but "Tommy" whereas another of our English knights of the baton is universally known to them as "Flash Harry," a considerable difference. On the other hand, this combativeness and puckishness and unexpectedness—his enemies call it his "complete unreliability" — have not endeared him to officialdom, and his standing in the way to posts of great influence have harmed him (a little) and hence the cause of music in Britain (a great deal). His series of conflicts with the BBC, which from the beginning prevented his appoin

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ment to the conductorship of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, has not mattered greatly since the BBC found in Adrian Boult a fine conductor better suited temperamentally to that particular post. But his attacks on government subsidization of the arts, and on the bodies responsible for the administration of such grants, have resulted in his being thrust aside in favor of lesser men. The supreme misfortune is that our now officially subsidized Covent Garden, where Beecham was artistic director from 1933 onward under the old Syndicate, is run by an ex-draper who has only recently acquired a musical *assistant* in Sir Steuart Wilson.

One might put it that Beecham brings to life everything and everybody he touches—even if only, in the case of persons, to angry, dissident life. But it is the life that matters. The "Messiah" case is typical. Doubtless the "right" way to make people think of "Messiah" as music and not as a musical pillar of the Church of England is to reduce the chorus to much more modest dimensions, get back to Handel's own score, and sing the arias with proper late-baroque ornamentation. ("I know that my Redeemer liveth" sung with the authentic coloratura ornaments would compel any audience to listen to it as music.) But scholarship would never have moved our tradition-bound choralists and audiences. Beecham found it difficult enough, and no one with prestige less than his could have succeeded. But now that "Messiah" has been rescued from piety and restored to music for a quarter of a century, it is even possible to think of performing it as Handel meant it to be performed.

Handel has always been one of Beecham's favorites, though he has never brought to Handel that intimate understanding he feels for Mozart, for instance, and sometimes he has dissembled his love by compiling ballet suites and even "piano concertos" from the master's dismembered limbs. But he has done more than almost anyone else in Britain to make us realize that Handel was a very considerable instrumental composer. It was one of his advantages as an "amateur" conductor way back in the first decade of the century that, with his father's financial backing, he could follow his own tastes both in opera and in symphonic music; he had no need to consider the box office particularly or to demonstrate what he could do with the standard classics. Consequently, instead of deepening other people's ruts, he explored or re-explored whole new tracts that were or had become unknown. He has widened our knowledge and deepened our understanding of more such tracts than any living conductor.

Let me reckon up a few of the items that we in Britain owe him. First I place his popularization of Mozart. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the early years of this century Mozart was regarded in Britain as a charming composer, important as one of the two great immediate forerunners of Beethoven. Lip service was paid to "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," but the only people who really knew "Die Zauberflöte" and the other operas were a few scholarly enthusiasts like E. J. Dent. It was Beecham more than anyone else who changed all that. German musicologists started talking about the *dämonisch* element in Mozart but it was Beecham who showed people what the *dämonisch* was. It was Beecham who put "Die Entführung" back into circulation in England in 1910 and "Zauberflöte" in 1916. It was Beecham, too, who showed us that Mozart wrote symphonies before the last four or five that are just as well worth playing, if not so Jovian as the great C major or so passionate as the great G minor. To take only one case, his persistent plugging of the wonderful little C major, No. 34, has made it nearly as popular in England as any of the last three.

Next to Mozart, perhaps, the Russians. At least Russian opera; Russian orchestral music had had a stout champion before in Henry Wood and a superb arena in Wood's Promenade Concerts. But it was Beecham's seasons of Russian opera, beginning with the visits of the Diaghilev opera and ballet companies in 1913 and 1914, sponsored by Beecham's father, which introduced the London public to "Boris" and "Khovanchina," "Prince Igor," "May Night," "The Maid of Pskov" ("Ivan the Terrible"), and "The Golden Cockerel." The first performances in England of Glinka's "Ruslan," Dargomijsky's "Rusalka," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko" and "Czar's Bride" were given under Beecham as recently as 1931.

Even earlier than the Russians he had put Richard Strauss on the London stage (beginning with "Salome" and "Elektra" in 1910). He gave "Ariadne auf Naxos" in its original form with "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which he has revived at the Edinburgh Festival this year, as long ago as 1913.

And then there are Beecham's other favorites: Delius and Sibelius;

(*Continued on page* 79)

—*Keystone.*

—*Wide World.*

At the funeral service for Delius (1934) and with Richard Strauss (1948)—"he has widened our knowledge and deepened our understanding."

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Beecham on Discs

DATING an impression is never an easy thing, especially when it reaches back across a quarter of a century and could have been one of several months in one of several years. Thus I cannot say rightly when I may first have heard a Beecham record. The probability tends either to 1925 or 1926, and it was most probably the "pre-electric" Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" noted in the compilation on page 70. I owed that introduction to C. G. Burke, several years older than my late teens, already learned in a field in which I was but a novice.

I can say with certainty that the first Beecham performance that made a deep impression on me was a recording of the Beethoven Second Symphony. It made its appearance in America during the Beethoven centennial year of 1927, in a black four-pocket album which (English fashion) opened on the side and was tied around with a kind of shoelace. That was doubtless part of its charm for one too young to appreciate all its musical quality but old enough to realize that this was no common way of playing the Beethoven Second. In the course of some research a few months ago I happened on a contemporary article of Ernest Newman in which this same Beecham conception of the Second Symphony was extolled as a prime happening of London's Beethoven Centennial season. Gerald Abraham's comment (page 66) makes it quite apparent that it was an ear-opener on both sides of the Atlantic.

Some more recent research may be mentioned. The English Columbia folk apparently thought highly of the same Beethoven No. 2 and organized a ceremonial hearing of it for the press. Among those in attendance—reasonably enough—was the perpetrator of the deed himself. I can imagine the consternation that prevailed when, in reply to the glowing appreciation of his historic effort, he described the gramophone as a "delightful toy" but one which under no circumstances should be confused with real music making.

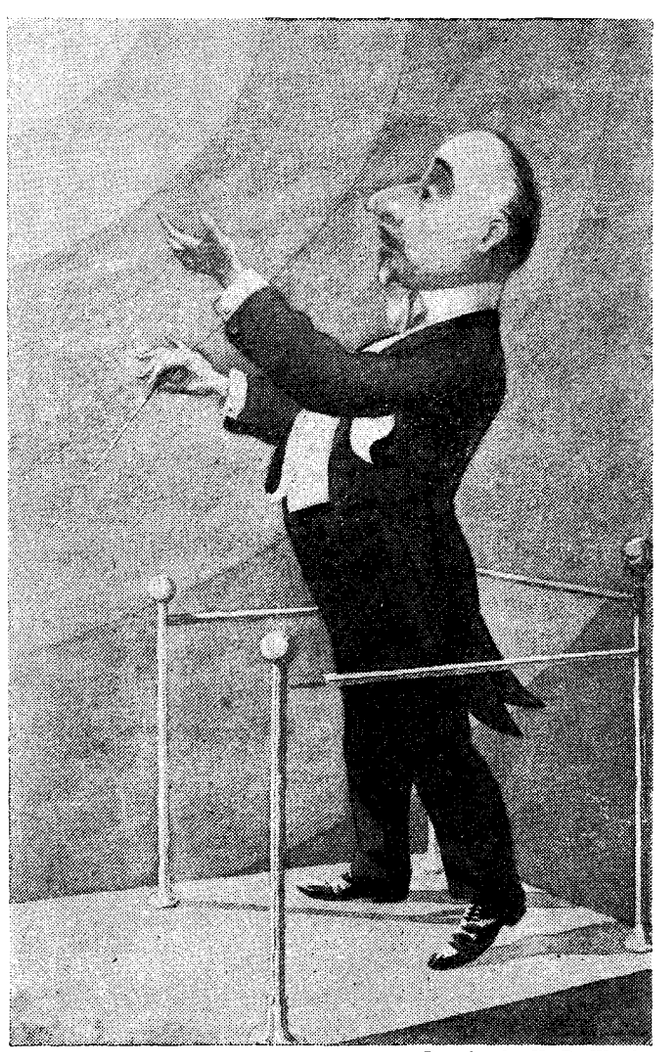
I cite this neither to confound our guest nor to gibe at his lack of foresight, but rather to illustrate a paradox. That opinion, I imagine, was one rather widespread among practising musicians of the time, if few would have expressed it in such surroundings. Beecham, however, was one of a handful—Stokowski may have been the sole competitor—who gave *only* his best to the "delightful toy," worked with its shortcomings, sought energetically and with the whole curiosity of his mind to conquer them and improve upon the results. Who can forget the majesty and delight of his famous "Messiah," which endured as a standard for two decades because of the incomparable care and thoughtfulness that went into its creation at this same "delightful-toy" period?

If there is one composer above all others whose works have reached a new public, come to a new popularity because of the phonograph, it is certainly Mozart. In the creation of that public and the promotion of that popularity, Beecham has unquestionably been the predominant influence. The record shows when he committed the first version of the joyous No. 34 to the public, the "Jupiter," the D major Concerto with Szigeti, the No. 29 in A major, the "Paris," and the complete "Magic Flute." The "delightful toy" was now a powerful adjunct of aural education, as significant for the dissemination of musical experience as the invention of movable type was for the comprehension of the written word.

More far-reaching in its consequences was the artistry and care he expended on such "pot boilers" as Rossini's "Scala di Sieta" Overture or Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," a Dvorak "Slavonic Rhapsody" or excerpts from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," to mention a few more than fifteen years old. Only those who can recall the days when these, or similar works, were considered in good hands when the hands were those of Nat Shilkret and the International Orchestra can appreciate the revolution in phonographic standards worked by Beecham.

Those whose contact with his live music making have been limited to the New York Philharmonic engagement of 1928, in which he made his American debut, or the concerts he gave as replacement for an ailing Toscanini in 1932, or at scattered intervals since then, naturally begrudge the easy recollection of innumerable programs summoned up by Cardus or Abraham. But they cannot take from us the special sensation of delight with which we have stumbled on a "Merry Wives of Windsor" recording, or a Chabrier "España" or a Handel "Pastor Fides" and—listening—marveled, "Beecham's done it again."

Unquestionably the recording art and science would have come to something like its present eminence without the intervention of a Beecham. But aside from the specific pleasures he has given us, the profound truths he has taught us, one cannot imagine its diversity and its quality, its vitality and its humanity being nearly so far advanced in this year 1950 without the leadership of the smiling knight, armored in tails, with a baton for a lance, who has pierced dragons of pomposity right and left, leaving a clear trail behind for all to follow. —THE EDITOR.



—Drawing by H. D. Worthy.

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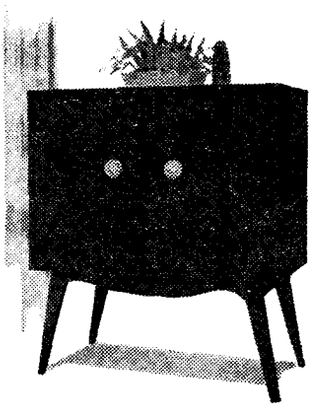

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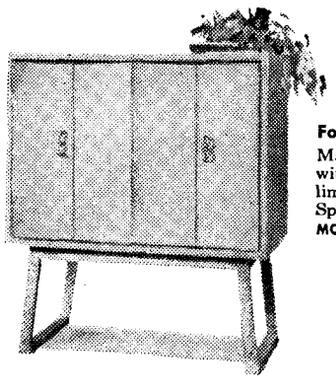

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A Beecham Discography

Dates are those of English release unless followed by asterisk (*), indicating American release date.

Performances are by London Philharmonic Orchestra (LPO) unless otherwise indicated.

BBC — BBC Orchestra
BPO — Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
CSO — Columbia Symphony Orchestra
LSO — London Symphony Orchestra
NYP — New York Philharmonic-Symphony
RPO — Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Atterberg

Symphony No. 6. RPO (1928)

Bach, J. S.

"Christmas Oratorio" — Sinfonia. (1948)

Bax

"The Garden of Fand." RPO (1948)

Beecham, Adrian

"Willow Song," "O Mistress Mine." Nancy Evans, alto, with Beecham, piano. (1940)

Beethoven

Symphony No. 2. RPO (1927); LPO (1937)
Symphony No. 4. (1947)*
Concerto No. 4, with Artur Rubinstein, piano. RPO (1950)

Berlioz

"Carnaval Romain" Overture. (1937)
"Le Corsair" Overture. (1946)
"La Damnation de Faust"—"Dance of the Sylphs," "Hungarian March," and "Will-O-the-Wisps." (1938)
"Le Roi Lear" Overture. RPO (1950)
"Les Troyens"—"Trojan March," "Royal Hunt and Storm." (1945)

Berners

"Triumph of Neptune" Suite. (1938)

Bizet

"Fair Maid of Perth" Suite. LPO (1934); RPO (1950)*
"Carmen" Suite. LPO (1939); CSO (1950)*
"L'Arlésienne"—Prelude, Adagietto, Minuet, Minuet II, and Farandole. (1937)

Borodin

"Prince Igor"—Overture (1945); "Polovtsian" Dances, LSO (1926), LPO with Leeds Festival Chorus (1935); "Polovtsi" March, RPO (1928), LPO (1939)

Brahms

Symphony No. 2. (1936)
"Tragic" Overture. (1937)

Chabrier

"España" Rhapsody. (1940)
"Marche Joyeuse." (1946)

Debussy

"L'Après-midi d'un Faune." (1939)
"Printemps." (1948)

Delius

"Appalachia." (1939)
"Brigg Fair." RPO (1929); RPO (1948)*
"Cradle Song," "The Nightingale," "Evening Voices," Dora Labette, soprano, and Beecham, piano. (1935)
Concerto for Piano, with Lady Betty Beecham. (1946)
Concerto for Violin, with Jean Pougnet. (1946)
"Eventyr." (1935)
"Fenimore and Gerda"—Intermezzo. (1937)
"Hassan"—Interlude, Serenade, Closing Scene. (1939)
"In a Summer Garden." (1937)
"Irmelin"—Intermezzo. (1939)
"Koanga"; "La Calinda." (1939)
"Marche Caprice." RPO (1948)
"On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." RPO (1928); RPO (1950)*
"Over the Hills and Far Away." LPO (1937); RPO (1950)*
"Paris." (1935)
"Sea Drift." (1937)
"Song of the High Hills." (1946)
"Summer Night on the River." (1929)
"Village Romeo and Juliet" (complete opera). RPO and soloists. (1949)
"Walk to the Paradise Garden." RPO (1928). Also in the above.

Dvorak

"Golden Spinning Wheel." RPO (1949)*
"Legend" (Opus 59, No. 3). (1935)
"Slavonic" Rhapsody, No. 3. (1935)

Franck

Symphony in D minor. (1940)

Gounod

"Faust" (complete opera). BBC and soloists (in English) (1927); RPO and soloists (1949).*

Gretry

"Zémire et Azor"—Air de Ballet. (1940)

Grieg

"Peer Gynt," Suite No. 1. (1939)

Handel

Concerto Grosso No. 3 (1st & 4th mvts.). LSO (1928)
"Israel"—"Moses and the Children of Israel," "But as for His People," with Leeds Festival Chorus. (1935)
"Messiah." LSO and BBC Choir (1928); RPO and Luton Choral Society (1948)*
"Solomon"—"Arrival of the Queen of Sheba." (1933)

Handel-Beecham

"Amaryllis" Suite—Scherzo, Gavotte. (1948)
"The Faithful Shepherd" Suite. (1941)
"The Gods Go A-Begging." (1934)
"The Great Elopement." (1946)
"The Origin of Design." (1933)

Haydn

Symphonies:
No. 40 in F. RPO (1949)
No. 93 in D. (1938)
No. 97 in C. (1945)
No. 99 in E flat. (1936)
No. 102 in B flat. RPO (1950)
No. 104 in D. (1939)

Pre-Electric Records

(available as of 1925)

Titles as on labels:

"Magic Flute" Overture, 2 sides
"Prince Igor" (Dance No. 17), 2 sides
"Prince Igor" March
Symphony "Antar"—3rd Movement
Minuet de "Manon"
"Rose Cavalier" Waltz
"Pathétique" Symphony, 2nd and 3rd Movements, 2 sides
"L'Oiseau de Feu"—Suite from ballet, 2 sides
"Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo
"Barber of Seville" Overture
"Roman Carnival" Overture
"Damnation of Faust" March
"Marriage of Figaro" Overture
"Bartered Bride" Overture
"Symphonic Dance No. 2" (Grieg)
Minuet in "D" (Mozart)
"Marriage of Figaro"—Sarabande; Minuet (Lulli)
"The Fair Maid of Perth" Minuet
"Petite Suite" (Debussy)
"En Bateau" Ballet

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Liszt

"Orpheus." (1948)*

Mehul

"Les Deux Aveugles de Tolède" Overture. (1948)*

Massenet

"La Vierge"—"Le dernier sommeil de la vierge." RPO (1949)

Mendelssohn

Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, with Joseph Szigeti, LPO (1934); with Jascha Heifetz, RPO (1950)*
"Midsummer Night's Dream"—Overture, RPO (1949); Scherzo, LSO (1926); "Wedding March," Nocturne, LPO (1937)
"Hebrides" Overture. (1938)
Octet, Opus 20—Scherzo. RPO (1949)
"Ruy Blas" Overture. (1940)
Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"). NYP (1942)*
Symphony No. 5 ("Reformation"). (1946)

Moussorgsky

"Khovanchina"—"Dance of the Persian Slaves." RPO (1946)

Mozart

Concerto for Flute, Harp, and Orchestra (K.299), with Lily Laskine, harp, and René Le Roy, flute. RPO (1946)
Concerto for Piano, No. 12, in A (K.414), with Louis Kentner, piano. (1940)
Concerto for Violin, No. 4 in D (K.218), with Joseph Szigeti, LPO (1935); with Jascha Heifetz, RPO (1948)
Divertimento in D (K.131). RPO (1948)
Mass in C minor—"Qui Tollis," "Kyrie Eleison." (1935)

Operas:
"La Clemenza di Tito" Overture. (1946)
"Don Giovanni" Overture. (1940)
"Die Entführung aus dem Serail" Overture. (1946)
"Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture. (1937)
"Die Zauberflöte" (complete opera). BPO and soloists. (1938)
"Die Zauberflöte" Overture. LSO (1928); RPO (1950)

Symphonies:
No. 27 in G (K.199). RPO (1948)
No. 29 in A (K.201). (1938)
No. 31 in D ("Paris") (K.297). (1938)
No. 34 in C (K.388). RPO (1929); LPO (1941)
No. 35 in D ("Haffner") (K.385). (1939)
No. 36 in C ("Linz") (K.425). (1939)
No. 38 in D ("Prague") (K.504). LPO (1940); RPO (1950)*
No. 39 in E flat (K.543). (1941)
No. 40 in G minor (K.550). (1937)
No. 41 in C ("Jupiter") (K.551). LPO (1934); RPO (1950)*
"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" (K.525). (1945)

Nicolai

"Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture. LPO (1937); CSO (1950)*

Offenbach

"Tales of Hoffmann" excerpts. (1936)

Paisiello

"Nina, O la Pazza per Amore" Overture. RPO (1948)*

Ponchielli

"La Gioconda"—"Dance of the Hours." CSO (1950)*

Prokofieff

Concerto for Violin, Opus 19, with Joseph Szigeti. (1935)

Puccini

"La Bohème" (Act IV). (1936)

Rimsky-Korsakov

"Antar" Symphony (3rd Movement). LSO (1928)
"May Night" Overture. (1946)

Rossini

"La Gazza Ladra" Overture. (1935)
"La Scala di Sieta" Overture. (1933)
"Semiramide" Overture. (1940)
"William Tell" Overture. (1934)

Rossini-Respighi

"Rossiniana" Suite. (1935)

Saint-Saens

"Le Rouet d'Omphale." RPO (1949)

Schubert

Symphonies:
No. 5 in B flat. (1939)
No. 6 in C ("Little"). (1945)
No. 8 in B minor. (1937)

Sibelius

"The Bard." (1939)
Concerto for Violin, with Jascha Heifetz. (1936)
"En Saga." (1939)
"Festivo." (1935)
"Finlandia." (1938)
"Karelia"—"Alla Marcia," "Intermezzo." BBC (1947)
"Kuolema"—"Valse Triste." (1939)
"Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey." (1938)
"Pelléas et Mélisande" Suite. (1939)
"Tapiola." RPO (1946)
"The Tempest"—Prelude, "Oak Tree," "Berceuse," "Humoresque." (1938)

Symphonies:
No. 2 in D. RPO (1950)
No. 4 in A minor. (1938)
No. 6 in D minor. RPO (1950)
No. 7 in C. NYP (1942; as LP 1949)*

Smetana

"The Bartered Bride"—Overture, Polka, "Dance of the Comedians." RPO (1947)

Strauss, Johann

"Morning Papers." RPO (1950)*
"Voices of Spring." (1940)

Strauss, Richard

"Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (Courante and "Entrance of Cléonte" omitted). RPO (1948)
"Don Quixote," with Alfred Wallenstein, solo cello, and NYP (1933); with Paul Tortelier, RPO (1948)
"Ein Heldenleben." RPO (1948)

Operas:
"Elektra"—Final Scene. RPO and soloists (1948)
"Feuersnot"—Love Scene. RPO (1948)
"Intermezzo"—Entr'acte. RPO (1948)
"Salome"—"Dance of the Seven Veils." RPO (1948)

Tchaikovsky

"Eugen Onegin"—Waltz and Polonaise. (1946)
"Capriccio Italien." NYP (1942); CSO (1950)*
"Francesca da Rimini." (1940)
"Romeo and Juliet." RPO (1946)
Symphonies:
No. 3 ("Polish"). RPO (1949)
No. 5 in E minor. (1940)

Verdi

"Macbeth"—"La luce langue." RPO, with Margherita Grandi. (1948)

Von Suppe

"Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna." LPO (1940); RPO (1950)*

Wagner

"Der Fliegende Holländer" Overture. (1938)
"Lohengrin"—Prelude to Act III. (1936)
"Die Meistersinger" — Overture (1936), "Kirchenchor," "Wach' auf," and "Preislied" (Covent Garden performance). (1937)
"Götterdämmerung" — "Hagens Wacht," "Hagens Ruf" (Covent Garden performance). (1937)
"Tannhäuser" — Overture (1939); "Entrance of the Guests." (1938)
"Eine Faust Ouvertüre." (1936)

Weber

"Der Freischütz" Overture. (1937)
"Oberon" Overture. (1938)

—I. K. & R. G.

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The Beecham No One Knows

REGINALD KELL

Reginald Kell

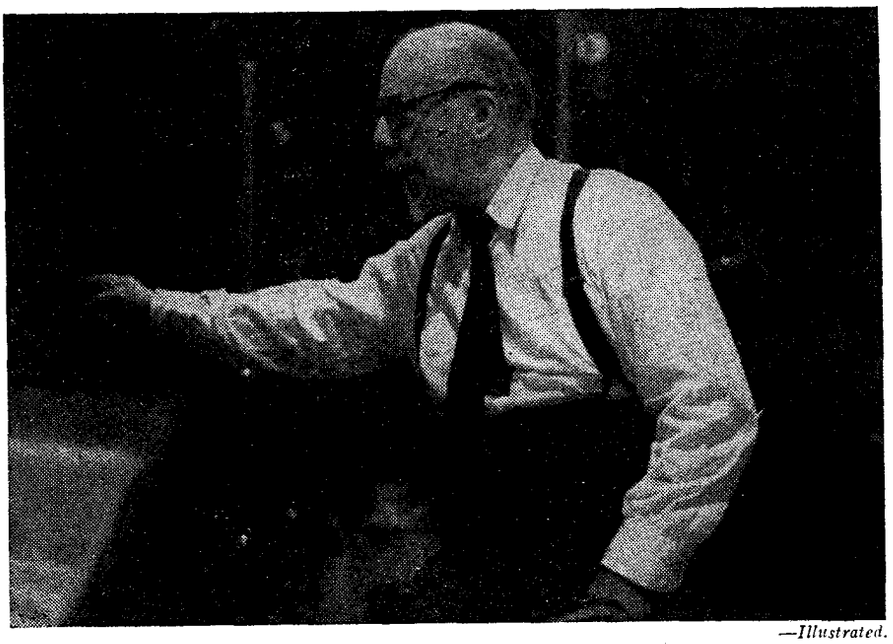
MY first contact with Sir Thomas Beecham occurred just about twenty years ago. I was then principal clarinet of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and a student of the Royal Academy of Music in London at the same time. By my own youthful irresponsibility I had arranged to be in two places at once, which meant I had to miss the first rehearsal I was ever scheduled to have with Sir Thomas conducting. Since he was engaged in rehearsing Frederick Delius's "Mass of Life" with a very large orchestra and chorus, the absence of the principal clarinet must have been more than a little trying. I liked to think it was Hamlet without the Prince, but no doubt Sir Thomas had other thoughts on the subject. I thought I could lose myself in the ensemble the next day, and, indeed, the rehearsal began without comment. After a bit Sir Thomas stopped, looked over at me, and said: "Are you Mr. Kell?" "Yes," I replied. "Aaah," he said. The rehearsal went on.

Whatever his reaction to that first encounter, he invited me to join the newly formed London Philharmonic Orchestra in the next year, and from then on I was able to see for myself one of the great men in music at work. As I watched through the years that followed it became apparent that Beecham was as different from the majority of the conducting clan as chalk from cheese. He was no martinet suffering in the cause of music as so many appear to do; on the contrary, he was having a jolly good time and did his best to see that the members of the orchestra did likewise. Perhaps because of this during the course of his life he has been called many names, the unkind ones being proferred by people who usually have an axe to grind. When all else fails, they dub him a musical amateur. Well, if this means taking practically nothing in hard cash out of the profession, putting more money into the pockets of active musicians than any other single man, spending more than any other individual on the cause of music, yet at the same time giving performances that have never been excelled for sheer beauty, then I am with them. I am with them 101 per cent for there can be no doubt that Beecham has spent a fortune on music and while so doing has shouldered responsibilities under which anyone else, barring a Churchill, would have buckled.

Between 1931 and the start of World War II he reached what must have been the height of his long and in a way mysterious career. Mysterious because both as a man, musician, and highly developed organizer with an astounding legal mind, he is never really an open book. The things he does and says are never orthodox; even the way he directs a rehearsal is completely different in approach from all other conductors. A rehearsal with Sir Thomas is something that often turns out to be much more interesting and even entertaining than the best theatre, yet at the same time he always has complete command, producing the high quality of performance always associated with him. Although Beecham rehearsals are often hilarious, the performances from a player's point of view are always very nervous affairs, not based on fear of the man who is leading the orchestra or the thought of what might follow should anything go wrong, but on a keen desire by all concerned to please the man and match the artistic standard which both have meant so much to music and musicians.

After thousands of hours spent in his presence at concerts, rehearsals, opera performances, and recording sessions, I still cannot assess just what he knows about music. By this I mean I have never witnessed any evidence of a superior knowledge towards the technical side of composition, such as I may have from some other contemporary conductor, but I have experienced some of the most beautiful music making one could imagine, which I am positive comes more from a divine instinct than acquired knowledge. He has the ability to indicate more with a movement of his baton or feet than any other conductor I have played for. He uses his feet to great advantage when the music appeals to that part of one's anatomy—it is strange but he does.

ALTHOUGH he has an exceptional command of the English language, this is something he indulges in least of all during rehearsals. Is there any wonder the "boys" of the orchestra enjoy a Beecham rehearsal more than any other? He reserves the major part of his talk for friendly badinage with the players. To laugh and smile at a Beecham rehearsal is part of the show most of the time, for he is no baton-biting, carpet-chewing, stand-slinging tyrant who relies on fear to command respect. Beecham gets all the respect he can handle because the players like the things he says and the way he says them; they like the music he chooses and the way he directs it; to say the least, they just like him, and because of this a genuine respect is born. If I had to go back to years of orchestral playing again (and God forbid that I ever will), if I had my pick and the opportunity, I would blow along with Sir Thomas, for he



—*Illustrated.*

"... no baton-biting, carpet-chewing, stand-slinging tyrant."

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alone would help to preserve my sanity.

I remember once during a recording session that owing to the sudden illness of the cor anglais player in the orchestra a deputy had to be found at the last moment. There was no picking and choosing, for time was short, with the result that someone arrived who was not quite fitted to handle the situation. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to put this particular difficult section of the music on record, the player (who was highly strung anyway) maneuvered himself into a state of complete mental and physical disorder. After yet another attempt Beecham stopped the orchestra and with a smile on his face said, "Mr. Cor Anglais, what in the name of heaven are you doing?" The unhappy player replied, "Sir Thomas, you have no idea just what I'm going through." Still smiling, Sir Thomas replied typically, "My dear fellow, I can assure you it is nothing to what we are going through." This relieved the tension, put the player more or less at his ease, and finally surmounted the temporary hold-up.

I think it is generally known that Sir Thomas's father was a very rich man, who marketed a medicated potion that, when taken internally, put an end to all ills. I mention this in connection with a rehearsal of "Tristan and Isolde." Strange to relate, once again it involved the cor anglais. This player had the unfortunate affliction of stuttering and was an old acquaintance of Sir Thomas's, having played for him for many years in a kind of free-lance capacity. Sir Thomas tried the opening of Act III over and over again, but it was not right, for the cor anglais player was either too near or too distant. This was not the easiest part of the opera to keep repeating, as it necessitated raising and lowering the curtain each time. So after inquiring, without success, the identity of the offending player behind the scene, Sir Thomas called to the stage director to produce him. After a short delay a solitary figure, instrument in hand, looking grotesquely out of place in a "Tristan" setting, made his lonely way down to the footlights. He was a pathetic-looking individual, and not the smartest dressed musician I had seen, for his liking for snuff had left ample evidence of that vice down the front of his waistcoat. As he approached both he and Sir Thomas wore guarded smiles on their faces. Timing his remarks to coincide with the last few steps of the player's long journey, Beecham said, "Well, well, well, if it isn't my old friend Mr. Houghton; and how are you on this bright though trying morning?" To which the musician answered, "V-v-very well indeed, Sir Thomas, th-th-thanks to your f-f-father's p-p-pills." Although this was one of the very rare occasions when Beecham did not have the last word, no one enjoyed the situation more than he. He waved the player away without even mentioning the reason why he had asked to see him. There was no further trouble with the opening of the third act of Tristan during that rehearsal, for, with all its misery, it went as merry as a marriage bell.

And so, when I walk past Carnegie Hall and see the announcement of the visit of Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, in spite of the happiness I derive from living and playing in America, a feeling of nostalgia comes over me. I feel a little out of it, and slightly unhappy, for I realize that a part of my life that was so important has gone by. Important because of the privilege it afforded me to work and associate myself with the man whom no one really knows; the man who is Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., on the one hand and dear old "Tommy" (as he is affectionately referred to amongst the players) on the other.

Reginald Kell is to be heard on a recently released Decca recording of the Mozart Clarinet Concerto.

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Recordings in Review

"The Consul," for Ear Alone

MENOTTI: *"The Consul." Patricia Neway, Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, Andrew McKinley, and other members of the original cast directed by Lehman Engel.* (Decca LP set 101, $11.70.)

ABOUT the only thing lacking to make this recording a virtual replica of the theatrical performance is a burst of applause at the end, after the powerful tutti with the telephone ringing unanswered—and it might almost have been scored in by Menotti to finish his work in the manner to which it was accustomed. The intensity, the power, the insistence of the theatre experience have been remarkably conveyed by Decca in this venture.

It is now a cliché of writing about recorded Menotti to say that his music without the stage action sounds better than it promises to; that was true of "The Medium," certainly, as it was of "The Telephone." For about half its length that is true also of "The Consul," but one becomes uncomfortably aware from the recording that the theatrical scheme that led him to include a "vision" episode in each act is artificial. I refer especially to the "ballroom" idea of Act II, which is so much visual concept that the thinness of the music is apparent here as it was not in the theatre.

The best of this score is so good—most of the first act, the Mother's "Lullaby," the dramatic outburst of Magda Sorel, and a good deal of the third-act "vision"—that one can only accuse Menotti of insufficient self-criticism in settling for some of the ideas he resorts to elsewhere. Particularly trite and unoriginal is the "scary" music, which is meant to suggest drama, but only conveys melodrama. Perhaps it would have sounded more persuasive if Menotti was writing for a larger orchestra and had not been limited to angry chords on the piano and sharp timpani bursts for emphasis.

Listening to these records, with the creative abundance that flows from the words, the music, and the dramatic direction, one realizes anew the problems that Menotti's own gifts pose to him. Can we hope that he has written the *grand guignol* and easy melodrama out of his system for a while, that he will give us in his next (whatever it might be) a wholly consistent work which does not take, as this one does, a cheap or meretricious turn every so often?

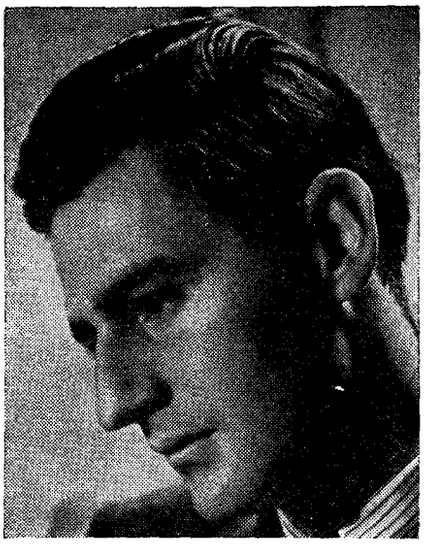
Considering all the problems, Decca has done a remarkable job of sustaining the tempo and mood of the original, with razor-sharp reproduction of text, music, sound effects, and all. The reproduction throughout is remarkable, including the orchestra, undersized though it is for the dramatic load it has to carry. A compliment also to the presentation, with full libretto indicating Menotti's cuts, some illuminating comment by Menotti and Louis Untermeyer, and several suggestive views of the action for those who have not seen the stage production.

Strauss from Krauss

STRAUSS: *"Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LP 233, $5.95.). *"Also Sprach Zarathustra." The same.* (London LP 232, $5.95.) *"Till Eulenspiegel." Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. "Death and Transfiguration." Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.* (Capitol-Telefunken LP 8100, $4.85.)

IT IS not often that one has the opportunity to compare, side by side, the march of progress in recording as in these two "Till Eulenspiegels," played by the same orchestra under the same conductor—years apart, of course—and both processed now as LP's. To be sure, the London "Eulenspiegel" is a particularly splendid job and the Capitol merely fair for its time, but the difference is astonishing—like scrubbing away the grime from one area of a painting and seeing its true colors in contrast to a fogged-over patch beside it.

If I clearly indicate that I consider the London "Till" a much better buy than the Capitol, it is not for itself alone, but also for a rampantly energetic, superbly phrased "Don Juan" on the other side. The revived Mengelberg (on Mercury LP 15000) was a rousing experience, but this is performance on the same order of force, with contemporary sound skills as allies. Some opinion considers the "Zarathustra" an even more impressive recording—it has been a technicians' holiday ever since they were bold enough to tackle it—but the pretension of the music is more than I can abide, even to hear a drum roll such as no drum roll ever was heard in a parlor before. The real aficionados in New York are carrying it from shop to shop, trying it on the most complex equipment they can find, merely to see which one brings out the organ pedal point more clearly than the other. At the moment it is Altec Lansing by a nose, with others still to be heard from at the Audio Fair (see page 80). The unmentioned "Death and Transfiguration" of Mengelberg has its fascination, but it is largely for connoisseurs of this conductor's art.



Gian-Carlo Menotti—"his music without the stage action sounds better than it promises to."

Schubert by Busch

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 5. Fritz Busch conducting the Winterthur Symphony Orchestra.* (Concert Hall LP 61, $4.85.)

THOSE who missed this expressive, songful work in its first phonographic version by Beecham or the later inferior effort of Koussevitzky may be directed to it with the confident assurance that it will add much to their range of listening pleasure. Along with the Dvorak No. 4, the Bizet symphony, and the Tchaikovsky No. 2, it is a pleasure restricted in this country almost entirely to record fanciers, for our public concert-givers are inclined to forget all of them in making their programs.

One is tempted to an essay by the richness of thought, the naturalness of expression in this masterly product of Schubert's nineteenth year, but the listener will doubtless find for himself the threads of workmanship that relate it to his great Viennese predecessors (especially Haydn). Busch has a fine and supple hand for its refinement and workmanship, if not all the relish of Beecham for its high spirits. However, it is a performance of excellently consistent character, played to per-

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fection by the Winterthur ensemble. The strings have an unpleasant shrillness in forte passages (as though wire rather than horse hair were being pulled across the strings), but the recording is otherwise excellent. The second side is filled out by the scherzo from Mendelssohn's octet, in the orchestral version.

Grieg by Flagstad

GRIEG: *"Haugtussa," Opus 67. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Edwin McArthur, piano.* (RCA Victor LP 1094, $5.45.)

THOSE who remember the short-lived predecessor of this performance in the RCA Victor catalogue of a dozen years ago (there are some who doubt that it ever got into a catalogue, so abrupt was its discontinuance within a relatively few months of the original issuance) will be pardoned for by-passing all other attractions on this month's list and making straight for it. I can't guarantee them as good a performance as the preceding one, but it is vastly more faithful to the sound of the Flagstad voice, and the special kind of *subito* piano playing which Edwin McArthur professes in her presence.

One of the oddities of the Flagstad career is the way in which her vocal equipment remains sovereign, unimpaired, in this period of her middle fifties—contrary to all natural laws—while the emotional communication and expressiveness have either fallen off, or, certainly, not deepened or intensified—contrary to all artistic laws. We note with some surprise that our London correspondent (see page 77) has a comparable comment to offer on the recently issued duet from "Tristan" with Svanholm. We shall soon enough be having the opportunity to hear for ourselves at the Metropolitan whether this is a condition confined to the recording studio or one which is reflected in her operatic appearances also.

Though Flagstad was never rated a notable lieder singer, her identity with this cycle (in the original issue) was complete and undeniable. However, the joyous health and breadth of that experience is absent in this version made during her American visit of last winter. A quick check is provided by listening to "Hilingdans" on the second side of the LP, which she formerly sang with so much insinuation and charm. It's now rather hard going, with the great voice laboring to fit its requirements. Save for the reticent piano, the recording is excellent.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Spotlight on the Moderns

PAUL HINDEMITH went through a period in which an element of banter and a light touch made themselves felt with a fair degree of frequency. In the Twenties the tapping of a typewriter supplemented one of his orchestrations, and a general nimbleness labeled him as something of a humorist. More recently he has come to be regarded as a solemn master, inclined, in his more routine efforts, to the academic. "The Four Temperaments" (Decca LP 7501, $3.85) is thus a treat in more ways than one. Besides being thoroughly inspired, it is full of sweetness and light and very personal bouncing phrases harking back to youthful Hindemith, and given new depth by the highly developed procedures of his maturity.

"The Four Temperaments" made its reputation as adjunct to Balanchine's ballet of 1946. But it was completed in 1940 after the ballet project had been shelved, and before details were worked out. The melancholy, blood, phlegm, and choler of archaic theory remained as a broad concept for a theme and four variations for piano and strings. Perhaps it was ballet that dictated a texture unusually luminous for Hindemith. The serious moments, which with all the buoyancy of this work are not lacking, seem, too, to have a conscious melodrama at times, as if to fulfil some aim in the theatre. (For how else is one to explain the sobbing peroration that verges on "Pagliacci"?)

But it comes off admirably as a work of absolute music, and a big, important work; the release is rendered still more valuable by the vital and completely knowing performance of the pianist, Lukas Foss, who is accompanied by the Zimbler String Sinfonietta. The recording might have been sharper in its outlines, but there are many things to compensate.

Technically, Decca has done a far better job with an LP coupling of Stravinsky's "Duo Concertante" and Copland's Violin Sonata (Decca LP 8503, $4.85), which is also on its current list—a list that marks, incidentally, an impressive surge of activity, reflecting many bright impulses in the right direction. The Stravinsky and Copland works, neither of them new to the catalogues, have the distinction on this occasion of being performed by Joseph Fuchs, violinist, and Leo Smit, pianist. It is rare indeed in a duo of this kind, and in the performance of modern music in particular, to find such extraordinary matching of abilities and a balance in which the piano is audible enough, but never swamps the violin.

The Gigue of the Stravinsky, constantly returning to an insistent note after covering repeatedly a wide range, may easily seem to go on too long. Here, at a slightly slower pace curiously enough, the problem is solved, because the music hammers at one less and the contrasting details are heard. Throughout the work infinite justice is done to its soaring musical qualities, but it is the Copland, both the playing and the reproduction, that is in a class by itself. Violinists have found this sonata "too thin" and have complained there is too little for them to do. Mr. Fuchs, with an uncommonly strong bow arm, with tones that linger unwavering and level, distils every last ounce of sonority out of the notes that Copland has selected economically with unerring sense of relevance. Mr. Smit, thoroughly identified as he is with the Copland style, does more than his share at the piano.

EMS is issuing the complete works of Edgar Varèse. The first instalment (LP 401, $5.95) includes "Ionisation," which may be recalled from the old Columbia disc. What this work achieves with thirty-five percussion instruments is carried on analogously in "Octandre" and "Intégrales" (also in Volume I), even though conventional winds are used. The ingredients are pure rhythm and color, organized astutely in terms more realistic on paper than to the ear. As to its expression, Paul Rosenfeld once found after leaving a Varèse performance that "the streets are full of

jangly echoes. The taxi squeaking to a halt at the crossroad recalls a theme." To my ears "Intégrales" is like an obstinate wisp of blues reflected in one of those distorting mirrors in amusement parks. Like most of his music, it points to a sensitive ear and enormous knowledge of what instruments can do, and EMS did full acoustic justice to these gifts. Any work of Varèse is intriguing indeed on first acquaintance, but shock is not, as it would seem, its aim. There is no doubt of its sincerity, and it is a pleasure to see this sincerity rewarded by some recognition at last.

(*Continued on page 86*)

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 89 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Passacaglia in C minor, Toccata and Fugue in D minor. Fritz Heitman playing the Berlin Dom Organ. Capitol LP 8105, $3.85.	The playing of the epochal masterpieces noted at the left is orderly and well reproduced, but Heitman shows his real sensitivity and musicianship in the briefer "Herzlich tut mich verlangen," which begins the second side. I prefer this D minor Toccata and Fugue to Capitol's own competition by Richard Keys Biggs on LP 8089.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5. Willem Mengelberg and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. Capitol LP 8110, $4.85.	LP version No. 5 for this work, counting the two Walters, the Koussevitzky, and Schuricht. This indisputably has its own character, if somewhat more ponderous and heavily punctuated than even this oratorial score can absorb. Substantial recorded sound, without much resonance or tonal bloom.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony. RCA Victor LP 1086, $5.45.	The Beethoven No. 7 (which Munch did before) and this Brahms No. 4 may be the orchestra repertory, but it isn't the conductor's. Neither as sound or as well-sounding a performance as the recent Krips on London. Very lean, clean-sounding reproduction, but also edgy in full orchestra. The second-movement woodwinds are splendidly reproduced. The finale is something of a tour de force of dull thought, brilliantly set forth.
Chopin: Four Ballades. Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia LP 2137, $3.85.	So far as Columbia is concerned, Casadesus is the right choice. However, as one ballade succeeds another, the impression is of gathering weakness rather than strength. The strength of Casadesus verges on the slam-bang, his freedom of thought on the lax in discipline. Better can be done by these works: perhaps by V. Horowitz? Ringing, full-fashioned reproduction, with plentiful presence.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 64 in A and No. 91 in E flat. Henry Swoboda conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Westminster LP 50-23, $5.95.	Two Haydn LP "first times" and notable both for the strength and interest of the music and the clear competence of the performance, fortunately at its best in the slow movements, which are the distinctive elements of each. Something of the shrill treble which marred Columbia's early LP's is, unfortunately, a blemish of the sound here. Certainly this is not Viennese string tone as we know it.
Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler." Guido Cantelli conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1089, $5.45.	A highly impressive demonstration of competence by Cantelli, and a splendid reproduction of the NBC Orchestra (better than any recent Toscanini disc). It is more analytic, angular in outline than Hindemith's own version on Capitol LP 8003, but the whole sound conveys more of the composer's conception. With it is the playing of Haydn's No. 93 (in D) previously reviewed. Somewhat mysteriously, the usual commentary is replaced by a listing of RCA LP's.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E flat (K.A.9). Wind Players of the Vienna Philharmonic, with Henry Swoboda conducting. Westminster LP 50-20, $5.95.	Last current, if not exactly available, in a version by Stokowski and a Philadelphia Orchestra ensemble, this is both more musical and more Mozartian than that. Swoboda is less a conductor here than a traffic director, which is all these qualified performers require. Much better sound than in the Westminister-Haydn noted above. The second side contains the lively B flat Divertimento (K.A.229) for two clarinets and bassoon, a brighter reproduction than the previous treatment on Oiseau Lyre.
Mozart: Quintet in C minor (K.388); Serenade in E flat (K.375). Wind Players of the Vienna Philharmonic. Westminster LP 50-21, $5.95.	A preferable (original) version of the quintet which Mozart transcribed for strings as K. 406 and which has so been recorded by the Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims, viola. This playing is not only superior to the Hewitt ensemble's on Oiseau Lyre, but a superlative instance of woodwind virtuosity by any standard. There is no more nor less to be said of the overside, a wonderfully refined piece of writing, played as it should be.
Mozart: Quartets in G (K.387) and A (K.464). Calvet Quartet. Capitol LP 8106, $4.85.	Any company that risks its Vinylite and presses on LP's of Mozart's string quartets has our affectionate good wishes, especially when the playing is so cultivated as it is here. Nobody's high-fidelity equipment will be taxed by the range of these reproductions, but the musical satisfaction is of a high order. If Capitol has any more Calvet performances of this quality, they should let us have them before money is attracted to inferior work. It is much too good for leisurely release.
Paganini: Caprices, 1-24. Ruggiero Ricci, violin. London LP's 264/5, $11.70.	A good subject for a D.P. (doctor of phonography) thesis would be a consideration of the thinking by which the authentic version of these taxing works has been entrusted first to Renardy, and now to Ricci. I hasten to add my admiration for both of these able artists—especially for the now mature as well as adept Ricci—but if Landowska for the Bach "48," why not Heifetz for the Paganini "24"? In any case, Ricci performs with superlative selflessness, model concentration, and a violinistic art all-embracing. No piano, of course. The reproduction is first class.
Puccini: "Tosca" (Duet, Act I). Ljuba Welitch and Richard Tucker, with orchestra conducted by Max Rudolf. Columbia LP 2139, $3.85.	At the risk of one worthless neck, I'll offer the opinion that this disc may be treasured in the future less for the strained, if exciting, singing of Welitch than for the sonorous, rounded, and no less exciting voice of Tucker. All told, he seems to me the tenor most likely to succeed in the next Met season. On the overside, Welitch sings the "Czardas" from "Fledermaus," a "Zigeunerbaron" excerpt, and "Leise, leise" from "Freischütz" with unvarying strength if less appropriate style. Rudolf is the helpful conductor, save for the "Freischütz," where the leader is Walter Süsskind. The Puccini and Strauss excerpts are especially well reproduced.
Schumann: "Carnaval." Claudio Arrau, piano. Decca LP 7502, $3.85.	The percussive qualities of Arrau's execution (noted in the old Parlophone issue) are not vanquished in this transfer to LP. In addition, the jerky, overaccentuated playing is as much an annoyance in consecutive as in disjointed form. Mechanically, the dubbing has been well done. However, the original faults remain.
Tchaikovsky. Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with orchestra directed by A. V. Gauk. Colosseum LP 101, $5.95.	Energetic, if overstylized, execution by the foremost virtuoso, *in absentia*, of the day. The recording (adapted from a Russian original) is powerful but coarse, further blemished by noisy surfaces. An interesting document for fiddle fanciers, but otherwise limited in appeal. —Irving Kolodin.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

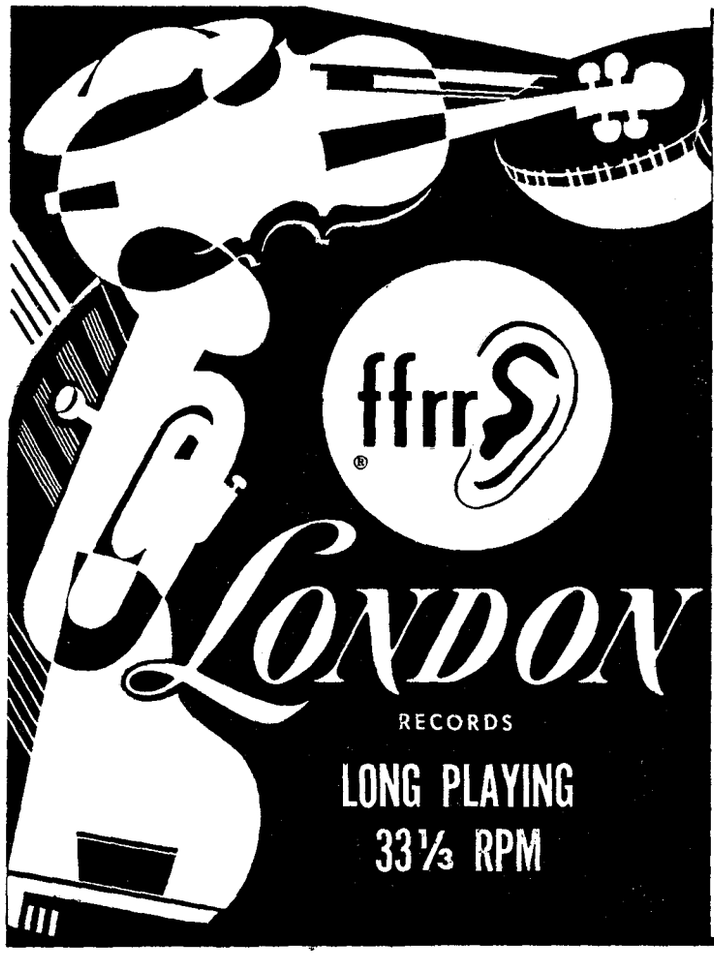
AS THIS number of RECORDINGS is dedicated to England's greatest conductor, it is only fitting that his latest record should have pride of place in my parade of new releases. Sir Thomas directs the Royal Philharmonic in the Overture to "The Magic Flute," and a more dignified and loving performance is scarcely imaginable. His tempi are on the moderate side, enabling the orchestra to give of its best; HMV's recording is good but unremarkable. Furtwängler is heard with the Vienna Philharmonic in Beethoven's B flat Symphony. It is a reading that suggests the character of No. 5 rather than of No. 4; the tempi drag, the phrasing is mostly heavy handed, and this symphony's unique qualities go by the board. The recording (on ten sides instead of the usual eight) is not first class and all too clearly displays its tape origins.

As well as very capable new versions of two Tchaikovsky favorites—the one and only B flat minor Concerto (Solomon and the Philharmonia under Dobrowen) and the "Italian Caprice" (same orchestra under Kletzki)—the orchestral batch includes a memorial to the late Guilhermina Suggia, the celebrated Portuguese cellist who died this summer. This artist's colorful personality, so finely captured by Augustus John in his famous painting, has never quite succeeded in imposing itself onto her records, and in the Lalo Concerto she gives us playing that has its noble and eloquent moments but is, on the whole, labored and largely spoiled by constant portamenti and prominent passing notes. She is supported by the London Symphony Orchestra under her compatriot Freitas Branco and well served by Decca's clear recording.

There are but two instrumental works of note, one of them with the composer's ink scarcely dry, the other one of the acknowledged peaks of classical chamber music. The latter, none other than Mozart's great String Quintet in G minor (K.516), is given a sensitive and beautiful, if a little too delicate, performance by the Griller Quartet, assisted by violist Max Gilbert and wonderfully recorded by Decca. Where in the literature can we find a stroke of divine inspiration comparable with that which caused Mozart to take the last phrase of the Minuet, resolve minor into major, and fashion the Trio out of it? Walton's Violin Sonata received its world premiere in London earlier this year. It was written for Menuhin and Kentner and dedicated to their wives, who happen to be sisters. There are two movements of great charm and lyrical beauty, far removed in style from the powerful music that made Walton famous about twenty years ago. Apart from one or two careless moments, Menuhin has not been heard to such advantage for many years, and both players eloquently demonstrate their affection for the sonata. HMV's recording is excellent.

For the last few years Flagstad and Svanholm have been the mainstays of Covent Garden Wagner seasons, and their collaboration is being perpetuated by HMV. The latest release brings us the Love Duet from Act II of "Tristan," and there can be little doubt that no finer recording of it has appeared since the old Leider-Melchior set. These two singers lack

(*Continued on page* 87)



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TILL EULENSPIEGELS LUSTIGE STREICHE (Richard Strauss)
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SONATA IN E MAJOR (Beethoven) (Op. 109)
SONATA IN B FLAT MINOR (Chopin) (Op. 35)
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SONATA IN C MAJOR "Waldstein" (Op. 53) (Beethoven)
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VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE (Brahms)
Kathleen Ferrier (Contralto) — John Newmark (Piano)
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Four Operas, Complete

PERGOLESI: *"La Serva Padrona." Alfredo Simonetto conducting the orchestra of Radio Italiana, with Angelica Tuccari and Sesto Bruscantini.* (Cetra-Soria LP 50.036, $5.95.)

SAINT-SAËNS: *"Samson et Dalila." Louis Fourestier conducting chorus and orchestra of the Opéra, Paris, with Hélène Bouvier, José Luccioni, Paul Cabanel, etc.* (Columbia LP set 107, $14.55.)

STRAUSS: *"Elektra." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, with Anny Konetzni, Martha Mödl, Daniza Ilitsch, Franz Klarwein, etc.* (Cetra-Soria LP set 1209, $11.90.)

VERDI: *"Rigoletto." Renato Cellini conducting the RCA Victor Orchestra, Robert Shaw conducting the Robert Shaw Chorale, with Leonard Warren, Jan Peerce, Erna Berger, Nan Merriman, Italo Tajo, etc.* (RCA Victor LP set 6101, $14.55.)

ALL FOUR of these operas are sung in the language to which their music was first mated, and to which it therefore clings and responds as, in the nature of rhythm, accentuation, and meaning, it could cling and respond to no other. But the four albums represent three methods of getting complete operas recorded. "Rigoletto" and "La Serva Padrona" are performed by musicians brought together for the purpose of making exactly these recordings. They have the enormous advantages of studio recordings, of having been planned to be heard issuing from a phonograph. "Elektra" was recorded at an actual performance, a procedure that cuts expenses and is said to make for greater verisimilitude. "Samson et Dalila," though also recorded under studio conditions, was performed by musicians accustomed to performing it together for audiences in an opera house.

For richness, clarity, and beauty of sound RCA Victor's "Rigoletto" is alone among these four. Once it has been reiterated that "Rigoletto" is musical drama of intense, melodramatic action—and that by being heard but not seen it loses much more than, say, the static "Samson"—it also can be said that this is a better-than-most presentation of it. Erna Berger's girlish-sounding Gilda is a miracle of singing and of the ability to characterize by voice alone. Leonard Warren's tragic jester is intelligently planned and has all the volume needed for the climaxes, though it is twice or thrice marred by unmusical tones. As the Duke, Jan Peerce is an excellent tenor whose conception of profligacy is something less than naughty. The pleasant and unpleasant surprises are Tajo's Sparafucile and Nan Merriman's Maddalena, the former credible, restrained, and excellently sung, the latter ugly in sound and poor in ensemble. The chorus is excellent throughout, notably so in the *bouche-fermée* effects of the last act. Renato Cellini conducts with spirit, but with no more subtlety or dramatic illumination than is customarily required of conductors of "Rigoletto." The recording *per se* is surely the best ever afforded a complete opera made in the United States. A libretto in Italian and what purports to be English is supplied.

Pergolesi's more than bicentenarian "La Serva Padrona" emerges here, as usually in the opera house, as a historical relic with two or three high spots of music still in good health. Neither Signorina Tuccari nor Signor Bruscantini appears to possess a voice or a technique of better than average Italian-opera-house quality. Both sing with shattering verve, which gets out of hand precisely as expected. Although the record surfaces are adequate, the tonal texture is gritty. Complete text is provided in Italian and the operatic English dialect of Translationese. Everything about this disc is acceptable; nothing about it is of arresting excellence.

The Columbia "Samson et Dalila" is a three-record LP version of the French recording issued here earlier (Columbia album Op-28) on 78 rpm records, fifteen of them. When compared with the incomplete "togetherness" of ensemble usually evident in operatic recordings by assembled casts, the complete assurance of this ensemble demonstrates the great advantage of a group accustomed to singing and playing together. Saint-Saëns' music, especially when reproduced with such lifelike realism, suffers little by separation from its largely motionless stage pictures. Hélène Bouvier is no vocal seductress, but her singing is expert. José Luccioni is credible and creditable as the blinded hero. But the most stirring singing is that of Paul Cabanel as The High Priest and Charles Cambon as Abimelech. For all except those allergic to "Samson" this set should be a minor delight. Columbia gives us an English libretto full of "e'en" and "o'er," but no printed version of the French text actually sung.

Erna Berger—"the ability to characterize by voice alone."

FOR those fortunate enough to have heard Mitropoulos conduct "Elektra" at the Thirteenth Florentine Musical May, the present LP album must be as evocative a memento as their own photographs of Florence itself. Taken down on tape at an actual performance, the recording preserves the stage and audience noises, suffers from an Elektra most often too far from the microphones, and reveals that all effects and details were planned for the Florentine listeners rather than for our living rooms. The over-all sounds as they come from these records are busy and over-reverberant. Anny Konetzni, I said to myself while listening, must have been a persuasive Elektra; I wish that she weren't so dim and far away, that I could distinguish her tones and words. Martha Mödl, apparently closer up, is superbly Klytemnestra, singing beautifully and making her nightmares felt. Daniza Ilitsch, raspy of voice and no timorous and frightened Chrysothemis, is very bad indeed. The male voices, if they can be judged by their sound as heard through coughs and stage thuds—and the Strauss orchestra far more blanketing than in actual performance—are run of the mill. Printed sheets containing the Hofmannsthal text, with inadequate English translation, are included.

It is good, of course, to have a complete "Elektra" for reference. Remembering the Welitch-Reiner final scene of "Salome" and the Beecham-Schleuter-Schoeffler finale of "Elektra," vibrant with far more of the excitement of living performance than this makeshift recording, it can only be hoped that the future will bring us both of Strauss's great tragedies complete—as played and sung under optimum recording conditions. Mitropoulos would be exactly the man to conduct them both.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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"TOMMY" IN ENGLAND

(*Continued from page 67*)

Berlioz and Schumann; Cherubini, Méhul, and their contemporaries. Delius's debt to him is incalculable. It was Beecham who first performed "A Mass of Life" in its entirety, and Delius's real recognition in England probably dates from the concert of his works conducted by Beecham at Queen's Hall two years later, in June 1911. His labors for Delius culminated in the Delius Festival of 1929, a wonderful series of concerts for which the blind and paralyzed composer was brought to London for the last time. But Beecham has done more for Delius than perform his music frequently and, usually, with perfect sympathy; it is an open secret that many of Delius's scores owe a great deal to his editorial hand. Sir Thomas has not hesitated to touch up even Berlioz's scoring at times, and Delius's often rather impractical handling of the orchestra was a real obstacle to his success. Sibelius, on the other hand, has needed only his championship; but in that case, too, the vogue was brought to a climax by an entire festival devoted to his work.

Some of Beecham's other loves are more unexpected and less well known because he has had fewer practical opportunities for demonstrating them. His admiration for Schumann's "Manfred" music—not only the overture—will surprise those who do not know the score, and they must be very many. This is the work in which Schumann stands closest, in certain passages, to Berlioz on the one hand and the Russians on the other. But Beecham's sympathy with Schumann is by no means limited to "Manfred." He was intensely interested when I told him I had acquired a copy of the score of the long-lost youthful G minor Symphony.

A Cherubini revival will not be feasible until the British taste for opera has grown a good deal more eclectic, but it has been a real and keen disappointment to Beecham himself and to a good many others that practical—not artistic or box-office—difficulties have wrecked a project to include several of the one-act *opéras comiques* of Méhul and Grétry in the Liverpool festival of 1951. He is a connoisseur of Méhul in particular and in the days before 1914 used to perform delicious trifles such as "Le trésor supposé" at the great houses of the aristocratic and wealthy that have now almost all been converted to other uses.

Beecham has also changed our musical landscape in another way. He is a creator of orchestras. He has not only at various times rejuvenated such bodies as the Hallé band at Manchester and the London Symphony Orchestra and got together remarkable *ad hoc* orchestras. In 1932, on his return from New York, he founded one of our best British orchestras, the London Philharmonic, to play for the Royal Philharmonic Society and Covent Garden. In 1939 he and the LPO parted, not without ill feeling, and after the war he founded the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, which America will now be hearing. The visit will give everyone opportunities to assess or reassess the force of impact of Beecham's artistic personality, but it will hardly reveal his full value as a cultural power. To grasp that you must live in the same country and feel the consequences of a Beecham tradition, the stimulus he gives to his rivals, the tingle of the controversies into which he is intermittently plunged.

Gerald Abraham, James Alsop Professor of Music at the University of Liverpool, is author of "A Hundred Years of Music," "Chopin's Musical Style," and several books on Russian music and literature.

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What's Fare at the Audio Fair?

A BOX with a turntable and pick-up arm is the part of a phonograph most familiar to the average user of records. What is concealed within is being revealed in a hundred variations to visitors to the second annual Audio Fair at the New Yorker Hotel in this last week of October. Hours during which the exhibits may be seen are 9:30 to 6:00 on Thursday and Saturday (Oct. 26 and 28), 9:30 to 9:00 on Friday (Oct. 27).

Those who attended the first exhibition last year well remember the bewildering array of arms, turntables, changers, amplifiers, speakers — to mention first things first—of pre-amplifiers, compensators, correctors, equalizers, expanders, suppressors, etc. Without a record, these components cannot, of course, re-create sound; but they all can create sounds of their own, extraneous and undesirable. Probably the most important developments in the phonograph for home use in the last twelve months are those concerned with arms and turntables in intelligent efforts to rectify such errors and repair shortcomings.

The evidence of public interest in these developments is pronounced, and continues to grow as more and more phonograph users become aware of ways to improve the reproduced sound of today's best recordings. No fewer than three new arms, manufactured by Audak, Fairchild, and Gray, use the principle of viscous-damping to improve tracking efficiency and reduce resonance; and the Pickering arm, introduced last year, seeks the same results by use of a hinged cartridge-receptacle of extremely light weight and high responsiveness to groove contours. The Rek-O-Kut display of turntables and motors includes a new turntable with continuously variable speed from 25 rpm to 100 rpm, a feature that offers some obvious conveniences to users while risking an overenthusiastic response from record manufacturers who might feel that we have not yet enough variety in the speeds at which records can be played.

Patently, this kind of equipment, and most of that shown at the Audio Fair, is not for neophytes. Most of the visitors have expanded their phonographic apparatus outside the confinement of a single box. A large proportion are those dead-serious fanatics—for whom there is no peace—who endlessly pursue perfection in re-created sound, a perfection undefined, elusive, and perhaps unattainable. What they gain from their pursuit is a succession of improvements, diminishing in degree as the present limit of excellence is approached. They are the ones who discard a good amplifier in favor of a better, who abandon an expensive speaker because of deficiencies not apparent to ordinary undemanding ears. To them the material displayed at the Audio Fair is not mysterious, but much of it is tempting.

Of course, this fanaticism infects others, healthy people who thereafter live in torment. Many in the early stages of infection will visit the Audio Fair and will see undreamed-of marvels: amplifiers larger and heavier than complete phonographs; speaker enclosures vaster than a city apartment can comfortably contain; turntables of cast aluminum with shafts so nicely tooled that no deviation from the horizontal can be detected in their rotation, and economy turntables of punched steel that almost disdain a horizontal rotation; pre-amplifier-volume-tone-control assemblies that can be operated from bedside; at least six dimensions of styli made of at least eight materials; pickups that sweeten tone and pickups that edge it; tone arms like turnstiles and tone arms like feathers. Only photography offers a diversity of equipment capable of evoking clashes of opinion half as intensive as those commonplace in audiography. Let's take a look at as much of the panorama devoted to equipment for home use as this space can encompass:

Altec Lansing Corporation—An entirely new series of amplifiers. A new high-power amplifier for home use. A new corner model of the excellent "800" two-speaker system.

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Audio-Master Company — Portable phonographs including a new three-speed unit at an extremely low price.

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Fairchild Recording Equipment Corporation—Turret-head arm containing three miniature dynamic cartridges with diamond styli, any one of them immediately available by the turn of a knob in the turret. The arm is viscous-damped.

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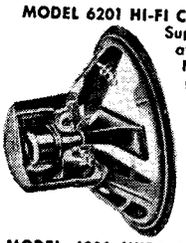

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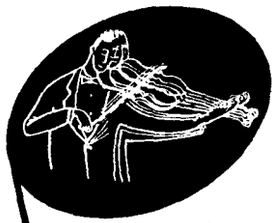

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THE brief data in the foregoing list were assembled from replies to a questionnaire submitted to exhibitors. By deadline for publication some answers had not been received. This failure to catalogue a display here indicates no more than that RECORDINGS had no data on the exhibitor; and to neutralize any neglect that may have been unintentionally perpetrated RECORDINGS urges its readers who intend to visit the Fair to see every exhibit, warning, however, that it is an *Audio* Fair, where the ears do the seeing and the discerning.

Remembering the noisy intermingling of exhibits at the introductory Fair of last year, we are perhaps a little optimistic in hoping that better conditions will prevail for this one. If our worst fears are realized, it may lead to a reconsideration of how such a showing as this can be organized for best advantage to exhibitors and visitors alike. Perhaps in place of uniform room facilities arrangements could be made for separating the exhibits so that amplifiers, speakers, etc., could be heard in a ballroom or a small concert hall, or perhaps in the adjacent Manhattan Center. Certainly where there is so much manifest interest the visitor is entitled to some forethought to insure his comfort and convenience.

Needless to say, we hope that our readers will pay us a visit in RECORDING's own headquarters at the Fair (Room 539). Allowing for the conflicting attraction of the Beecham-Royal Philharmonic Orchestra concert on Friday, the 27th, the editor or staff members will be on hand at all times. —C. G. BURKE.

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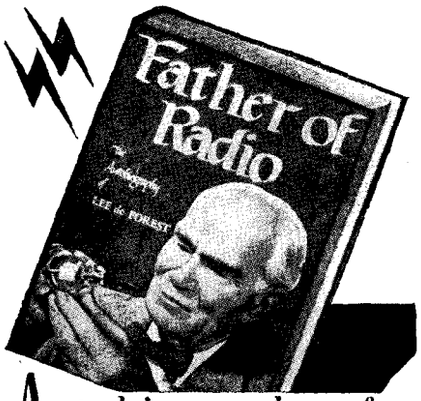

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Some Highs and Lows

MAGNETIC TAPE AT THE AUDIO FAIR

AT THE representative Audio Fair held in New York this week, where the latest in "audio" (electronic sound) is on display, magnetic tape recording figures heavily. Most current home and professional recorders are being demonstrated, including such makes as Masco and Bell in the home-machine department and Concertone, Magnecorder, Presto, and Ampex in the fancier grades.

As of this autumn, the typical home-style machine, represented by Masco and Bell, has become a quite predictable piece of equipment as to general characteristics, and its reliability increases with each month. It is easily portable, usually records double-track (two sound tracks, one coming, the other going) at 7½ inches per second or alternatively at half that speed, giving at the faster speed a tonal range well short of "high fidelity" but easily better than most average home phonographs, roughly from 50 to 8,000 cycles. Connections are provided for recording from mike, radio, or phonograph turntable; playback is either on the machine's own built-in small audio system or via an outside system for better quality. (In most cases the sound on the tape is far better than can be reproduced via the machine's own portable innards.) The home machine, selling not too much above $100, is a versatile and useful instrument, but at the price it does not rate with the quality components that go into the new high-fidelity home systems.

Presto's model 900T and Magnecord's PT-6 series fall in a considerably fancier category, but one still adaptable for home use, centering in the $700 range. (Professional studio tape recorders sell for upwards of $1,500.) These machines are much less economical of tape than the cheap ones, with their single-track recording at 7½ and 15 inches, the latter being the standard professional speed for top high-fidelity work. These recorders are heavily built for extended professional usage with far more exacting specifications throughout than in the cheaper home models; at the 15-inch speed the sound quality is as fine as anything you can get.

Attention this year is focussed on two new tape machines that are of very great interest to the home music lover, one for its good value, the other for an unprecedented new tonal quality at slow tape speeds.

The first is the Concertone (Berlant Associates) announced last spring and now presumably well through the preliminary bug stage. This machine, selling complete for $375 (for less, minus base and gadgets) has all the specifications outwardly of the $700 machines and more. You may have your choice of single- or double-track heads (they are quickly interchangeable); you get 7½- and 15-inch speeds at a flipped switch; the recorder takes the big, double-size NAB reels, for extra-long play, and provides a monitoring play-back head for checking the tape as it is recorded. It has fast forward and reverse via two motors, interlock systems to prevent tape damage, complete connections for every sort of home and professional use. Quality claimed is strictly professional—easily flat beyond 12,000 cycles at the faster speed. These, again, are outward features; but if Concertone lives up to its promise (this writer will soon be trying one out) it should rate as a hi-fi man's modest dream come true.

The second sensation this year is expensive, a portable double-track tape recorder from Ampex that costs more than $800—but wait. This machine incorporates a basically new recording head (with very narrow gap width) that gives unprecedented tonal range at slow tape speed, for a huge saving in home tape costs. The Ampex 400 claims at the 7½-inch speed — double track — virtually the quality that most professional machines claim at twice that speed—single track. At the alternative crawling speed of 3¾ inches Amplex achieves a flat response towards 9,000 cycles or so, which is very close to high fidelity—plenty close for almost any home-recording project. Hard to believe, but I've heard it myself. With this machine you may, then, have professional quality for one fourth the tape cost of standard 15-inch, single-track recording; you may have excellent semi-high fidelity for one-eighth the expenditure of tape—two hours on the standard 1,200-foot roll, where the professionals get fifteen minutes! For those who want the ultimate in tape economy at a high first cost, not to mention the latest in tape engineering, the Ampex 400 would seem to be indicated. Both Ampex and Concertone machines are on display at the Audio Fair.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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The Bach Guild

AS WELL as being the year of Bach and Haydn—both honored with the establishment of societies in their names—this is indisputably the year of Jonathan Sternberg. Whether we would have either society without the participation of this young, talented, and overambitious conductor, I don't know; I only know that we have had him considerably in the Haydn Society, and we now have him in the first three issues of the Bach Guild.

On the whole, I would say that his effect on the five cantatas which make up the Bach Guild's initial issue is less deleterious than his effect on Haydn. For this nobly backhanded compliment I would instance the nature of the works themselves, their lesser musical complexity, the more orthodox problems of statement and balance that they present. His Haydn did not sound quite like anybody's Haydn; his Bach sounds pretty much like everybody's Bach.

Having established this essential characterization, I go on to the obvious comment that this is not nearly good enough for a phonograph standard in an area heretofore barely touched upon. From the lengthy No. 21 ("Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis," on both sides of Bach Guild LP 501, $5.95) one excerpt has been previously available in a version by Margherita Perras; from No. 104 ("Du Hirte Israel, Höre") one chorus. I can find no trace of previous attention to No. 46 ("Schauet Doch and Sehet," with which No. 104 is grouped on LP 503) or to either cantata on LP 502—"O Ewiges Feuer" (No. 34) or "Ich will den Kreuzstab Gerne Tragen" (No. 56).

In sounding like everybody's Bach, Sternberg inclines to a literal reading of musical text, more often than not in sleepy, overdeliberate tempi, with little nuance or illuminating contrasts of tone color. At times, as in the accompaniment to the bass arias of "Ich will den Kreuzstab Gerne Tragen," the background instruments are so tentatively indicated that the effect is almost of *a cappella* singing. This is to a degree a fault of poor mechanical arrangements, but it is no less a failing of the conductor, who hasn't achieved a proper balance in the first place. At other times (as in the beginning of "O Ewiges Feuer") the choral attack is ragged, the intonation uncertain, so that the mere musical design does not emerge clearly. It is ironic, therefore, to read in the jacket material: "For these recorded performances, the size of the choral and orchestral forces employed has approximated the size Bach himself desired. Too often, in the performances of Bach's choral works, the forces used are so overwhelming that many contrapuntal lines become obscured and the result is a blur of sound." As even amateur cooks know, the best recipe will not produce results if the stirring and blending of elements are lacking in dexterity or in any way inept.

The lack of authoritative direction is a particular penalty to the solo personnel engaged, several of whom are excellent and all of whom are good. Hugues Cuenod is a tenor favorably known from his work with Nadia Boulanger, and Rosl Schwaiger was noted last month for her part in the Mozart "Coronation Mass" (Haydn Society). The alto solos (especially the superb one in "O Ewiges Feuer") are sung with excellent style and eloquent understanding by the broad, forceful voice of Lorna Sydney, and Alois Pernerstorfer is a better than average basso. However, all of these are pretty much on their own so far as projection of meaning is concerned. Sternberg gives them little assistance, which is no way to achieve quality results.

The recording itself, made on tape in Vienna and processed in this country, is acceptable enough; if the instruments drop out of hearing behind Miss Sydney's aria in "O Ewiges Feuer," it is because they are not playing loudly enough. On the whole, the Bach Guild has shown good will and serious purpose in many aspects of this venture—unfortunately, the command responsibility has not been as well considered as the staff work.

—I. K.

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SPOTLIGHT ON MODERNS

(Continued from page 75)

In the Twenties George Antheil was more likely to be coupled with Varèse than with Prokofieff. But listening to his Fourth Piano Sonata of 1948 (Alco LP 1007, $3.85) right after the Russian master's Sixth (Capitol LP 8113, $4.85), we find so much in common in the broad emotional plan that the Antheil of "Ballet Mécanique" is, except for the steel coating, quite forgotten. Both sonatas are driven and persistent in the outer movements, and the lush, slow movements come as a sop. The appeal is in the propulsion and in the excitement that can be provoked by forceful and expert pianists. (Frederick Marvin in the Antheil and Leonard Pennario in the Prokofieff both have the necessary gifts.) The Antheil produces as exciting an effect as the Prokofieff, though the finale of the latter has more than just excitement.

The reverse side of the Capitol LP carries the twenty "Visions Fugitives," reminding us that Prokofieff was not always rooted to the poles of aggressiveness and sentimentality. If Mr. Pennario's imagination and palette were as wide as his fingers are strong the many ramifications between these two poles would be still more evident in the recording of these little pieces. For there is much more in the music than this young pianist imparts.

The Quintet, Opus 39 (Period LP 512, $5.95), is still more gratifying to come upon again, as an instance of what subtlety and grace the Prokofieff of an earlier vintage contains. The bass player has admirable intonation and the strings in general sound elegant, but the winds do not come over too well, perhaps because the recording is not too good. Decca has this fascinating work in preparation now, and if they do as well as they did by Messrs. Fuchs and Smit, it will be something to rejoice over.

Like the Bartók Suite that Concert Hall issued last spring, this composer's Rhapsody, Opus 1 (Vox LP 6410, $5.95), is merely interesting historically, though it will no doubt have popular appeal, since the young Bartók, before he evolved his own style, leaned heavily on Liszt. The Rhapsody is like a concerto whipped up for Hollywood, and Andor Foldes (accompanied by the Lamoureux Orchestra led by Roger Désormière) gives it all the piano virtuosity it needs. More representative Bartók is on the reverse "Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs," admirably played by Foldes. —ARTHUR BERGER.

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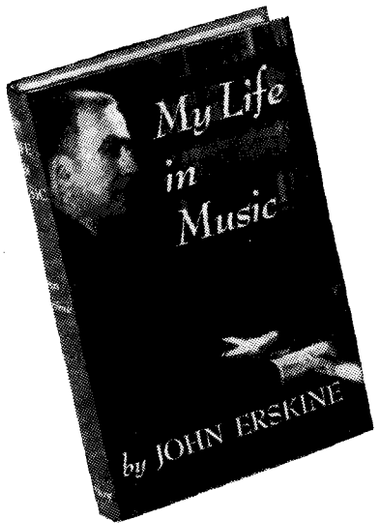

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MORROW

THE OTHER SIDE

(Continued from page 77)

the ability to suggest the passion and ecstasy demanded by their parts, but it is a joy to hear the music sung so intelligently and accurately. Constance Shacklock (Brangaene) and the Philharmonia under Karl Böhm lend excellent support; thank heaven, we are not given a resolved major chord at the end. My only cause for regret is that, as so often, Tristan's entry has been omitted and we begin at "O sink hernieder, Nacht der Lieber," in spite of the fact that the recording occupies six sides. This year's Glyndebourne production of "Cosi Fan Tutte" was, by common consent, as fine as anything that had yet been heard at this theatre. HMV waxed (or rather taped) a number of sides from this performance and the first record is now available. It contains two quintets from Act I, prior to the departure of the two men "to the wars." The five singers hail from five different countries (Blanche Thebom is the excellent Dorabella), but there is perfect international cooperation here, with Sena Jurinac (last year's Dorabella, now a great Fiordiligi) outstanding. The recording, as in the "Tristan," is from tape and the difference between these and HMV's direct recordings is quite marked.

There remains to add a postcript on this country's fluid LP situation. No sooner had I mailed my last report, forecasting a November release of long playing records from the EMI combine (His Master's Voice, Columbia, Parlophone), than strong rumors to the contrary began to be heard. At the beginning of this month EMI notified dealers that the combine would "continue to produce STANDARD RECORDS in undiminished quantities to meet the needs of the millions of gramophones already in use throughout the world." Moreover, the opinion was stressed that "it is in the public interest for the gramophone industry to continue to develop on the sound principle of a common turntable speed."

This represents a complete reversal of policy, for there is not the slightest doubt whatsoever that EMI has done a vast amount of work on LP and the equipment it necessitates. At one stage, affairs had even reached the point where a first list of releases had been compiled and labels were about to be printed. Apparently the decision at EMI has been that Decca, having gained the prestige of introducing LP to Britain, should do all the spadework and take all the knocks that are invariably the pioneer's fate.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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HITS AND MISSES

ONE OF Hollywood's more recent court jesters is Abe Burrows, who comes to the crowded art of musical parody by way of three of the five boroughs of New York City, the College of the City of New York, New York University, Wall Street, the garment district, maple-syrup salesmanship, radio script writing ("Duffy's Tavern"), and assorted stepping stones. His new album, "Abe Burrows Sings?" (Columbia C209, $3.95), reveals a warmly likable personality which reaches its humorous peak, perhaps, in a satire on documentary films, the subject being one of the country's most spectacular reservoirs, and the final line "Good luck to you, Boulder Dam!" Burrows is hardly the subtlest of musical lampooners (in terms, say, of Bea Lillie), but he will do very nicely in the absence of rapier competition. He has a cowboy ballad about a puncher whose wife is called Old Paint. He has a gypsy abomination which is only part of what Bohemia deserves—this particular *tzigane* has been presented with a pair of Golden Earrings, "and now his ears are turning green." And Burrows also offers a musical ribbing of sea chanties and college marches, the latter taking the form of a hymn to Upper Peabody Technological College, whose chief football rival is the Hammerschlag School of Chiropody ("The Cornhuskers").

It seems regrettable that Burrows has not turned his deflationary guns on such Hollywood targets as are represented by the Doris Day album of songs from her Warner Brothers film "Tea for Two" (Columbia C215, $3.95). Surely no theatrical production, stage, cinema, radio, or television, has ever contained so many good tunes. The list includes eight of the top songs of the past thirty years—"Here in My Arms," "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Tea for Two," "Do Do Do." "I Know That You Know," "I Want to Be Happy," "Oh Me! Oh My!," and "Crazy Rhythm." But the Hollywood-type motley has been flung over these melodies in such smothering profusion as to make one feel that the producers can only be ashamed of naked beauty. Miss Day's singing is surrounded and interpenetrated by the crooning comments of the Ken Lane Singers, the effects, electrical and otherwise, of the Page Cavanaugh Trio, and the dancing shoes of Gene Nelson. The sound of dancing, incidentally—the dancer being invisible—almost never ranks as first-grade percussion, and this applies to Fred Astaire as well as to Gene Nelson. The fact is that if you want first-grade percussion you hire a master drummer, a Baby Dodds or a Sidney Catlett. Human feet, no matter how agile, cannot compete with a pair of drumsticks in the most accomplished human hands. To return to "Tea for Two," the wonderful title tune is rendered, among other ways, as a stop-chorus for male choir with flute breaks, and while talented men can make interesting music with suitcases or washtubs, the unexpected does not happen here. To cap the disappointments of this album, Miss Day either does not know or deliberately chooses to ignore the melody of "Here in My Arms," and this, to put it mildly, can only sadden a musical commentator in his early forties.

Happier intelligence. Months ago we lamented Decca's failure to reissue the Frank Luther versions of Stephen Foster. We now learn that they can be had on two LP discs (Decca LP 5149, 5150, $2.85 each) and I cannot recommend them too highly, as a perfect wedding of content and expression.

FOR years we have been waiting for a suitable waxing of "I Could Write a Book," a Rodgers and Hart beauty from "Pal Joey," and the Les Brown conception (Columbia 38903, 79¢) keeps us waiting. It is the old, and apparently evergreen, failure to grasp the nature of the materials. When composers write a song about a man who could write a book about the way a girl can walk and whisper and look, they obviously intend the number to be delivered with some delicacy. Les Brown delivers a certain amount but then a case of jumpbandism sets in, and Rodgers and Hart are undone. For relief, we give, as requested, the addresses of two of the foremost bureaus of hot jazz recordings in the nation: the Jazz Man Record Shop is at 6420 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, and the Good Time Jazz Record Co. is at 707 North Irving Boulevard, Los Angeles. The last-named has recently issued two records by the late Bunk Johnson's New Orleans associates. We have heard "Willie the Weeper" and "Mama Don't Allow" (Good Time Jazz 15, 79¢) and can only say that Jim Robinson is one of our greatest restorers of the faith. He does not play the trombone so much as testify upon it.

—Wilder Hobson.

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Pop Roundup

THERE'S an unprecedented quantity of piano releases this month, with major emphasis on LP. While some variety of jazz styles is offered, there's little in the crop that will intrude forcibly on the consciousness — or unconsciousness — of the drinker or diner. Most of the discs reviewed can pass as "cocktail piano," though to the less casual listener there are several high spots of interest.

Leader in quantity is Columbia, which has launched simultaneously a series of five PIANO MOODS programs on LP. Each side is a virtually uninterrupted medley of standards or jazz specialties. Featured pianists are Erroll Garner, Walter Gross, Ralph Sutton, Joe Bushkin, and Dardanelle. Most distinctive perhaps is Garner, who has been becoming all things to all jazz piano fanciers. He is perfectly acceptable to "cocktail" collectors, because he invariably plays good standard tunes and doesn't wander too far from the melody. Although he completely eschews boogie-woogie figures, there are unmistakable evidences of barrel house in his perpetual sledge-hammer beat and right-hand attack. Modernists—including bop addicts—like his cascading block harmonies and off-beat rhythm patterns. Columbia's ERROLL GARNER (CL-6139) consists mainly of ballads, including "My Heart Stood Still," "Spring Is Here," and "It Could Happen to You." . . . There's an equally interesting Garner LP out this month on Savoy (MG-15002). It contains "This Can't Be Love," "The Man I Love," and a wonderful blues, "I Want a Little Girl." . . . Two Garner singles are available on Atlantic (the man gets around!). Our preference in each case is the ballad side—NO GREATER LOVE (ATL 673) and LULLABY OF THE LEAVES (672).

Back to the Columbia series. Most acceptable by purists' jazz standards is RALPH SUTTON (CL-6140), a young artist whose style derives from Fats Waller and Joe Sullivan. Within traditional harmonic limitations he weaves highly imaginative right-hand figures against a rock-ribbed swing bass, somehow contriving not to sound dated. "Muskrat Ramble" and "Tia Juana" sound best to us. . . . In a style similarly based, but presented with more sophistication and less facility, we have JOE BUSHKIN (CL-6152). Best feature here is the program, which includes "They Say It's Wonderful" and "I've Got a Crush on You." . . . WALTER GROSS (CL-6141), who perhaps tops them all for technical facility, displays vitality and invention in his tasteful medleys. They include an undeservedly neglected oldie, "Dearest," along with "The Way You Look Tonight" and Gross's own "Tenderly." . . . One fine and one fair medley are produced by the sole distaff entry, DARDANELLE (CL-6142). The former features light, clean-cut versions of "I Get a Kick Out of You," "'S Wonderful," and "Tabu."

Dance Discs

YOUR DANCE DATE WITH PERCY FAITH (COL CL-6131) is a handsome addition to Columbia's LP Dance Date series. Each side contains a fox trot, waltz, rumba, and samba. Faith evokes maximum color and rhythm from a large orch. Selections include "One Night of Love," "My Shawl," "Ba-Tu-Ca-Da," etc. . . . The "new" Tommy Dorsey offers a dreamy, danceable brace of sides in SO LONG, SALLY, and YOU'RE NOT IN MY ARMS TONIGHT (DEC 27210). . . . First strong potential successor to "The Hucklebuck" is the rocking, rhythmic novelty OH BABE!, which should revive gravel-voiced Louis Prima (ROBIN HOOD 101). . . . In a more polished vein Les Brown's orchestra plays Vernon Duke's CABIN IN THE SKY and a nursery-tune adaptation, SIXPENCE (COL 38967).

Vocalists' Fan Fare

Two fine old tunes have been revived by Vaughn Monroe and the Moon Maids—DREAM AWHILE and DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME (RCA 20-3929). . . . Cute, but not cloying, is the new wintertime novelty IT'S A MARSHMALLOW WORLD, projected rhythmically by Vic Damone, who sounds young and happy to be (MER 5496). . . . Two deserving oldies, BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS and YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO, sound better than ever in Dick Haymes's warm, full-bodied interpretations (DEC 27195). . . . Disappointment of the month is Sarah Vaughn's first LP, entitled simply SARAH VAUGHN (COL CL-6133). All of the wonderful stylists' flaws and few of her virtues are paraded here. Her musical sophistication and gorgeous tone are all but obscured by coy mannerisms and by a disorganized, flat-toned bunch of boppers that serve as "accompaniment." But to many La Vaughn can do no wrong. —BILL SIMON.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Bartók in Boston?

SIR: To say that the name Bela Bartók has "become a household word" and that "his music has made him one of the most popular composers of today" [Nicolas Slonimsky in the October RECORDINGS] is idiotic. Who knows how many know of—or how many less appreciate—Bela Bartók? It must be obvious to the most casual observer that it is few indeed.

JACK HYDE.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Households differ—presumably Mr. Slonimsky's reference is to those who are more than "casual observers" of the musical scene. In any case, relatively speaking, Bartók's music has come a considerable distance toward general acceptance in the period to which Slonimsky referred—since his death in 1945.*

"Pelléas" on LP

SIR: Reference is made in a reader's letter [RECORDINGS, October] to the desirability of an RCA Victor LP edition of the French HMV complete "Pelléas." May this correspondent wholeheartedly second the motion!

EDWARD HILL.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I should like to second William K. Taylor's motion that RCA Victor release on LP the complete Joachim-Désormière "Pelléas." Were this to be brought about . . . it would be a most commendable accomplishment.

RUTH A. GARDNER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

More for Rosa

SIR: Being one of the devoted fans of the incomparable Rosa, the letter of James Alfonte was thrilling indeed, and to his prayer is added mine.

SARA HAYES.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SIR: Here is another "incomparable Rosa" addict. I have been one for thirty years. "Peerless" she is, and while we wonder where the "Villa Pace" is, can't you see all the unanswered prayers in our hearts?

MR. AND MRS. FRANK TEGGART.

Riverside, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Villa Pace," to the best of our information, is in a suburb of Baltimore, where Ponselle has been living since her retirement.*

Query on Calvé

SIR: I am a collector of great singers' records, especially those of the Golden Age of Opera, and wondered if you could tell me whether or not the great dramatic soprano, and the greatest Carmen of all times, Emma Calvé, is still alive?

DON NOBLE.

Brownfield, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference books say that Calvé died in Millau, France, on January 6, 1942. Since she was born in 1858, she had the considerable life span of eighty-four years.*

Lehmann's "Garden"

SIR: May I suggest two more worthy, if not monumental, candidates for records? A complete version of Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden," for one, would be much more desirable than the two or three excerpts we are now offered on discs. And why has Grieg's melodious piano sonata been left unrecorded? There must be many music lovers who would be happy to own both of these.

JOE C. FRIEDMAN.

Meadsville, Pa.

Concerning Taste

SIR: Has it ever occurred to the record makers that the average collector gets mighty, mighty weary of the same stuff? The bulk of the new releases each month is the same as the month before, with some changes in the recording artists or the opus number. Otherwise, it's Mozart, Mozart, Mozart; Haydn, Haydn, Haydn, etc. . . . all the composers admired by the technique crowd. But those who managed to write a little warmth or melody . . . are given small representation. It took me four years to get the Glière Third Symphony; I had to buy a complete Delius Society album to get the Delius Piano Concerto, and I am still unable to get the MacDowell Second Piano Concerto. . . . I like to lounge back and wallow in my music, not sit on the edge of a chair, antenna attuned, hunting for a burbled note or a bar where the conductor bogged down a little.

HAYDEN REECE.

Ventura, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Reece (we trust the proofreader doesn't let his first name get in as Haydn) speaks in loud, clear terms for the "average collector." Can it be that he has polled all the possibilities and produced the norm? We would welcome further insight into the likes and dislikes of this composite fellow.*

Staying on the Level

SIR: In your discussion of factors causing stylus wear I don't believe I read anywhere how a turntable that is not level will do a magnificent job of wearing out a sapphire stylus *and* your LP's in no time at all . . . The next step, if you suspect a turntable is not level, is to correct the condition. I took a small pocket mirror and placed it on the turntable. I then took a ball bearing (a child's marble will do as well) and placed it on the mirror. When the ball bearing rolled off in a direction that would cause lateral pressure on the grooves, I knew that the turntable was not level. By putting small chips of cardboard under one side and then the other until the ball bearing stayed on the mirror without rolling at all, I had the turntable in the desired level position . . . I think many readers will find their record players performing better if they make this kind of adjustment.

M. L. NEUMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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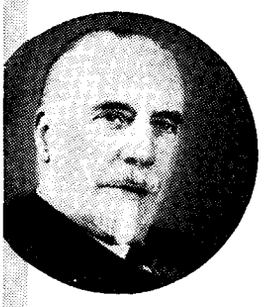

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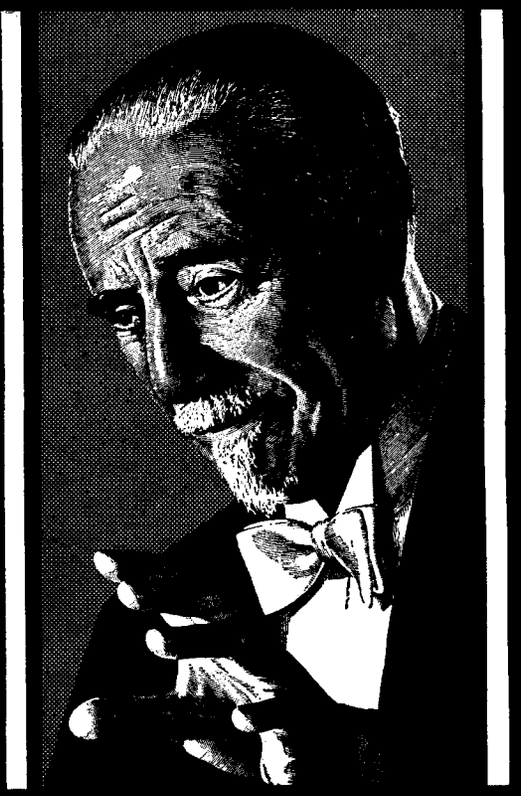

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